



CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



FROM

S. W. Gage

Cornell University Library
PS 2244.L6S7

Stanhope Burleigh. The Jesuits in our hou



3 1924 022 195 154

olin



Cornell University
Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

<http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924022195154>



"THIS LAND OF LIGHT, TRUTH, AND LIBERTY, SHALL SUFFER UNDER THE BLIGHTING CURSE OF DEMAGOGUES, JESUITISM, AND FOREIGN INFLUENCE NO LONGER."

Stanhope Burlingame



The Jesuits
IN
OUR HOMES

E. Dallas - del.

N. ORR SO.

STANHOPE BURLEIGH.

THE JESUITS IN OUR HOMES.

A NOVEL.

BY HELEN DHU. *Epitaph:*
Lester, Charles Edwards

NEW YORK :
STRINGER & TOWNSEND,
222 Broadway.

MDCCCLV.

763917

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by

STRINGER & TOWNSEND,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the
Southern District of New York.

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF THE REPUBLIC.

A NEW spirit has gone over the land!—the signal fires of seventy-six have been rekindled!—a new light has sprung from Washington's tomb!

Ye, who in the generous fervor of youth, are bearing the torch of alarm through every valley, and making it blaze on every hill-top of our beloved country—to you who have studied the Past, and will control the Future of this ocean-girt land of Freedom, this book is dedicated,

By your sister,

HELEN DHU.

TO THE READER.

THE terrible Company of Jesus—the deadliest foe Civil and Religious Liberty has ever had to contend with—after having been sooner or later, driven from every civilized country, has at last fixed its strong hold in the United States; where it believes it can recover from the wreck of its fortunes in the Old World, and establish, for ages, the Empire of Loyola, in the Land of Washington.

This Free Land, whose Institutions accord such broad toleration to all Religious Sects, opened an inviting field to the leaders of the Company of Jesus, who, in 1848, fled in dismay, from the crumbling scenes of the decadent Monarchies of Europe.

The Continent of America had no sooner begun to be peopled by Europeans, than the Jesuits foresaw it would one day become the scene of great Empires. They early began their establishments on this side of the Atlantic. It required no subtlety of intrigue, to give them sway over the vast colonies of

Portugal and Spain ; for, controlling the enginery of the Papal See, they went forth armed with pontifical authority, and were reverently received by the devout and submissive Catholics of Mexico and South America. But it was by no means so easy a task, to establish the reign of Jesuitism in the United States. While Louisiana and the Canadian Possessions were under the dominion of France—specially favored by French Monarchs and ministers—the Jesuit missionaries established their posts, from the Gulf of Mexico, to the great Lakes of the North ; and when they had built their Institutions in Montreal and Quebec, they had a chain of forts which extended around three sides of the Thirteen British Colonies.

It was a serious blow to the Jesuits, when the Lilies of France were swept from the Canadas ; while they looked with concern on the transfer of the vast territory of Louisiana, and the Peninsula of Florida, to the United States.

The chief exertions of the Jesuits in the New World, were now devoted to the establishment of their Institutions in the United States ; and this design has been pursued, with a tenacity of purpose, a subtlety of intrigue, and a success altogether unparalleled, in the history of the Company of Jesus. But it is only a few years—in fact, it is hardly twelve months—since anything like a general alarm has spread over the American people in regard to the progress of Jesuitism in this country. The nature of our Institutions, and the provisions of our laws—offering asylum to the evil, as well as the good—to the enemies, as to the friends of

Reformed Government and Reformed Religion—exposed our social and political system to pre-eminent perils. When the note of alarm was sounded, eminent men in Christianity and in Statesmanship, allayed our fears, by the assurance, that all these evil elements would be modified by the spirit of Republicanism—that the Church of Rome in the United States could never be the Church of Rome in Ireland, in Spain, or in Italy—that Jesuitism itself would be powerless against the irresistible influences of Light and Liberty.

And thus we warmed the serpent into life, under the belief that gratitude, or the magic influence of Republicanism, would pluck out his fangs. But we are beginning to learn that Jesuitism is the same unchanging principle of intrigue and evil in Republics, which it has proved itself for ages to be under Monarchies. To the Jesuit, all forms of government are alike. He is literally all things to all men. He cares not who wears the livery of power, if he himself holds the reins of empire. In Russia, he is, at most, only a devout Catholic—oftener, and apparently, a sincere worshipper of the Greek Church. “Draw the character after what the Jesuit seems to be in London, and you will not recognise your portrait in the Jesuit of Rome. The Jesuit is the man of circumstances. Despotic in Spain, constitutional in England, republican in Paraguay, bigot in Rome, idolater in India, he acts out in his own person, with admirable flexibility, all those features, by which men are usually to be distinguished from each other. He will accompany the gay women of the world to the theatre, and will share in the excesses of the debauchee. With

solemn countenance he will take his place by the side of the religious man at church; and he will revel in the tavern with the glutton and the sot. He dresses in all garbs; speaks all languages; knows all customs; is present everywhere—though nowhere recognised—and all this should seem [oh, monstrous blasphemy!] for the greater glory of God—*ad majorem Dei gloriam*.” —*Nicolini's History of the Jesuits*, p. 2.

The Jesuit always sides with power; for he always seeks its favor. When he changes parties, it is only to prostrate those whom he cannot make his instruments, and elevate those whom he can. He could not entirely control the councils of Louis Philippe, and he joined in the outcry against the *Banquettes*—shouted with the men of February, '48, as a new Republic sprang into existence, when he immediately began to plot for its overthrow.

He cares not who is elected President of the United States, if only he be sure that he can penetrate the secrets of the Cabinet, and sway its policy. He is a Whig in one State, and a Democrat in another. He is a Secessionist and a Slavery Propagandist at the South, and an Abolitionist at the North. He concedes to you, or to me, all things except power. He will give you his money for a while; but, like a *roué* gamester, it is only to entice you to play deep. He cares not whom you set up or pull down, in the political world, provided always he can sway the purposes of the man just coming into power.

Alarmed, as the country has justly become, at the tremendous

power which the Company of Jesus—and *that Company controls absolutely, the Catholic Church in the United States*—is putting forth in our land, not one of our citizens in a thousand, has the slightest conception of what the Jesuits have already accomplished. We know that they have founded, or are founding, their Schools, Colleges, and Convents, in every State—we know that they tax heavily four million Catholics in the country—that they “hold the keys of Death and Hell,” as the representatives and vicergerents of the Pontiff—that they refuse burial to every believer, unless an onerous fee is paid to the officiating priest. We know that wherever our demagogues bargain for the Catholic vote, they can reckon with certainty upon success; and we know, too, what that vote costs:—seats in Cabinets, and on the Supreme Bench—Chaplaincies in the Public Service—Foreign Missions and Embassies—posts of honor and emolument at home and abroad—places by the thousand, in the Revenue Service; while we witness the extraordinary spectacle of the entire Postal Department—which controls the transmission of the public and private intelligence of the country—confided to the hands of a Roman Catholic, with upwards of fifty thousand offices in his gift.

And there are other signs of the growth, the progress, and the power of Jesuitism in this country, which lie immediately under the eyes of the whole people. But our countrymen do not know how deeply, demagogues of all parties have intrigued with the Jesuits; nor how strong is the fetter which binds them, when once it is forged, to the centre of the Catholic power at Rome—they little know how immense are the revenues in the hands of

the Jesuits, nor how vast are the contributions sent over to them from Europe, to maintain and spread their dominion. There is not a Catholic Government on the other side of the Atlantic, which does not munificently aid them. There is hardly a Catholic in the United States, rich or poor, who is not obliged, at least once a year, and many of them every week, to make their contributions.

Around how many dying beds the Jesuits or their agents and coadjutors are lurking, to clutch the possessions of the dying, although it may be by robbing the widow and the orphan—how many and how subtle are the influences which are brought to bear upon every Protestant family that is possessed of wealth—how often their daughters are sent to Convents of the Sacred Heart, at home and abroad; where they are gradually won over to the Catholic faith, and end in becoming enemies of the religion of their forefathers—that at the Confessional, the secrets of every family in the United States, in which a Catholic lives, are perfectly known—that the most strenuous exertions are put forth, and often with success, to get boys of promise, and young men of genius or wealth in Protestant families, sent to Jesuit Colleges—that the immense revenues which are swelling the coffers of the Church, from all these, and numberless other sources, go directly into the hands of the Catholic Hierarchy; and that if this state of things were to continue for a few years to come, the Jesuits, who are the leading spirits to marshal this formidable power, would consolidate a structure that would overshadow and control the country and its Institutions, for ages—what do our people know of all this?

By fair means or foul—for to the Jesuit it makes no difference how he accomplishes his purposes—all that human ingenuity can do, is done to warp the passions and prejudices of the living, and decide the last acts of those who are about to die. The Catholic church professes to prohibit and anathematize all marriages between Catholics and Protestants; but a Jesuit can always find a way to get round this obstacle, *if the Catholic in question is marrying rich*. The sincere Catholic wants his confessor with him, when he feels the trailing of death's pinions around his pillow; and he is perfectly sure to have a priest there, and a Jesuit at that, if the dying man is to leave a fortune.

This has been the settled policy of Jesuitism in all countries; nor is there a single Catholic land, where, at different times, edicts and laws have not been proclaimed, absolutely prohibiting the Jesuits from receiving, or enjoying any legacies, or estates, left them in the wills of deceased testators. These acts were found necessary, for at one time, the Jesuits had succeeded in getting a very large portion of the wealth of Europe into their hands. Even at this early day, they have larger resources in the United States, than any, or perhaps all other sects put together.

They appear in the guise of poverty—they have always done so. Ostentation they abhor, because it would betray them. They affect the most rigid simplicity, and even extreme destitution, for by no other means could they control their vast resources, or wield such unparalysed power.

Nothing is more certain than that *Jesuitism must be foiled, and suppressed in this country, or the Institutions of the country must go down.* They cannot both continue to exist in their strength and vigor. One or the other must give way. There is an eternal hostility in their very nature, between the principles of Washington, and the principles of Loyola—between the spirit of the Generals of the Company of Jesus, and the spirit of The Fathers of our Republic.

Jesuitism is not a plant of American origin. It has nothing in common with the history or the institutions of the country. It is in no manner allied to the Declaration of Independence, or to Republican forms of Government. It dreads the light, although it meekly professes to court it. It hates the diffusion of intelligence among the masses of men. It has educated scholars, but it never educated any man for any other purpose than to use him. It has Convents of the Sacred Heart all over the world, where it educates girls, but never except for one or two purposes—either to make them polished and seductive instruments of their power, to build up their system through the agency of blandishments and charms, before which the other sex are so powerless—or, if they fail, the unyielding subject will generally be found to end her life in a nunnery.

Wherever they have influence, the institution of matrimony is in their hands. They leave hard parochial labor and drudgery to the common priesthood; many of whom know as little of Jesuitism, and even less than the Protestants themselves. But

they do all the *nice* work, themselves. The Diplomatic Department is entirely in their hands. They have cords drawn all round the world.

Catholicism is generally supposed to be a complete organization, for it has its Supreme Head at Rome, and its subordinates, of all ranks, everywhere ; but Jesuitism is a greater and a more perfect organization ; for, working in the church, and under its sanction, it stretches its arms of influence where Papacy never could go, and with a power which Papacy can never wield again. Jesuitism is the soul of the Hierarchy of Hildebrand ; without it, Papacy would hold no sway, except over the ignorant and bigoted.

Jesuitism has little to do with the poor and neglected classes of mankind. *It strikes only for jewels.* One Princess at a Court, may be worth five Ministers in a Cabinet ; one intriguing American demagogue in power, is worth, for the purposes of Jesuitism, more than the wealth of a Croesus. One word of terror in "the chamber where a *rich* man meets his fate," often gains a fortune that endows a Convent. One young, genial, clear-headed boy of genius, may, by a breath of influence, that would not disturb a leaflet, have his heart gained for Loyola for ever ; and all the might and glory of his mature talents, be turned into Jesuit channels for life.

The Company of Jesus was founded by one of the most subtle and comprehensive minds that has made the world feel its power. Our space does not allow us to glance even at the history of this

wonderful Institution ; nor is it necessary, for the illustrious Nicolini, who is justly regarded as one of the most learned and impartial of historians, has just given to the world, "The History of the Jesuits, their Origin, Progress, Doctrines, and Designs ;" and it throws more light over the subject than any other work yet published.

A word in regard to this Book. Although it appears in the form of a Romance, it is not a creature of imagination. The characters and events have their originals ; and nothing has been written in the spirit of exaggeration.

The reader who goes thoroughly over THE SECRET INSTRUCTIONS OF THE JESUITS, which are incorporated into the volume, will find that this work is but an illustration of the operations of Jesuitism, in its natural and legitimate forms.

And millions of my Countrymen will at once recognise in STANHOPE BURLEIGH, only the impersonation of the startled Spirit of Patriotism, LIFTING ITS RIGHT HAND TO HEAVEN, AND SWEARING BY THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER, WHICH FLOATS OVER THE CAPITOL, THAT THE REIGN OF AMERICAN DEMAGOGUES, JESUITISM, AND FOREIGN INFLUENCE IN THIS COUNTRY, SHALL CEASE.

NEW YORK,

Eighth of January, 1855.

CONTENTS.

	Page
CHAPTER I.—The Convent of Sant' Ambrogio,	17
CHAPTER II.—The Jesuit's Tower,	23
CHAPTER III.—Charles Albert,	81
CHAPTER IV.—Stanhope Burleigh,	43
CHAPTER V.—The Revolution,	50
CHAPTER VI.—The Schemes of the Jesuits,	56
CHAPTER VII.—The Flight to America,	66
CHAPTER VIII.—Attempt to Save Genevra,	77
CHAPTER IX.—The Rescue,	85
CHAPTER X.—The Voyage,	106
CHAPTER XI.—The Jesuits in our Homes,	122
CHAPTER XII.—Genevra at Home,	133
CHAPTER XIII.—Stanhope and Genevra,	139
CHAPTER XIV.—The Ride to Claremont,	144
CHAPTER XV.—The Disappearance of Carlo,	157
CHAPTER XVI.—Stanhope and His Mother,	166
CHAPTER XVII.—The Counsellor of the Jesuits,	175
CHAPTER XVIII.—The Sick Man,	186

	Page
CHAPTER XIX.—Inez and Jaudan,	191
CHAPTER XX.—Inez and Stanhope,	193
CHAPTER XXI.—Inez and Geneva,	198
CHAPTER XXII.—The Tools of the Jesuits,	201
CHAPTER XXIII.—Ride to Greenwood,	209
CHAPTER XXIV.—The Secret Political Conspiracy,	219
CHAPTER XXV.—The Mother,	226
CHAPTER XXVI.—The Three Conspirators,	236
CHAPTER XXVII.—The Will,	294
CHAPTER XXVIII.—The Three Conspirators Again,	308
CHAPTER XXIX.—The Plot Thickening,	321
CHAPTER XXX.—The Departure,	327
CHAPTER XXXI.—Agnes Stewart,	340
CHAPTER XXXII.—The Journey,	354
CHAPTER XXXIII.—The Father,	361
CHAPTER XXXIV.—The Orphan,	371
CHAPTER XXXV.—The Grave,	375
CHAPTER XXXVI.—Life in the Convent,	384
CHAPTER XXXVII.—Inez's Plan for Escape,	388
CHAPTER XXXVIII.—The Jesuit Alone,	394
CHAPTER XXXIX.—Taking the Veil,	397
CHAPTER XL.—Stanhope finds Geneva,	400
CHAPTER XLI.—The Dead Bride,	403
CHAPTER XLII.—The Oath,	405

STANHOPE BURLEIGH.

CHAPTER I.

THE CONVENT OF SANT' AMBROGIO.

IN the oldest part of the ancient city of Genoa, stands the Church of Sant' Ambrogio. It is a grand and gloomy structure. Its walls are blackened by the shadows of time, and they have been shaken by the revolutions of ages.

But there are so many solemn, century-worn edifices in the native city of Columbus, that the Church of Sant' Ambrogio would hardly arrest the step of the traveller, if he had not previously heard something of its history. And the traveller would see only a ruin, even as he looked from the Hill of Calvary on the City of Jerusalem, unless he knew that he was gazing on the City of David, from the spot where the Man of Nazareth died.

Save black walls, somewhat battered in the strifes of

the Middle Ages; and a few long, massive links—deeply eaten by the corrosion of time—of the famous Iron Chain, which the Genoese tore away from the River Arno, when their war galleys went up to the conquest of the opulent City of Pisa; there is but one other striking object in the front of the Church. Across the street, is thrown a covered archway—resembling the Bridge of Sighs, at Venice—which connects the Church of Sant' Ambrogio with the Ducal Palace.

The Old Church of Sant' Ambrogio!—With its black pillars, its gilded galleries, its master-pieces, its golden lamps, its Mosaic altars, its solemn tombs, its dingy walls, its stained windows, its fresco dome, far up in the sky! How many penitents have knelt before those altars! How many sleek Jesuits have glided noiselessly under those shadowy arches, in the still night-hours! How many scenes of intrigue, triumph, and suffering, have been enacted within those fearful walls!

In the rear of the Church, and closely connected with it, stands a huge, irregular pile of buildings, covering nearly an acre. There are long, cold passages, with cells on either side, which thread their way through the almost interminable pile. The floors are of stone; worn in the centre, and at the threshold of each door, by the ceaseless sandal-friction of sliding feet—feet that have come and gone for three centuries:—for its inhabitants seem never

to die. The doors are high, narrow, and black—rusted too; for they are of iron.

And all along those half-lighted passages, are hung, near the arched ceiling, long rows of the portraits of the Fathers, some of whom have gone into the Saints' Calendar. They look forth from black, forbidding frames: there is no gilding about them, save in the rays of glory which stream from the heads, or in the rude letters which tell the names of the dead men whose faces are represented.

Indeed, throughout those narrow, chilling halls, there is an appearance of poverty—even of want. The place looks like the dwelling of a poor Confraternity—a congregation of men who had gathered there to escape the sorrows and temptations of earth, and lay up their treasures in Heaven.

A door opens, grating on its hinges, and the creak echoes through the endless passages. The pale, hooded, sandalled Monk who makes his appearance, darting his keen, grey eyes up and down the halls, looks as though he were the only brother left, of a once numerous Company, who, long ago, made these now desolate places ring to the noisy mirth of wine-bibbing Monks. Everything bears the aspect of poverty and desolation.

And yet that place is thickly inhabited. There is a signal that would make those dim passages swarm with living men, like the tap of a drum in a fortress. And

there, had often been hidden, in the recesses of those walls, treasures of gold and precious stones that would purchase a kingdom, or dethrone its sovereign! It held treasures still.

This old, holy-looking pile, suggestive of beads, Ave Marias, and low chantings through the aisles, and sweet chimes, floating far up among the towers; is the Convent of Sant' Ambrogio, and it is inhabited by the Jesuits!

After many turnings to the right hand and the left, far, far up, till you have, even by slow steps, lost your breath, you come to a grey tower, which surmounts the dust-covered pile that overlooks the city. From its summit you may behold the Alps, with their Gothic snow-peaks, far distant in the West; and the bald Apennines, far away to the East. It brings also to the eye, from its western window, the spires and domes of a hundred Churches, with the tideless waters of the Mediterranean; while it commands a clear view of two other objects, often and vigilantly watched—the Convent of the Sacred Heart, three miles west of the town, and the Fortress of San Michele, standing clear out on the sky, from the naked brow of the highest of the range of hills, that sweep their mighty amphitheatre around Genoa.

This tower, solitary, grey, cold, cheerless, had two entrances. One was by a trap-door in the floor, which flew open when a secret spring was touched by the master

of the place, as he stepped on the slender iron ladder that conducted to it. The other entrance was a dark, perpendicular passage, hardly three feet wide, which descended from the tower to a dungeon, more than two hundred feet below—far under ground—far below even the walls of the Convent, straight, and almost as smooth as a cylinder. It was a secret passage-way, built in solid stone.


Once in the tower, these two egresses were not visible. The trap-door, through which the descent was made by the ladder, was covered by a piece of ancient tapestry; and when the occupant of the tower was there, his chair stood over the spot;—partly because this trap-door was near the centre of the room, and partly for greater security against surprise. The entrance to the other egress would hardly have been detected by the closest scrutiny.

The tower was built in the form of an octagon, with high narrow windows, which could be darkened by iron shutters from the inside; and seldom more than two of these shutters were open. One of them commanded a view of the Convent of the Sacred Heart; the other looked on the distant Fortress of San Michele. The walls were nearly two feet thick; and, although the chamber was scarcely three yards in diameter, it could not have been less than twenty feet high. The walls

had been so constructed, that in each of the pannels between the windows, there was a secret door, known only to one person. One of these doors opened into the narrow, perpendicular passage, that conducted to the underground apartments of the Convent, the dungeons of the Inquisition, and the secret hall of the Inquisitors. To that place, through the secret door, the occupant of the tower could descend at his leisure, by stepping upon a platform, which moved up or down, at his will.

In that secret Hall of the Inquisition, plots have been laid, which have overturned thrones, ended the history of Republics, and driven Doges, Patriots, Kings, Emperors, and Pontiffs into exile. In the archives of those subterranean apartments, the history of the struggles of Liberty with Despotism, for three hundred years, was recorded.

In those fearful chambers, the fate of some of the chief actors in this narrative was decided ; and the night-councils of the secret Jesuit Conclave that met there, may yet shake the fortunes of the American Republic.



CHAPTER II.

THE JESUIT'S TOWER.

IN this solitary retreat, which rose high above the ocean of passion that surged round it, during the troublous times of Italy in the Revolution of 1848, late at night, by the side of a small bronze table of antique sculpture, over which hung a silver lamp once used by Clement XIV., the victim of the Jesuits, sat PADRE JAUDAN, the General of the terrible COMPANY of JESUS, the leader, and now the forlorn hope of the Jesuits of Italy.

He had long since passed the age which limits, to most men, the prime of life; although, but for his hair, which was white and lustrous as burnished silver, he seemed still to retain all the attributes of early manhood. He was an inch or two above six feet, with a head and form so symmetrical, that Thorwaldsen had found in him the model for his most perfect statue.

The first thing that struck one in Padre Jaudan's appearance, was the air of graceful command with which he moved. The first thought that occurred was, that he

had passed a portion of his life in Camps; the rest in Courts. His forehead was lofty, but not expansive; his eyebrows full, and slightly silvered; his eyes small and grey, and charged with magnetism. At his will, they were full of fire, or melted to the liquid softness of a woman's. His nose was pure Roman; and his expanded nostrils bespoke invincible pride, and instinctive love of power. In repose, his mouth was perfectly beautiful. When it relaxed with a smile, exposing teeth pure, and perfect as ivory, it lost its classic chiselling in the careless grace of voluptuousness; and when it curled with hatred or contempt, it wore the expression of a demon.

His skin was fair, almost transparently pale, and yet, but for the whiteness of the hair, it looked as though time and decay had both forgotten him. There were moments when his face appeared as spiritual as Plato's; there were others when it glowed with the soul of poetry; and sometimes it looked like that of a fallen archangel.

It was capable of reflecting, and of concealing every passion. In the restless, untiring struggle for dominion over the souls of men, it had been trained to obey the volitions of a subtle and commanding spirit.

His hands were small, white, and soft,—indeed, almost too feminine: and the scrupulous neatness and delicacy of his nails, bespoke refinement, and even a touch of vanity. His feet indicated the same symmetry

of proportion. When he appeared in public—which he seldom did—his dress bore no sign of ecclesiastical rank, much less any emblem to betray the supreme eminence he held as the real and sole chief of the most powerful society on the earth; and yet those plain garments concealed the finest linen.

As he sat by the bronze table, he was dressed in a *robe de chambre* of the purple velvet of Genoa; that imperial color which, from the time of the Cæsars, has been the livery of empire. This dress was lined with crimson satin, and confined at the waist by a cord of the same color, from which was suspended a rosary, with beads of jet and links of gold, and at the end of which glittered a cross of brilliants set in silver. On his left breast was the broad crimson cross,—that sign of a power which seems to be as eternal as the faith that is founded on it, and which has been worn over the heart of every fully initiated disciple of Loyola since the Order was established.

The solitary inhabitant of the Octagon Tower, had not risen from his chair for eight hours, and it was now past midnight. The tocsin of revolution had sounded throughout Europe, and everywhere the trampled nations of the Old World, had rung out their cry of vengeance on the Company of Jesus, which had sacrificed the liberty of two hundred million men since the days of Luther. The

smothered fires of Republicanism had burst forth in Italy; Pius IX. proclaimed himself a reformer, and the wave of revolution, starting from the Eternal City, had sent its undulations over Europe, with the rush of a torrent.

Genoa, once the capital of the most ancient and the most powerful republic that had flourished on the globe, had waited for the proclamation of a Constitution from Charles Albert, her Piedmontese King; and the time had come when she would wait no longer. The first condition of that Proclamation, would be the expulsion of the Jesuits from the kingdom. Nowhere were they so strong as in the kingdom of Sardinia. Since Great Britain in 1814, betrayed the ancient Ligurian Republic to the throne of Piedmont, the Jesuits had governed the policy of that State, and controlled the fortunes of its people. The salvation of the Order, now depended upon the firmness, the management, and the sagacity of Padre Jaudan. The work, too, which he had to do, must be crowded into a few hours.

He had carefully folded several letters written in cipher, and was now gazing steadily on a small, finely-wrought golden Crucifix, which he had taken from a black casket of antique workmanship. The Christ reposed,—it did not seem, in the pure serenity of its divine expression, to be fastened—on a cross of mother-of-pearl,

the hands and feet transfixed with nails headed with large flashing diamonds. In laying the Crucifix on the inner lid of the casket, he had so raised the head, that all its beauty was brought out by the artistic light thrown on it from the lamp above. Had Benvenuto Cellini himself—and it was one of his own works—been there to study the effect, he could not have changed its position.

“That,” said Padre Jaudan, as the latent fire of his eye began to kindle, “is the magical sign by which we have gone through the world. There is not a people on the earth by whom that sacred signal is not known and revered. They tell me,” he continued, as a sneer gathered on his lip, “that the day is at hand, when the sceptre of Loyola is to be broken: but this has been the prophecy of the timid, ever since the death of our Founder.

“What!” he exclaimed with an exulting smile, as he rose from his chair, and walked with the measured step of a sentinel round the Tower. “What! Have we not conquered the world, and defied every enemy? The company of Jesus was suppressed; and the anathemas of a Pope of Rome announced that we were no more. We did disappear; we fled to the forests and mountain caves of Europe, or lived in disguise in its crowded cities, while we were believed to be wandering on the shores of inhospitable countries, on the other side of the globe. But

did not Clement XIV. learn, at last, that there was one man in Rome who bore a hand steady enough to let fall that drop into the goblet which sent him to his grave ? And did we not put a better man in his place ? Did not the colossal empire of Napoleon dissolve at the touch of the sceptre of Loyola ? Can we not wake the spectre of a revolution to trouble the dreams of any sovereign who stands in our way ? And when Republics have swept away Monarchies, can we not sweep away Republics ? What care we for this new earthquake which threatens to upheave every throne in Europe ? When Louis Philippe was ready to betray us, did he not hear the shout of a hundred thousand armed men under the windows of his palace ? And a few hours later, as he reached the shores of England in a fishing smack, did he not thank God he stood once more on English soil ? Let Lamartine give birth to his dream of a Republic, of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, from the steps of the Hotel de la Ville—it will last no longer than we find the man, be he Bourbon or Bonaparte, who will execute our will. Has the magic power of the great Loyola come to this, that we are cornered, cheated, outwitted, repulsed, foiled ? Where is the Minister, Sovereign, Pope, or even President, whose life hangs not upon a stroke of my pen ? And then, if we are really driven, at last, out of decadent Europe, is there not a new and great continent in the West, with a rising

empire which stretches from ocean to ocean, marching forward to grasp the sceptre of the world?—a continent with all the vigor of primal life, and all the enginery of the most magnificent political and social system man has ever seen, wherewith to develop human nature, and give a reign of a thousand years to the company of Jesus? If we have achieved so much amidst the corruption of expiring civilization on this side of the Atlantic, where the masses are brutes, and the few scarce know how to guide them, what can we not do in that far off Garden of the World, where Washington has secured, for ever, to all creeds, and all believers, equal civil rights? I almost think, sometimes, that we are playing the fool, to linger around these seats of expiring dominion, while we should be digging deep, in the New World, the foundations of a power over the minds of men, which will give eternity to the duration of Loyola's name. These revolutionists of worn-out Italy—these infidels who are singing their songs of liberty, and shouting hosannas to a republican Pope in yonder *piazza*—we can take care of them yet—I think so.”

The Jesuit stood still a moment, with his arms folded on his breast. A flush overspread his cheek, as he proceeded :

“ Yes ! Let convulsions come : we will await them here. The Company of Jesus was born in the fanatical

days of the great German Monk, whom Heaven seems to have created to be the Father of Revolutions. We were cradled in tempests; but the spirit of the great Loyola has been the Stormy Petrel of every convulsion, and has outridden the blast which sent all else to wreck. We can guide the unchained passions of the globe. If Charles Albert yields to the terrors of the mob, or the movement of the times, he shall see more bleeding ghosts around his pillow than ever peopled the darkness of his bed-chamber."

A little bell on the side of the wall tinkled. Padre Jaudan started. He had not heard that sound for many months. It struck again.

"Ah! ha! Now the work can go on to some purpose."

He laid aside his *robe de chambre*; threw on the plain mantle of his order; touched a hidden spring in the side wall; a door flew open, and he disappeared.

CHAPTER III.

CHARLES ALBERT.

IF a being who could see objects in the dark, had looked into the covered archway that led from the church of Sant' Ambrogio across the street to the Ducal Palace, two minutes after Padre Jaudan disappeared from the tower, he would have perceived the tall form of the Jesuit gliding stealthily through the passage. He had descended half way to the hall of the Inquisition, where he stepped from the platform, through a narrow doorway that led to the arch. The Father was going to the council-chamber of the Doges. He had passed the arch, and stood before a massive bronze door, over whose surface he carefully moved his smooth hand till he touched a spring, when the door began slowly to open. His sharp eye darted an inquisitive glance, when at a little distance, and scarcely discernible in the obscurity, he perceived a man advancing towards him.

“*Salute—Padre mio.*”

“*Caro Fratello,*” responded Jaudan; “we meet again.

What news from the King?" and the two grasped each other by the hand.

"Impressed with the belief that some evil would befall him to-night, if he passed it in the Durazzo Palace, the King summoned me, an hour ago, to his bed-chamber, and would have me come with him to the Ducal Palace. We have again threaded that infernal subterranean passage of half a mile, and, prostrated by the fatigue, and overwhelmed by the terror that drove him from his chamber, he is now in the red room, and I cannot tell you whether he will die or go mad."

"He may do something worse than either," said Padre Jaudan.

"What?"

"Yield to the mob, and grant a constitution."

"We can stop that."

"My dear Lorenzo, you do not know your man."

"At all events you are here, and I thank God. The King touched the wire, and it seems to me an hour ago."

"You must be excited, Lorenzo, it was hardly three minutes."

"Perhaps not; but the King is in such a state to-night that a minute with him, is longer than a day with any other man. Padre! Padre! what will all this come to?"

"Let us go to his chamber," replied Jaudan. "I bear

with me, as I always do when that bell rings, the Holy Casket. Lead the way."

They set out—Padre Jaudan following closely in the other's steps. They reached another bronze door, which was ajar. It moved noiselessly to the pressure, and they passed in. The apartment was dark, but Lorenzo drew a sliding lantern from his side, which threw a partial light around.

"Now, Padre, all rests with you. Wait a moment, and you will hear the King moan."

A heavy groan from the red room fell upon the ears of both. Lorenzo started.

"That is something more than a moan," said Padre Jaudan, with his usual serenity.

"Yes, Padre, he may have gone mad already."

"What said the last despatch of Metternich?"

"Like himself, enigmatical, and therefore fearful."

"Were you with the King when he read it?"

"I was."

"What was his first sign?"

"He walked up and down the room, and exclaimed, 'Yes, I am the slave of Austria, and my kingdom is the glebe to which I am chained. But I will end the *surveillance*,'—and he tore the despatch, and scattered the pieces around the room. 'So perish,' he said, 'the last trace of my servitude;' and he gazed on the torn despatch of the

great Metternich, with the exulting look of a desperate man who can be held in vassalage no longer."

"And in half an hour," responded Jaudan, "he sent for you?"

"He did."

"And confessed, and all that?"

"He did."

"He will always do it, my dear Marquis. 'Once ours, always ours,' was the motto of our Master himself. Let Charles Albert strain on his Austrian fetter—he cannot break it. At all events, we shall see."

At that moment, a still more agonizing groan was heard. This time it shook the nerves even of Jaudan himself; but he recovered in an instant.

"There is no time to be lost, Lorenzo."

"Here we are, *Padre*, and by a passage which few, if any, but ourselves can thread. This is the door."

It moved noiselessly on its hinges, as he spoke.

"With the leave of your Majesty," he continued, "our Most Reverend Father is here."

"Let him come in," said the King.

Jaudan entered. If he had been looking upon a summer landscape, from a mountain side, he could not have appeared more serene. Advancing a step or two, he dropped, with the grace of a courtier, upon one knee.

"*Servitore umilissimo, di Vostra Maestà.*"

“ Rise, Father ;” and the King extended his hand, which the Jesuit loyally kissed.

Charles Albert was a tall, stately looking man. His life had been a wasting struggle. For more than five-and-twenty years, he has sat upon the throne of Sardinia, vibrating between his natural inclinations towards liberal institutions, and his terror of the threat of Austria, if he granted them. Pressed, now, on all sides—by the Pope (who, in the first year of his reign, had flung out the signal of reform and progress to the civilized world), to grant a Constitution to his people ;—by his nobles, who had grown too timid not to comply with the request of the Holy Father ;—and by the ominous gatherings of excited revolutionary thousands, while, at the same time, behind the curtains of the throne, his Jesuit Confessor, who never left him for an instant, except when he knew he was alone, was raising up against him the almost insurmountable barriers, that the Company of Jesus know so well how to interpose, between a King and the liberties of his subjects—Charles Albert was trembling on the verge of insanity.

Jaudan understood him at a glance ; and, despite the apparent discourtesy, he said to the Marquis in Portuguese (which he knew the King could not understand), “ Our game is up ; he is in the hands of his ministers, and the Constitution will be granted in three days ;” and then he

added, addressing the monarch, "Your Majesty looks ill to-night."

"I feel that my hour is fast approaching," replied the King, "and would to God I could hold the sceptre firmly, through these days of trouble. But, whether I live or die, I have held that sceptre long enough. I have decided to leave it to my son. I shall die, or abdicate at once, The Constitution will be granted. It is already written, and my ministers will proclaim it from the Palace, when the right moment comes. I have sent for you, Father, to guide my soul through the great labyrinth I must so soon pass. Your brave sword once saved my life, while we were fighting against Liberty, in Spain, under the Duke of Angoulême; and now I commit to you an infinitely greater trust—my soul. Speak as you once did to me: first of all, as a comrade in arms; then be my pilot to the gates of Heaven, if a King like me can enter there."

"I will obey your Majesty in all things, to the last. Shall we, then, see the battlements of the oldest throne in Europe—that of the Princes of Savoy—go down before this little deluge of infidel Democracy?"

The King lifted his hands imploringly. "*Padre*, I am no longer King or soldier; obey me once more; come to the concerns of my soul."

"I do obey your Majesty, but my first duty is to God; and before I pronounce entire absolution for such a life

as you have led, I must think of the well-being of four millions of your subjects."

The King trembled, and staggered back. The Marquis supported him, till he sunk into a *fauteuil*. His head rolled back, his jaw fell, the livid hue of death overspread his face, and even Jaudan thought he was dead.

"My dear Marquis," he said, "the game is up."

"What is to be done?" exclaimed the Marquis, with trepidation.

"Why," replied Jaudan, with his accustomed serenity, "ring the bell for the King's physician, or undertaker—perhaps, while you are about it, it would be well to ring for both."

The Marquis sprang to the table, and, seizing the little bell, rang it violently.

"Not so loud, my dear Lorenzo. We are not beating to quarters on the old Isabella."

In justice to the Marquis Lorenzo, we should here add, that he never lost his self-control, except in the presence of Charles Albert, or his supreme master Jaudan, the General of his Order. Charles Albert was a king, and Jesuits themselves are extremely careful, and often nervous, when they are dealing with men in power. Nothing but great talent for command, ever lifts a man to the summit of the Company of Jesus. Jaudan was one of the greatest of Loyola's successors. Lorenzo was a man

of sentiment, heart, heroism, daring; and generally of self-command; but in the presence of his imperturbable General, who was never thrown off his guard, the Marquis was a child.

The door of the red room flew open, and the first Minister of State appeared.

Count Sola della Margurrita was a pupil of Metternich. He had been for many years the chief Coadjutor and Protector of the Jesuits of Sardinia. Many a time had he knelt by the side of the King in the private chapel of the Convent of Sant' Ambrogio, where they received the holy sacrament from the hands of the General of the Order. But he was, after all, very much such a man as Jaudan had always taken him to be. He knew that Jaudan and Lorenzo had been in the King's private chamber, and, to his credit as a discreet Minister of State, and an astute Jesuit, he had heard everything that had transpired since they entered.

He was expecting to see the king in some attitude of terror, or, perhaps, trembling on his knees before his Jesuit Confessor. One glance showed an entirely different *tableau*. *He* did not think the king was dead.

"He has only fainted," said the Minister, as he bowed with profound respect to Jaudan and the Marquis; and stepping to the side of the room, a single touch of his finger brought, in five seconds, the physician of his

Majesty. Taking a small vial from his pocket, he poured its contents instantly into the open mouth of the King. At the same time, with his other hand, he lifted the falling jaw, and the king made a sign of life as he swallowed the drops.

The group was sculptured in silence. Perhaps it was ten seconds when the king started and attempted to rise; but before the courtiers in attendance had lifted their hands, he sank back again.

"You have come, then," he feebly uttered, as he looked towards the Count.

Margurrita bent down his head and whispered in the ear of the king.

"Yes," said Charles Albert, "we ought to be alone."

The Count, after the manner of the court, gracefully dismissed the two Jesuits, who withdrew from the room.

Once more in that dark passage, the sliding lantern was brought out.

"Did I not tell you the game was up?"

"Yes, *Padre*," said the Marquis, "this part of it is up; but what in the name of God are we to do?"

"Why, the Constitution will be proclaimed, as I told you, and at once."

"That finishes us in Sardinia."

"And for that matter," rejoined the General, "in Italy."

“What, then, is to be done?”

“My dear fellow, you are one of the poorest Jesuits I ever saw. You are too much in the habit of yielding to the petty passions and excitements of the hour. You must look to this little fault of your character, for you are superbly built up in other respects. Now, as to what we are to do—good heavens! Everything, except to lose the mastery of ourselves. We have no time for that. At such moments, *we must control others*. All revolutions are but the work of citizen mobs. Somebody must guide the blind passions of the multitude. Even the English Lord Bacon says, that if you get five hundred *gentlemen* in a street, and excite them, they become a mob. Here, we have animals, and not gentlemen, to deal with. Of course you understand that we have lost everything, in losing Count Sola della Margurrita. He is no Jesuit.”

“Margurrita,” added Jaudan, as they returned through the same archway that the General had passed, “is a bad Jesuit, because he has not preserved the sentiment of loyalty which he once sanctioned, as you well know, with his oath. Lorenzo, is anything plainer in the whole realm of mathematics, than that he *cut us* to-night?—Margurrita has betrayed us—*us*, for you are true”—and Jaudan lifted the lantern, and turned the light straight into the face and eyes of the Marquis. Lorenzo was a loyal man. He was too brave to be a hypocrite; and,

under the blinding light of that lantern, and with the burning eyes of the General of his Order scrutinizing his soul, even to its inmost recesses, unabashed, he grasped Jaudan's hand, and said, "General, this is child's play, after we have been on so many battle fields together."

It was, perhaps, the only moment of Jaudan's life when he felt thoroughly ashamed of himself.

"Well," he continued, "this same Count is a demagogue. He will kill the poor King, or get him to abdicate; or make him give the constitution, which the mob are howling for, and which timid and stultified Kings and Popes will grant, wherever five thousand men yell for it; and of course he is looking for the new *regime*. Small men, like Margurrita, are obliged to take advantage of these trivial occurrences; for they have nothing to fall back on; nor have they the sublime patience that we have learned, during years of probation—they know not how to serve, and, consequently, they know not how to rule. They know not how to wait; and, of necessity, they feel that they cannot afford it. *We* have done all, and can do it again."

Together the Jesuits crossed the archway, and threaded the labyrinth which led to the cylinder, through which they must pass up to the Tower. The platform was found where Jaudan had left it. They stepped upon it, and enclosing themselves in each other's arms, they rose

steadily to a certain height, when the secret pannel opened, and they found themselves in the Octagon Tower.

“Now,” said Jaudan, “we must begin to act. We know, my dear Marquis—for you heard it—what Napoleon said on the field of Marengo, when one of his generals told him, ‘This is a battle lost’—

“‘I believe it is a battle won.’”

“We shall see.”

CHAPTER IV.

STANHOPE BURLEIGH.

STANHOPE BURLEIGH, a young American of genius and promise, after a complete course of academic and law studies at Harvard University, had, at the age of twenty-two, visited Europe, to pass one year at Heidelberg, and another in Italy. He was now on his way from the south, and that same evening he was to turn his face once more towards his native land.

On the morning after the interview between Padre Jaudan and the King, Burleigh had gone to take a last look of the church of the *Annunziata*, one of the most superb temples of art and religion in the north of Italy. He had seen it the year before, as he went towards Rome; and now, as he was leaving Italy—that holy land of the scholar—so soon to forget all these dreams of the ideal world in the tumultuous life of the great Republic of the West, he wished to carry with him those images of beauty and grandeur which the *Annunziata* would leave on his memory, when, in future times, his fancy wandered

through the haunts of genius, art, and heroism, in the "City of Palaces." He had chosen the *Annunziata* as the last sight to see, as we wait till the last moment to bid adieu to the friend we love best.

But all that Stanhope Burleigh had seen and felt, during two years in Europe, was of less importance to him, than the little incident which occurred the next moment, as he was descending the steps of the church.

"*Si degna Signore di comprare una boquet?*"

Burleigh's fancy was yet wandering through the long-drawn aisles and frescoed vaults of the magnificent temple he had left: his heart was in the midst of that struggle which every man of taste and sentiment feels, when he is looking for the last time upon one of the most glorious monuments of Italy.

But when is the voice of flowers unwelcome to the soul? Least of all, when the giver offers them in the sweetest language of all the earth!

"*Si, carina,*" replied Burleigh, in the same tongue, with the slightest foreign accent, "I will buy some of these flowers, and take them home with me to America."

"*Mille grazie, signor,* I love the Americans. They are generous, and always buy my flowers. Here is the most exquisite bouquet I have had for many days."

As Burleigh took it, and handed her a piece of money

which she acknowledged with that native grace which is the heritage of every Italian, she added :—

“I, too, know a *bell' Americana*.”

“What is her name, my sweet girl?”

“They call her Genevra, and I see her every day.”

“Genevra! where!” exclaimed Burleigh, starting with an expression of the deepest interest.

“In the gardens of the Convent of the Sacred Heart.

“Have I, then,” said Burleigh, to himself, “at last found the spot where they have imprisoned my beautiful Genevra? When did you see her last?” he continued.

“This same bright morning I found her in the garden before the dew had left the flowers. I had gone, as I do every morning, to buy my flowers from the good Sister. The *Signorina Americana* often assists me in gathering them. And here,” continued the flower-girl, as she cast a sympathetic, inquiring glance into Burleigh’s anxious face, “is a cluster of rose-buds she cut with her own hand, and gave to me just as I was leaving the garden.”

“Do you know how long Genevra has been in the Convent?” said Burleigh, still agitated.

“I saw her there, *Signore*, for the first time, two summers ago.”

“This cannot be a coincidence,” thought Burleigh. “It must be Genevra. Do you know anything of her?”

father? Have you heard who took her to the Convent?"

"No, *Signore*. When we are admitted there, we must not ask questions."

"Does Genevra seem to be happy?"

"No, *Signore*. I am sure she is miserable."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because she looks pale and sad. I often see her alone in the garden, and I sometimes hear her sigh, and she asks me about the world, and whom I have seen—but—"

"Go on."

"Perhaps I ought not to, *Signore*. You may love the *Signorina*, and some dark night go and carry her off."

"No, no, my child. I did know her years ago, for I played with her in my childhood. Her mother was my mother's friend. She is now in heaven. I will make you my confidant, and heaven will bless you if you will tell me all the truth."

"*Signore*, you are an American. Your country, I am told, is beautiful and free, where every heart can love, and every tongue can tell to another what the heart speaks to itself; but it is not so here. I am admitted to the garden of that Convent, where I see Genevra and the other young ladies who are there to be educated, and I must not betray their confidence. Besides, if I should,"

and pressing her fingers against her lips, "you little know what the Jesuits would do with me."

"I would not have you do wrong, my child, and your secret is safe with me; I will not betray you. But tell me, is Genevra beautiful?"

"Oh! yes, *Signore*, more beautiful," she exclaimed with enthusiasm, "than the holy Virgin herself." She started in terror, hastily crossed herself, and looking up to Burleigh, "I don't mean that, *Signor*; I must not say so;" but, throwing her round arms free once more, with all the earnestness of an Italian maiden, she added, "Oh, *Signor*, she is an angel." And then she playfully added, "The Madonna must love her, for everybody else does."

"Can't you describe her to me exactly, my child?"

"Oh! yes; her hair is soft, rich, long, wavy, a beautiful sunny chestnut, like Guido's Maddalena in the Church of Sant' Ambrogio. Her eyes are of a deeper blue than this violet, and they are as large and almost as full of tears as those of the Maddalena herself. I have not a flower as fair as her skin; and yet her lips are as bright as this carnation; and, oh! *Signor*, if you could see her smile, you would bend to kiss her robe, as we bow before the Virgin."

"It is my Genevra," said Burleigh, as hope flashed over his face, and his eyes swam in tears. "The pledge of the bud has been redeemed by the flower."

"The *Signore* must love the *Signorina*, I think," said the flower-girl, archly.

"Carina, will you carry a letter to Genevra?"

"Oh! no, *Signore*, I should not dare to do it."

"Well, then, will you carry a message?"

"Yes, *Signore*, I should dare to do that."

"Are you sure you can remember all I say to you?"

"Yes, *Signore*, if you do not say too much."

"Well, then, take this card to Genevra, and say—"

"Oh! *Signore*," interrupted the girl, "this is as bad as a letter."

"Well, then, can you remember my name?"

"What is it, *Signore*?"

"Stanhope Burleigh."

"You are such a kind and handsome *Signore*, that I shall be sure to remember it. But won't you pronounce it again?"

"Stanhope Burleigh."

"Stanhope Burleigh?"

"Yes. Now, Stanhope Burleigh."

"*Si, Signore*, Stanhope Burleigh, Stanhope Burleigh. Now, *Signore*, what shall I say? for you must not send anything wrong."

"Say, then, that Stanhope Burleigh, the friend of Genevra, has been in Italy for a year; that he has just learned from you where she is—he has never forgotten

her. And ask her if he cannot see her. Ask her if he can do anything for her ; and tell her that he will live and die to make her happy."

" *Caro Signore*, that is all so easy to remember, I will not forget a single word."

"And when will you see Genevra?"

"Are you very anxious to have me see her immediately?"

"Yes, the first moment you can."

"Well, I can see her in an hour, perhaps ; for I can always pass the gates of the Convent ; but I am a little afraid all this is wrong."

"No, no, it cannot be wrong to make Genevra happy," said Burleigh.

"I will go. I am sure the Madonna will love me if I can make the poor lady smile once more."

"When will you return?"

"I will be here, in this same place, with my basket of flowers, at Vespers, and till then *addio, Signore*."

Addio, Carina ; and may the Madonna protect you. I will be here at Vespers."

CHAPTER V.

THE REVOLUTION:

THE flower-girl flew away, and Burleigh hurried to his hotel to countermand the order for a seat in the Malle-Poste for Turin that evening.

"I will know the worst of this," he thought; "I will see Genevra before I leave the city. The flower-girl cannot have deceived me. Genevra in the hands of these monsters of crime—the Jesuits! No, no, it can be no choice of hers. I still love her, nor shall I ever forget the tenderness and confidence with which her dying mother charged me to protect and shield her from the enemies of her faith, when she should be no more."

Carried back by these thoughts to other years, Burleigh hurried on, unconscious of the approach of a vast multitude who were rushing into the *Piazza*, with shouts of "*Liberta*," "*Viva la Costituzione*," "*Viva Pio Nono*," "*Viva Carlo Alberto*," "*Abasso i Gesuiti*."

Lost, as Burleigh was, in his own sad thoughts, he might perhaps have passed the mob, had not the last

words that rang on his ear—"Down with the Jesuits"—alarmed him for the safety of Genevra.

Transported with the smothered indignation of a whole generation, which had now found vent against the reign of despotism, the first wild passions of the infuriated populace would be directed against the Jesuits, whom they regarded as the authors of all they suffered.

Down through the Strada Nuovissima excited thousands came rushing like a dashing river, filling the square.

Burleigh found himself borne backward, and impotent to resist the mighty current, he yielded to its rush. A few moments later, he was standing on the steps of the *Annunziata*, where the leaders of the movement were already standing, to greet, inflame, and guide the excited throng.

"*Fratelli di Liberta*," exclaimed the speaker, who was evidently the commanding spirit of the day. The words had no sooner fallen from his lips, as he lifted his hand to beckon silence, than a shout came back like the roar of a tempest.

"Brothers," he continued—and that surging sea of passion grew still as he spoke, while every eye was bent on the speaker—"the day we have so long waited for, has come. The Italy of the Romans has emerged from the tomb of Brutus. From that tomb, electric fire has

flashed over the nations of Europe. A volcano has burst under the throne of the Bourbons; and a republic has been proclaimed in Paris! Kossuth has lifted the flag of liberty among the fastnesses of Hungary; and the tyrant of Austria, with an Italian guard at the gates of his palace, has thrown out a constitution to his people! Ferdinand has proclaimed a reign of liberty to our brothers in Naples; and Pius IX., the divine apostle of freedom, has given resurrection to the ancient republic in Rome! Charles Albert, our king, is now writing a charter of liberty for us, and it will be proclaimed before to-morrow night. That proclamation will send the accursed Jesuits into exile. Such is the decision of the ministry. Let us wait till the king speaks. But if that constitution does not come before sunset to-morrow, meet me here, and we will undertake the work for ourselves!"

As if by a magnetic touch, the solid mass dissolved, and poured itself out from the piazza into all the surrounding streets, quietly dispersing, and giving a few hours of reprieve to the King and the Jesuits.

Burleigh was soon lost in the wilderness around him, and made his way in the best manner he could to the *Croce de Malta*.

"Thank God," he exclaimed, when he found himself alone in his apartment, "there are yet thirty hours left to save Genevra. What would I have given if I had known

this only half an hour ago! I could then have warned Genevra of her danger, and I could have found some means to save her. It makes my brain wild to think that the child of a New England mother, whose ancestors stood with that shivering group of exiles from despotism on Plymouth Rock, should be exposed to the just indignation of fifty thousand men. And Genevra, too, sent here against her will, by a deluded Catholic father, who dreams that at the Confessional, he can learn the best way to take care of his beloved child."

For an hour Burleigh walked his room, struggling with the intensest suffering.

"Why did I not think to tell the flower-girl where I was staying? Perhaps the Abbess of the Convent may have some warning of the fate that awaits them, and Genevra may have sent her back in haste to the spot where we parted."

He left the hotel, and hurried to the Piazza dell' Annunziata. But the flower-girl was nowhere to be seen. The place was deserted. "She went towards the western gate of the city," he thought; I will go that way, and perhaps I may meet her."

There was evidently concerted action throughout the town, and few persons were in the streets. Scanning every form and countenance as he passed, he advanced

till he reached the outer walls, filled with the most painful solicitude.

"I will go no further," he reflected; "for, at a signal, these gates may be shut."

At this moment, far down the road, he saw a female bearing a basket and running towards him.

"It is the flower-girl," he thought, and he hurried on to meet her. Flushed and breathless, she flew towards him, and placed in his hands a letter. He tore it open, and read:

"DEAR STANHOPE!

"I bless God that you are near me, for I need a protector now. A message has just been received from *Padre Jaudan*, to our Lady Abbess, commanding her to prepare for flight. To-morrow night, the Convent of the Sacred Heart, and the church of Sant' Ambrogio will be sacked. Oh, Stanhope! can you not save me and my dear father? He is with *Padre Jaudan*, in the Convent of Sant' Ambrogio. I send back the flower-girl before you expect to meet her, and Heaven grant she may find you at once. Where you are, I do not know.

"GENEVRA."

Burleigh glanced over the letter, and, taking the flower-girl by the hand, said, "Hurry with me to the

city. Where is the convent of Sant' Ambrogio, my child?"

"*Signore*, it is behind the church of Sant' Ambrogio. I have taken flowers there for the altar. *Padre Jaudan* is a good man, and the friend of Genevra, for he always inquires for her when he goes to the Sacred Heart. But, *Signore*, I must not go into the city now, for Genevra told me to come back to the Convent."

"Well, my child, fly back. Tell her that you have seen me ; that I will save both her and her father. Tell her not to leave the convent one moment, and I will hasten to her rescue."

The poor girl tried to speak, but her feelings had overpowered her, and she could only utter the words

"*Povera Genevra.*"

CHAPTER VI.

THE SCHEMES OF THE JESUITS.

PADRE JAUDAN and the Marquis Lorenzo, remained for several hours in the tower of the Convent, laying their plans for the future.

“For the moment, my dear Marquis, we have lost the game in Europe. It is best to yield to the tempest: if we attempt to resist it, we shall be torn up by the roots. Our only salvation is to go with the current.”

“Padre, what does this imply?”

“Flight.”

“How?”

“Ah, we must look to that. That is the business in hand. We could stay in Italy, and, I think, securely; but we can do better, and I’ll tell you why.”

Jaudan rose from his chair, threw off his cloak, and sliding his arms carelessly into the sleeves of his robe, drew the skirts forward; then leisurely resuming his easy chair, he drew a silver snuff-box from his pocket, and, after the fashion of an old snuff-taker, closed his eyes

calmly, and enjoyed a good pinch. Then crossing his legs, he looked intently at Lorenzo, as every muscle of his face relaxed into a smile of diplomatic deviltry.

"Lorenzo," he said, "I have foreseen all this. I knew it would take place. In fact, it became inevitable the moment that the last balloting in the Sacred College proclaimed that our great coadjutor, Cardinal Lambruschini, had been beaten by the Bishop of Imola. Carried away by his sympathies for the spirit of innovation, this Bishop of Imola suddenly opened the flood-gates of revolution, and now it has been going on for nearly two years, until every Red Republican is shouting in the same breath for 'Liberty and Pius Ninth.' We have exhausted all our machinery in trying to stop this state of things: we have failed; the current has been too strong. It will all come out right at last; but we have no interest in deceiving ourselves. For twelve months, at least, the game is up with us in Europe. I have, therefore, determined to go to the United States. Our brethren have achieved miracles in that great country. We have several strong points there—at Montreal, Quebec, St. Louis, New Orleans, Georgetown, and, above all, at New York, where we can strengthen our fortifications, and control the continent. Our reverend brother, Hubert, has achieved so much, that he has fairly won the hat of a Cardinal; but he agreed with me, that it was better, for

the present, not to take it. He is one of the few great men that now represent and sustain the stupendous fabric, whose foundations were laid by Ignatius. Gifted with a great mind, enriched by profound, although recent, study; inheriting from Irish ancestors the hot-blooded enthusiasm of his country, which has been chastened by supreme self-control; an adroit political manager, closely affiliated with the shrewdest politicians and statesmen of New York, and of the whole Republic; he sways a mighty influence over the popular mind of the American people. He has built up Colleges, Convents of the Sacred Heart, Cathedrals, and Churches, as if they had been summoned into existence by magic. We have no man in the Western World like him. He is qualified to-day to be the General of the Company of Jesus."

"I well remember," rejoined the Marquis, "that Cardinal Lambruschini spoke of him three years ago, in much the same way. The Cardinal went so far as to say that he thought him to be, after yourself, the great man, *par excellence*, not only of the Church, but of the Order."

"The Cardinal was nearer right than he generally is. And now, Lorenzo, I intend to abandon Europe for a year or two, leaving you here to look after our affairs until this dash goes by, while I go to confer with Hubert how we can best lengthen our lines, and deepen our stakes, in the Great Republic of the West. We have always

made one mistake—we have seemed to take it for granted that the Anglican, the Saxon, and the Norman mind, was too mighty for us. But think what Francis Xavier achieved in the East! Think how slight an effort it cost us to bring back convulsed Europe to its monarchical repose, after the fall of Napoleon. It was the veriest baby-play to guide Louis Philippe, till one of our bunglers made a mistake, and excited the jealousy of Guizot, by attempting to lift Count Molè into power. And you know that I always thought badly of the marriage of the Duke of Montpensier with the sister of Isabella. The chief objection was, that everybody saw through it.”

“I know you opposed the Spanish marriages, Padre; but do you not think they have turned out pretty well? And now that Louis Philippe is expelled from the French throne, and Isabella may have no child, does not that marriage give the *legitimists* a hold on the succession in Spain?”

“Lorenzo,” said Jaudan, with a slight tone of reproof, “do you think it well to plant scions from a root that has already gone to decay? I tell you that both branches of the Bourbons are extinct in France; and that the *Prince de Joinville* himself, the most popular of all Louis Philippe’s sons, is no more possible in France, than another Charles X., or, if you will, another Louis XVI.”

“Well, then, Padre, who is to rule France?”

“A Bonaparte, of course.”

“Why?”

“For the best of reasons, Lorenzo. The Bourbons being impossible, and a Republic in France being only a *fantaisie* of the brain of that most plausible of all optimists, Lamartine, whom have you left but the Bonapartes? For there are but three Parties in France. The Republicans have degenerated into Red Republicans, for the most part; and such fellows as Ledru Rollin will soon bring on a reign of anarchy, that will make everybody call for a strong hand to save the ship from going ashore.”

“Have you not such a man in Cavaignac?”

“Fie! Lorenzo; he is only a stern soldier. He might quell the Sections, like Bonaparte; but he has no civic talent for re-constructing society, like Bonaparte; and no one knows better than you, that no man can rule France now, unless he has genius for the camp and the cabinet.”

“Well, which of the Bonapartes?”

“That shrewd scamp, Louis Napoleon, who is now in exile. He is the legitimate heir to the empire, and they will elect him their President: it will end, if we play our game well, in the reconstruction of the French Empire. Lorenzo, here you have your chart of Europe, for the next ten years; and if I die, remember it. No matter how long I stay in the United States, you must stay in Paris; for, between you and me, although I have great confidence

in our friend ——, I have generally found the French somewhat fickle; and fickleness is the bane of Jesuitism. You know what our Master said: 'My disciples will die, but my system must live.' "

"Padre, do you know Louis Napoleon?"

"Know him? Of course. Whom do I not know?" responded the General, as he started forward in his chair.

"Everybody worth knowing, Father."

"Yes, and everybody that will be worth knowing. As for Louis Napoleon, I was in Bologna at the miscarriage of that stupid expedition he was engaged in, when his brother Charles threw his life away. I told Louis he had made a great mistake. From that hour, he listened to my counsels, until the affair of Strashurgh, when he landed, with fifty companions, to take possession of France. If he had waited six months, he might have succeeded. You know the rest—the Castle of Ham, and all that. But Louis Napoleon, like other men born great, wants nothing but an opportunity; and that opportunity, for him, is fast approaching. He needs our help, and he will have it. He will become Emperor of France; and he is too wise a man to kick down *our* ladder, after he has once mounted it."

"This, then, is the role"—

"It is; and it is to be adhered to, no matter what happens."

Jaudan opened the drawer in the table by which the two Jesuits were sitting, and took from it a package of letters.

“Here you have it all. Take these letters, and copy them before you sleep. The instant this is done, bring me the copies, and keep the originals. These originals, which I have already signed, must be sent to their various destinations throughout the world. After my escape, I shall send other copies of them, that no one may fail. These letters map out the future of the Company of Jesus. It is hardly possible that anything can occur that will change these orders. At all events, while I live, I am not likely to do it. Lorenzo, *this is our policy in the long run*. Let it be carried out, and Europe is safe. In the meantime, if I live five years, I will do for our Company in the United States, what Loyola did for us in the rest of the world; and we will rear a superstructure in North America upon the deep foundations Hubert has laid, which will overshadow all other institutions there for a thousand years to come.”

The Marquis secreted the letters about his person, and both rose from the table.

“How long am I to remain in Genoa?” he inquired.

“As long as you think best: and this you cannot tell till you have read, copied, and given me those letters. You have one advantage which your General cannot have. You can remain here in the midst of any revolution, for

you are not obnoxious. They don't know you ; but as for me—I am the first target of the Revolutionists. After you leave me to-night, there is no certainty that you will ever see me again ; for this Convent is likely to be sacked on short notice. Be sure to quit it in time, and do not forget those letters ; for, to tell you the truth, my dear Marquis, they are worth more than your precious life itself.”

Lifting his hand to his forehead, and giving a sign which was never at any one time in history known to one hundred men, the General returned the signal, and the history of Jesuitism for the next ten years *was written*.

Lorenzo, thinking that his General had communicated his last orders, was in the act of kneeling for his blessing, with the cross of his rosary on his lips, when Jaudan, who was paeing the room, turned, and said,—

“Not yet. Whatever you address to me, must come through Hubert, at New York : of course, everything will be in the new cipher that you find in those letters. I suspect the old one is somewhat rickety. Perhaps, too, I may as well tell you another thing ; but it happens to be a matter that you will keep entirely to yourself. You have seen our invalid friend, Vincenzi, around the Convent ?”

“Often.”

"Do you know who he really is?"

"No, Padre."

"I will tell you. He is a retired American merchant, who came over to Italy two years ago, with a very beautiful daughter, now being educated in the Sacred Heart. He was recommended to me by Hubert. His fortune is not much under twenty-five million francs, and by good management it will be even more. He will not live long, and, being a devout disciple, I think we shall have no difficulty in getting the bulk of his fortune into our hands. This will be very useful, you know, in America, where we actually need money, Lorenzo. It is a very expensive country, and appearances are everything in the United States. Vincenzi is feeble and nervous. I shall protect him; and, under the agitations of this revolution, he will naturally follow my lead in everything. He may be made serviceable, also, in getting me out of the scrape which I shall certainly be in before many hours have gone by, if I stay in this city. You must know, that Vincenzi, though born in Madrid, of a Spanish father and an Italian mother, has been, for forty years, an American citizen. Foreigners become citizens of the great Republic by a very short process; and a rich foreigner, in New York, is even more esteemed than a rich man born on the soil. So, if any thing occurs, you must be in the neighborhood to help me off with Vincenzi and his daughter.

I think, too, I may as well take young Carlo, the neophyte, along with me. He promises well, and seems to be very much attached to me."

At that instant the boom of a heavy cannon broke over the city. Its reverberations shook the City. Jaudan sprang to the north window, and looked towards the distant fortress of San Michele. It was the harbinger of the Constitution! He understood the signal—"Wait one minute, Lorenzo," he said, as he looked at his watch; "if that cannon is fired again, of course you know we are exiled in the morning."

"It is impossible, Padre, that Margurrita is in such hot haste as this."

"So I think."

It was an anxious minute, but it went by, and, after waiting a few moments longer, Jaudan returned his watch to his pocket.

"Lorenzo, here is my hand. We are not obliged to say the final *addio* just now. That gun gives us one whole day more, and that, with close work, is twice as much as we ask for. *The letters, Lorenzo.*"

Grasping the hand of Jaudan, and kneeling at his feet, the Marquis bowed his head, and received the blessing of the General of the Company of Jesus.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FLIGHT TO AMERICA.

WHEN Burleigh parted from the flower-girl, he hurried back to the *Croca di Malta*. At the head of the stairway, he met Captain Stewart, one of the accomplished New York shipmasters, who own and command that fleet of lightning Clippers, which have achieved for commerce what flying artillery has accomplished for the art of war. Tired of sea-life, Captain Stewart had, a few years before, exchanged the deck of his ship for a beautiful farm on the Hudson; but soon growing restive in the waveless calm of rural life, as clipper after clipper was launched from our shores to outstrip the fleets of the world, he became thoroughly discontented, and one day he surprised his wife by telling her that she must prepare a good dinner for that evening, as his friend George Stearman, the young ship-builder, was coming there to pass the night, and make the final arrangements for laying the keel of the Stormy Petrel. "For, Julia," he added,

“there is no use in talking about it, I can’t stay ashore any longer.”

“But, Philip, why in mercy can’t you stay with us? You are rich enough, and happy in this dear home of ours.”

“I tell you, Julia Stewart, I can’t stand it any longer. It is too late to repent. The Stormy Petrel will be built, and I will go one voyage in her, whip out everything I see, and then I promise you, upon my honor, that I will come home, be a good fellow all the rest of my life, and die in my bed, like a respectable land-lubber; and I expect this event to take place when I am about ninety-nine years old, and our grand-children are all well settled for life.”

The captain was as good as his word. George Stearman arrived just as the dinner was being sent up. Two hours later, the drawings of the model were laid out on the table in the library, and when the two rose to retire for the night, the Stormy Petrel was already in fancy, shooting like an arrow by Neversink. In fact, not many months later, this event actually took place, and the new clipper-yacht had turned her sharp prow towards the Mediterranean. She had taken freight enough to Marseilles and Genoa to pay expenses, and her commander, after an American run of pleasure through Lombardy to Milan and Venice, and back by the way of

Bologna, Florence, and Pisa, was now nearly ready to sail for New York, stopping a day or two for fruit at Palermo.

"Well, Burleigh," said Captain Stewart to Stanhope, —they were at the same Hotel—"the boys seem to be out this morning. What is in the wind?"

"Oh! nothing but a revolution, I suppose."

"Ah! Nothing more? But we can have some fun out of it, can we not?"

"Yes; more than we bargain for, perhaps, if we stay here too long."

"Oh! my boy, *we* are safe enough. The *Star-Spangled Banner* is getting to be the fashion, I find. Burleigh, the time has already come that Patrick Henry foretold, when the proudest title a man can show for respect, is to say, 'I am an American.' What say you? Are these Genoese in earnest, or will it all fizzle out in singing national airs through the streets?"

"No; they will make thorough work of it. Did you see the gathering in the Piazza of the Annunziata?"

"Yes; and it is the best sight I have seen for many a day."

"Well, do you know the plan?"

"No."

"I will tell you. The King will have to proclaim the Constitution before to-morrow night, and exile the Jesuits

from the kingdom ; or, the people will take things into their own hands, and drive the Jesuits out themselves."

"Blast the Jesuits," said the Captain, as he flew into a transport of rage. "They ought to be torn limb from limb ; for a more black-hearted, infernal crew, never went forth from the gates of hell."

"Most likely, Captain ; but before the Convent of the Sacred Heart is sacked, I must save two Americans, and you must help me."

"Are they Jesuits ? for if they are, I will see them—"

"No ; one of them is Vincenzi, an old New-York merchant ; and the other is his daughter, one of the purest and most beautiful beings in the world."

"Ah, my boy, thereby hangs a tale, hey ? Well, Burleigh, I won't run you ; for I was in love myself, when I was about your age. What, then, is to be done ?"

"Clear your vessel from the Custom House, for New-York, to-day, and have stores enough on board for five or six passengers ; I can draw on my bankers, here, for a thousand dollars, and that sum is at your service."

"Thank you, Burleigh ; but how the devil are these people to be got aboard, without being discovered ? And how can I go to sea, without a manifest of my passengers ? I should be raked fore and aft, from yonder battery, before I had passed the mole a single cable's length."

"I'll take care of all that."

"You are exceedingly kind, my dear fellow; but I happen, perhaps, to be a little better posted up in these matters than you are. Every gate and passage-way to the port is guarded by a file of soldiers, and the secret police are swarming around us like hornets."

"Will you meet me here, Captain, at three o'clock this afternoon?"

"Yes; and, for that matter, the Stormy Petrel will be ready for sea."

"I will then tell you my plan."

"Take good care of yourself, my boy; and, above all things, don't get that 'most beautiful creature of all the world' into a scrape."

The Captain hurried off to his vessel, and Burleigh to his room, where he threw everything into his trunks, lashed them down, and started for his bankers. When he had drawn his money, he went to the church of Sant' Ambrogio. The doors were shut, and guarded by men under arms. A large number of citizens were gathered in the neighborhood, conversing in groups. Burleigh approached one of the officers, and drawing him aside, told him that he must see an American gentleman, named Vincenzi, who was staying in the Convent.

"That will not be so easily done, *Signore*."

"Why not? I also am an American, and here is my passport with the *visé* of the Intendant-General of the

Police. I do not wish to enter the Convent; but you can certainly take this card in to Mr. Vincenzi."

Burleigh took out a card, and writing on it a few words, handed it to the officer, with an unmistakable sign.

"Follow me, *Signore*."

They passed round the corner to the rear of the Convent, where they were admitted at a private door. Burleigh then placed in the officer's hands several pieces of gold, and said, "Can I depend on you?"

"*Si Signore*, for anything I can do with propriety."

"I will ask nothing else."

"What is the first thing?"

"To see Vincenzi, or Padre Jaudan."

At the latter name, the officer started.

"Do you know who Padre Jaudan is, *Signore*?"

"Yes—"

"Enough—remain here for a minute."

The officer disappeared through a narrow passage, and returning again in a few moments, beckoned Burleigh to follow him.

They proceeded some thirty yards by a winding way, when the officer gave three taps on a door. It opened an inch or two.

"Is he here?"

"*Si Reverenza*."

"Bring him in." And Burleigh entered, as the door closed, leaving the officer outside.

"You wish to see Mr. Vincenzi?" said Jaudan, in good English. Burleigh nodded assent.

"Can you not do your business with me?"

"I must, sir, if I cannot see Mr. Vincenzi himself; but as it is a matter which concerns him and his daughter most deeply, it would be better if I could see him. I have known them in New York, and by accident, I have learned their presence in Genoa, and that both are in danger."

"Can you assist them to escape?"

"I can, sir; but I should not hope to succeed if I were imprudent enough to tell my plan to a man I never saw before."

"I applaud your discretion, Mr. Burleigh."

The speaker stepped to the side of the room, and lifting a heavy piece of antique arras from the wall, Vincenzi himself appeared.

"My dear Stanhope," he cried, "these are times of peril. Will you forgive me for so much caution? You have been conversing with my best friend, Padre Jaudan."

"Don't apologize, Mr. Vincenzi," said Burleigh, as he bowed with respect to both. "By means of a flower girl I have learned that Genevra is in the Sacred Heart

I learned also that she was in danger ; and the girl bore my message to her. I have just received her answer."

He offered it to Vincenzi, who seized it nervously, and read it in a low tone to Padre Jaudan, who immediately inquired—

"If it should be necessary for our friends to leave suddenly (and perhaps for their greater security, as well as my own, I might accompany them), what is your plan for the departure?"

"A good one, I think, and it is perfectly arranged," replied Burleigh. "The Stormy Petrel, a fast American clipper, is in port. I know the captain well. He has promised to be ready to sail to-night, the instant we all get on board. I intend to go myself; for with this vessel we shall have a comfortable and rapid voyage. There may be some difficulty about the manifest for passengers, passports, &c."

"I think that can be easily arranged, Mr. Burleigh; for all of you, being American citizens, have a right to go. And as for myself," he added, "I will undertake to get on board in time. The chief difficulty will be in getting Genevra there safely."

"Padre, my young friend Burleigh is true, discreet, and daring. Let us trust Genevra to him," said Vincenzi.

Hesitating a moment—(for his keenest apprehensions

were aroused, though only for an instant)—and thinking to himself, “This will make no difference now, and I can take care of the future,” Jaudan remarked—

“You are right, my friend. A good Providence is watching over us. Mr. Burleigh, what means do you propose, to take Genevra safely from the Convent, and place her on board the ship?”

“How I may be admitted to the Convent, you best can tell, Father,” replied Burleigh. “Secure that, and I’ll answer for the rest.”

“It is well,” was Jaudan’s reply, as he took from his bosom a small Maltese cross, of curious device; “this will admit you; but, for God’s sake, don’t let it leave your hands till you see the Lady Abbess herself. After you have conversed with her, she will manage the rest in her own way. Here, also, is a card, which you will present at the gate of the Convent; it will inform the Lady Abbess that a messenger from me is in waiting.”

“At what hour should I be there, Father?”

“I would be in the neighborhood early, and watch my chances. I think no attempt will be made on the Sacred Heart until to-morrow; but the spies of the Revolutionists will most likely be lurking about.”

“I will take this course. All my other work will be done at three o’clock, when I am to meet Captain Stewart at the *Croce di Malta*. I should be glad, after that

hour, to communicate with you again, to inform you that every obstacle has been overcome, except the rescue of Genevra."

"Where shall I have a messenger waiting for you, at three o'clock, exactly?"

"At the *Croce di Malta*."

"What is the number of your room?"

"Seventy-six."

"He shall be there at three, precisely, and you will recognise him by his holding a grape-leaf between the thumb and fore-finger of his right hand. He will probably be a handsome boy about sixteen. He may also bring a message from us."

"With God's good blessing then," exclaimed Vincenzi, "we may hope, all of us, to be safely on board the Stormy Petrel before midnight."

"We'll try it," said Burleigh, as an expression of confident resolution deepened the glow on his fine face.

"God and all his good angels go with you, my noble child of Washington," exclaimed Jaudan.

Three taps on the door by the Padre were instantly returned.

"Once more, farewell!" he said, as he extended his hand to Burleigh, who grasped it warmly. Stanhope's remaining hand had already been seized by Vincenzi, who bade him God speed. Closing the door for an instant, Burleigh's last words,—addressed to Jaudan,—were:

"Can I trust this officer, Father?"

"All right."

"Can he be spared to help me?"

"A good idea."

Jaudan stepped to the door, and whispered a word in the officer's ear.

"Farewell, Mr. Burleigh. You will be the very *Chevalier Bayard* of modern heroism."

CHAPTER VIII.

ATTEMPT TO SAVE GENEVRA.

ON reaching the door by which they entered the Convent, the officer said to Burleigh: "*Signore*, I am now under your absolute orders. How can I serve you?"

"Be at room 76, in the *Croce di Malta*, at three o'clock to-day."

"I shall be there at the instant. Let us separate at the door; and you go out first; *addio*."

In returning by the shortest route to his hotel, Burleigh was obliged to pass the old Bank of St. George, which, at that time, was used as the Custom House. While threading his way through the crowd, he suddenly felt an energetic hand laid on his shoulder.

"Well, my boy," said a voice, well recognised.

"God bless you, Captain! how do you prosper?"

"Tip top! As good luck would have it, I found every one of my ship's company on board, except the cook. He had just pulled off, but I overhauled him before he got ashore, and gave him five hundred francs, to lay in the

few stores we may possibly need. This addition will make us comfortable ; for you know that the Stormy Petrel carries a pretty good larder. Why, Burleigh, we shall live like game chickens."

"No danger on that score, Captain. But how is it with the ship's papers?"

"All right, except this awkward business of the manifest for passengers. I think, however, we can manage that, at the last minute. A few ounces of gold, and a bold stroke or two, will put us through. And, now we have met, let me tell you that you need not look for me at three o'clock, unless *something has gone wrong*."

"I shall be at the hotel at three ; but I shall not wait long, as I shall want all the time at my disposal, to get Vincenzi's daughter from the Convent, and on board the Stormy Petrel."

"When may I look for you?"

"From an hour after dark, until you see me."

"I shall be there. After four o'clock I shall not leave the deck."

They bade each other farewell. Burleigh went again to his room, and taking out his watch, found, to his amazement, that it had just struck twelve.

"What shall I do for the next three hours!" he thought. As there was nothing else to do, he unlocked his trunks, and laying his watch on the table, went to work delibe-

rately to repack them in better order. The time went by very slowly; and, whenever he looked at his watch, he was surprised to find that, instead of half an hour, he had only been at work from five to ten minutes.

"I should not much like to live a hundred years in this place," he thought, "if time-pieces go no faster than this;" and again he worked at his trunks. "What use is there in carrying all this luggage round the world?" he asked himself; "I may scarcely be able to get on board the ship myself. What am I to do with these trunks? I'll take but one." He selected the largest, and packed away in it only the most indispensable and valuable things he possessed. The generosity of his disposition was here made apparent. At every point of interest in his travels, he had gathered souvenirs for his friends: all these he preserved, except a large and superb mountain crystal, which he had bought of a Greek merchant from the East, and which he had designed to present to his *Alma Mater*, at Cambridge. "Let it go; it is too heavy for a man on the run, with the incumbrance of—what did I say? Genevra an incumbrance! I shall have time to think of that."

The trunk was packed, and he rang up the servant again, to learn what time it was; but the clocks went no faster; so, sitting down to the table, he said, "I will write a letter or two, to let my friends know when and

how to expect me." The letters were written and sealed, and yet it was only two o'clock. He put his watch to his ear once more, but it had not stopped.

"I believe that brute of a servaut is lying to me."

He looked at the clock in the office of the hotel, and it was exactly one minute after two. He descended to the street, and sought the nearest church tower. It was exactly three minutes after two. Burleigh concluded that all the clocks must have been set back, and that watches, servants, and the whole town were in a conspiracy against him. "Will you be kind enough to tell me what time it is, *exactly*, sir?" he asked of the clerk who received his letters.

"With pleasure, *signore*; it is exactly five minutes after two."

"That is very singular," said Burleigh.

The clerk, who did not see anything singular in it at all, thought Burleigh a very eccentric man. Burleigh wandered around the town, with his watch in his hand, and when the finger pointed to a quarter past two he thought it would not be safe to stay away any longer from his hotel. He determined, however, to return by the *Piazza di Banchi*. There he had one long, full look at the town-clock itself—the municipal clock—the great clock—the clock that regulated all the little clocks—the clock that decided the time when a man's

head was to be cut off—the clock which would no more have thought of going wrong, than the clock on the city-hall of New York would have thought of going right. Burleigh turned away, and, shaking his head, said :

“There is something very singular in all this. At any rate, I am going back to the *Croce di Malta*.” And when he had arrived there he walked his room for half an hour, in a cold sweat, looking at his watch and opening the door, expecting every moment to see his friend, the officer, and the handsome boy with a grape-leaf between the thumb and fore-finger of his right hand.

There is an end to all things whose duration is measured by the strokes of a pendulum or the tick of a watch. At length, just as the bells from the towers of the city struck—“three,”—the officer and the handsome boy, were at the door of No. 76.

“You have come at last, then?” said Burleigh.

“The clocks have only just struck three,” replied the officer.

“Perhaps the time seems long to you, *Monsieur*,” remarked the handsome boy holding up a grape-leaf between the thumb and fore-finger of his right hand. And he was handsome. His form was graceful but full of voluptuousness; the deep black hair lay in rich masses around his forehead, as he took off his jaunty cap; and his face betrayed that rich olive complexion

which is so seldom seen even in the sweet south of Europe, except under the skies of Andalusia. There was a depth of expression in his intense black eyes, and a glance of innocent satire struggling with geniality, mirth, and passion, that could hardly be restrained. Burleigh was struck with his appearance, and, the current of his feelings being suddenly diverted into a new channel, his features relaxed with a smile of curiosity and interest.

“*Oui, petit Monsieur*, I think the time-pieces of Genoa are playing the laggard to-day.”

Neither the officer nor the boy seemed to be suspicious of each other. As the former walked to the window, to gaze upon the harbor (and it happened that the first thing he saw was the name of the Stormy Petrel, floating in gold letters, from her top), the boy advanced to Burleigh, and grasping his right hand, looked up with an earnest, passionate, but mirthful glance into his face, and inquired—

“Have I any message to take back to Sant’ Ambrogio?”

“Only this,” replied Burleigh, “that I have seen the captain—that you saw the officer here—that he will stay with me—that everything is going well; and that I hope to see our friends on board at an early hour to-night.”

“Is that all, *Monsieur*?”

“Nothing more; but my best auguries for Padre Jaudan, and Monsieur Vincenzi.”

“*Oui, Monsieur.* But cannot you send some more genial message than that? I think you would, if I could bear it to the Convent of the Sacred Heart.”

Without waiting for a reply, the beautiful boy glided out of the room, throwing back a kiss, with a weird, elfin glance at the young American.

“Captain, who the devil is that fellow?”

“God knows, *Signore*. He is one of Padre Jaudan’s imps, I suppose. But what can I do for you now, *Signore?*”

“Everything.”

“The first thing?”

“That trunk contains what I shall need on the voyage. Do you see that bright streamer over the American clipper in the harbor?”

“Yes, *Signore*; I have been looking at it.”

“Well, this trunk must go on board that vessel, at all hazards.”

“And the other trunks?”

“They contain many things of some value. They are yours. I will call up a servant, and say so.”

It was done. Then the door shut—

“*Mille grazie, Signore.* The next thing?”

“Be seated, and I will tell you.”

Burleigh lighted a cigar, and offered one to the officer.

“You must know my plan.”

“*Si Signore.*”

“Vincenzi’s daughter, is in the Convent of the Sacred Heart. I have the signet of Padre Jaudan, without which I could not enter that Convent, except by violence or stratagem. Towards night, I must be there. This card will gain me admission to the Lady Abbess, when, by showing this signet, I can take Genevra away. How can you help me in removing her from the Convent, and getting her on board that American ship?”

“Nothing will be easier, *Signore*, unless the Convent is surrounded by the Revolutionists. In that case, I think we can still succeed ; for I can scale those walls in the rear by this rope ladder”—and he took it from his pocket.

“You seem to be prepared for any emergency.”

“At least for so simple an affair as we have on hand to-night. It is now only ten minutes after three, and I can put your trunk on board the clipper, and be back in half an hour.”

“I will wait till you come ; and remember, captain, you have only to see me safe through to-night, and your pocket will be heavier in the morning.”

“*Signore*, my life is in your hands, and you may command it. The men who serve Padre Jaudan, can be trusted by Padre Jaudan’s friends.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE RESCUE.

THE officer was as good as his word. He returned sooner than he promised. Together they left the *Croce di Malta*. Before they stepped into the street, the officer suggested to Burleigh, that for the rest of the day, they should keep somewhat apart, without recognising or losing sight of each other.

“Stop a moment. As our only object is to rescue the young lady, nothing must stand between us and that. I shall leave you to take the lead, and depend chiefly on your judgment about time and place.”

“Our scheme shall not miscarry, *Signor*, unless the invincible devil himself gets in our way.”

An hour later, they found themselves in the neighborhood of the Sacred Heart. Burleigh went into a caffè, while the officer advanced to explore the ground. It was more than half an hour before he returned, and Burleigh had grown anxious. He had begun to think that Captains of Police were as unreliable as Genoese

time-pieces. But the officer finally appeared, and strolling carelessly into the caffè, without looking at Burleigh, ordered a bottle of *vino d'Asti*. While the host went to the cellar to get it, the officer said to Burleigh :

“ I have reconnoitred. Everything around the Convent is still as death. This quiet cannot last, and it is my opinion we had better do our work at once. For my part, I am fond of broad daylight.”

“ What is to be done ?”

“ Go to the gate of the Convent, and you will find the porter's wife at the lodge. She will take the card to the Lady Abbess, and you will see her immediately. If, in the meantime, anything happens outside which could give any alarm to the Convent, I shall be found near the lodge. You have only to appear at the gate, and I shall be on hand. You may need some time for the lady's preparations.”

It was a tranquil and beautiful day. The Mediterranean was sleeping without a ripple. The afternoon shadows were falling from the Maritime Alps, whose sides were tinged with purple, as their summits were tipped with gold. The sky was bending over a scene of unutterable beauty, nor was there a sight or sound which indicated that the venerable old Convent was so soon to be sacked by an infuriated mob.

Burleigh reached the gate, and through its iron bars handed Padre Jaudan's card to the portress.

"Can you give that at once to the Lady Abbess?" he demanded.

"This card, *Signore*, entitles you to be admitted within the lodge."

A few moments later, Burleigh was conducted from the cellar of the lodge, through a subterranean passage, when his guide requested him to hold the lantern and await her return.

"You are safe, *Signore*. I must see if the Lady Abbess is in her secret room."

In a short time he heard a door grating on its hinges, and the indistinct echo of female whispers. His guide again appeared, and he was conducted into a narrow, but chastely furnished apartment, where he found himself in the presence of a woman of noble appearance, and still in the prime of life. As he bowed with reverence, the Lady Abbess—for it was she—addressed him in French. "*Monsieur*," she said, "was this card all you brought from the Convent of Sant' Ambrogio?"

"No, *Madame*, I bear with me also this Cross."

The Abbess took it, and scrutinizing it with the vigilant interest with which we look upon the picture of an absent friend, extended her hand to Burleigh. A genial

smile illuminated her face, and seemed to irradiate her entire form.

“Now, *Monsieur*, what commission have you to execute?”

“Only to remove the young lady called Genevra, and take her on board an American vessel this evening, or at some time during the night.”

“May I ask, *Monsieur*, if you are a countryman of our dear Genevra?”

“I am, *Madame*. Our families have for years been intimate; and I thank God, if times like these must come for the gentle and the good, that I have this unexpected opportunity of rendering service to those I have known from my childhood. Is Genevra well?”

“Yes, *Monsieur*. Her sublime spirit is equal even to the terrors of a revolution. She is one of the noblest and most gifted of all the high-born maidens that have been committed to my care; nor do I find it an easy trial to part with those who are so tenderly and so deeply loved.”

“But, *Madame*, why can you be so calm, so serene, when you know that you are standing on a precipice, down which you may be hurled in an hour?”

“*Monsieur*,” said the Lady Abbess, as she lifted her arm, and raised her eyes to heaven, “I trust that I had learned to bring every thought, power, and feeling, into perfect subjection before I was chosen the Abbess of this

Convent. It does, indeed, cost a struggle to part with these fair, frail, beautiful beings committed to my charge. But I have already made provision for them. They are all, except Genevra, sent to places of safety. The nuns will remain with me; and in our little retreat, we will hold out till the last. If infuriated men insist upon the sacrifice, we are ready for it. It will be God's own appointment; but I cannot yet believe that Italy, even in the transports of a revolution, has forgotten what belongs to our sex. In any event, there is high and glorious exultation in the thought that we are in God's bright world, and when he calls his children to the celestial home of the Virgin, we will gladly exchange worlds."

As the Lady Abbess lifted her eyes to heaven, her face wore an expression, which neither painting nor sculpture could portray. All that is great and beautiful in woman beamed from her countenance. The apartment was lighted only by a single lamp, but Burleigh saw her eyes grow tremulous.

"It costs me a keen pang to part with Genevra," she added; "for she is going to your distant country. Her mother, alas! is no more; her father cannot long survive; and only God can protect my Genevra." A shudder passed over her form, and her eyes could no longer restrain her tears.

"Pardon me, *Monsieur*. I do not often yield to such

feelings ; but crises like these do not often come. The inquiry may not be delicate, but my heart prompts me to ask you one question."

"Speak, *Madame*."

"Providence has, for the moment, committed Genevra to your keeping. Will you assure me, upon your manly honor, that from you, no thought shall enter her mind, which could soil its perfect purity ?"

"*Madame*, with all my heart ; and as the good God will judge us both, I swear it."

The Lady Abbess pressed his hand convulsively, and said,

"May the Virgin Mother guide you, guard you, and bring you at last to Heaven ! Now, I will see if Genevra is ready. When will you take her away ?"

"*Madame*, would it not be better for her to leave the Convent before it is quite dark—in the dusk of the evening, and under some disguise ?"

"Yes ; and the disguise must be perfect. Will you sit till I return ?"

Burleigh's heart was full ; and when the Abbess left the room, he exclaimed : "Sublime woman ! can it be possible that, in the presence of such a being, or that even near her, wrong could be perpetrated ? The Jesuits must be better than they are represented." In a moment or two he thought : "Is this but the stolen livery,

under whose fascination so much damning wrong has been done?"

He was too excited to sit, and he walked the narrow apartment, distracted with a thousand thoughts and apprehensions. When he strained his ear to listen for a sliding foot-fall, he fancied that he heard the roar of a revolutionary multitude, storming the Convent. And thus the time passed on till he grew so impatient he could endure the suspense no longer. The thought flashed over him like lightning, that he might have been betrayed! Padre Jaudan might have a motive for preventing his return; and, as he had used him long enough, and all the preparations of the voyage had been made, he might be able to account to the Captain for his absence, if he did not arrive. His brain reeled. "Oh, God!" he cried, "if it should be so!" But with the ejaculation the door opened, and the Lady Abbess appeared, accompanied by Genevra. He sprang forward and seized her hand, which he pressed in silence.

Genevra was habited in a plain dress not likely to attract observation, and her face was hidden by a dark-green veil. She knew she must be discreet, and betray no trace of the passions that had torn her heart for the last few hours. Nevertheless, a tremor, which she could not conceal, shot through every nerve.

"Mr. Burleigh," she said, addressing Stanhope, "since"

I am committed to your keeping by our beloved Lady Abbess, I cannot doubt that it is proper for me to go with you. It will not be long before I see my father?"

"I hope not," Burleigh answered.

The Lady Abbess bade her farewell, as she pressed her convulsively to her heart, and whispered in her ear: "Remember, you have nothing to love on earth but the Holy Virgin." Then turning to Burleigh, she added, "You will find at the Lodge, a portmanteau, containing all that will be necessary for Genevra on the voyage."

The hand of Genevra, which the Lady Abbess still held, she gave to Stanhope; and, with her blessing, they left the apartment. The portress was in the passage, provided with a lantern; and Genevra, all tears, and half fainting, was led by Stanhope into the outer world. When she was once more under the open sky, she felt like one who has escaped from a coffin, after being buried alive.

"Oh, Stanhope, how can I ever be grateful enough to you for rescuing me from that living tomb!" exclaimed the poor girl.

"My dear Genevra," he answered, "we must think now only of your safety; and when you are once restored to your father's arms, on the deck of an American ship, mine will be the gratitude that Heaven has made me the instrument of your rescue and happiness."

When they reached the Lodge, the portress bent to kiss Genevra's hand, and give her, her blessing. They had scarcely passed the gate, when Burleigh saw the officer leaning over the wall built against the sea.

"Now, Genevra, holding my arm, you can probably walk unmolested to the town, where, with the attendance of yonder officer, who accompanied me from Padre Jaudan, we shall be able to reach the vessel by a small boat from the shore."

Poor Genevra's heart was so full, and her apprehensions were so great, that all she could do was to breathe her silent prayer of thanks, for such a protector. With Stanhope by her side, she no longer felt that she was in danger. She clung to his arm with a joyous confidence that she had not felt, during what seemed to her an interminable period of exile from home, and the objects of her early love.

The officer took the portmanteau from Burleigh's hand, and followed them at a distance—far enough to avoid the observation of the passers-by. Thus they went on for nearly a mile. In the mean time, the fresh air, the presence of her early friend, the prospect of seeing her father, whom she had so seldom seen during her close imprisonment in the Sacred Heart, and, above all, the consciousness of that freedom which the caged bird feels when it lifts its wings, without a bond or fetter, had

given to Genevra an exhilaration of feeling, which made her almost wild with joy.

“Stanhope, I did not suppose I should ever be so happy again. It was not in my prayers, and scarcely was it in my dreams, that you should give me my liberty. Or is it too much to believe, that Heaven has sent you to be my guardian angel, in answer to the prayers of my sainted mother, who loved you so well?”

“You have not then forgotten, Genevra, when we both stood by her bedside, and she bade you not to forget her counsels and prayers, and besought you to live in the Protestant faith of herself and her fathers?”

“No, Stanhope,” she added, with the earnestness of woman’s confidence, “nor how she charged you to watch over and protect her orphan child.”

“Signore,” said the officer, pressing upon their footsteps, “hark!”

Wild shouts from the distance were heard, and a cloud of dust, near the western gate of the city, rose into the air.

“It is well that we started in time, for they are on their way to the Convent,” said the officer. “Our only chance of escape now, is by a fisherman’s boat. Before they come in sight, we can disappear by that stairway yonder, which conducts to the beach beneath. We will put out to sea, and although we may have some difficulty

in entering the harbor after we have passed the lighthouse, yet it will have grown dark, and all the chances will be in our favor. The Stormy Petrel lies near the mouth of the harbor."

They turned to descend by the stairway, as Genevra clung closer to the arm of Stanhope. Two or three boats, which had been drawn up from the water, were lying on the sand.

"See here, my good fellow," shouted the officer to a fisherman who was lying listlessly in the bow of his boat, "can you pull us round to the Lantern?"

"*Servitore umilissimo di Vostra Signoria*," he answered, not daring to refuse obedience to a man who wore the uniform of a *capo di polizia*.

"Let us be off at once, then," said the officer. Stanhope and Genevra seated themselves in the stern, as the officer lent a hand to the Barcarolo; and together, by wading in the water for some distance, the boat was cleared, and they both jumped in.

"*Ora, avanti.*"

In an instant the Barcarolo sprang to his oars, and the boat shot out upon the glassy sea. Neither of the party yet felt secure; but so vigorously did the brawny fisherman ply his oars, that ten minutes were enough to place them almost beyond the reach of danger from the shore, while the heavy clouds which rolled down from the

Apennines shut out the last rays of the sun, and made their security complete; at least from the malignity of human passion. Still, from the distance, the roar of infuriated thousands came every moment nearer, while the little boat's company heard distinctly those words which went with such terror to Genevra's heart—
“*Abasso i Gesuiti.*”

“You see, *Signor*, that we were right in making our hay while the sun shone.”

“Yes, officer,” replied Burleigh; “and you will recollect, that in the beginning, I told you I should rely upon your judgment.”

“Where are they going?” demanded Genevra.

“To the place we have just left,” replied Burleigh.

“And will they sack the Convent, Stanhope?”

“That was the danger I wished to save you from, Genevra.”

“What will become of the Lady Abbess, and the poor Sisters?”

“God knows! The Italians have in this revolution everywhere been led by men of character, and they will not stain their triumph, I hope, by outrages upon defenceless women. That work they will leave to the Austrians. The Sisters will, doubtless, be allowed to fly; but the towers of that Convent must come down.”

“It has been a sanctuary, Stanhope, for many a

broken heart ; and when all other thoughts but that of heaven have left the soul, it is a refuge for the bereaved and helpless. The system is a bad one, but the life of the Convent has its consolations."

"Now for the light-house, Barcarolo ; you have gone out to sea far enough."

"*Si Signore,*" was the obedient reply to the officer.

Looking in the direction of the land, the revolutionary procession was dimly seen pressing along the road towards the Convent ; but they were soon lost to view, as the boat shot by the little fortress which guards the outer approach to the harbor of Genoa. With a feeling of security for the success of his undertaking, which Burleigh had not before experienced, he passed his arm gently round Genevra's waist, and drew her closer to his side.

"My dear Genevra, you forget that I have not yet seen your face. This ugly veil has served its mission very well ; may I draw it aside ?" He suited the action to the word. Just at that moment the dark shadow of the cloud which was sweeping over the sea passed away, and the moon cast its silver light over the waters. Burleigh, gazing upon the blushing face of Genevra, said : "I expected such a face, but, Genevra, is your heart unchanged ?" The warm pressure of her hand sent that thrill of ecstasy to his soul which, in the longest existence, man never feels with the same intensity but once.

A few moments later, the boat glided noiselessly round the western mole, and a few strokes of the oars brought it to the side of the "Stormy Petrel."

"What boat is that?" inquired the Captain, in a low tone, bending over the side.

"Burleigh."

"Drop back a little to the ladder."

The Captain stepped down, and taking Genevra by the arm, conducted her up the side.

"It is—it is; come to my arms—thank God!" exclaimed Vincenzi.

"Farewell, officer. You have done your work like a man and a friend," said Burleigh, as he shook his hand while they were standing in the boat. "Here is my purse."

"You have acted like a prince, *Signore*, for you have more than redeemed your word. My pocket is heavier before morning; but I must not leave you yet. First ascertain if your party are all on board, and if the ship has her clearance to leave any hour you please during the night."

Burleigh ran up the side—whispered with the Captain, and went down again.

"No; the manifest of the passengers could not be had; but the Captain thinks we can give them the slip in the course of an hour or two."

“He must be careful, or his first movement will be signalled from the guard-boat, and ten to one he’ll get a shot into him. At all events, I’ll stay around till I see you fairly under way.”

“Farewell then, my noble fellow. One more grasp of your hand.”

“Long may you live, *Signore*, and never get in a worse scrape than this.”

“Long may you live, my good fellow; and may Liberty come at last to your beautiful country.”

“We’ll hope for that ever.”

The officer pushed off, and the boat drifted astern. The Captain seized his hand as he was coming over the side, and with unfeigned joy exclaimed—

“By Jove, we have nearly won the day—and you ought to have seen the old cook come off with his stores. I tell you, Burleigh, we shall live like game chickens.”

Burleigh, who cared less about what the cook had brought off, than that they should all get off themselves, inquired who had come on board.

“Why, the young lady’s father, and a tall splendid looking gentleman, by the name of Count something. I don’t know who he is, but Vincenzi says it is all right, and that he is a friend of yours.”

Burleigh, who knew that it must be Jaudan, replied, “He is—it is all right. Where is the young lady?”

"She has retired to the cabin."

"Where is my friend, the gentleman?"

"I do not know. He was here on the deck a minute ago."

As Burleigh turned to search for him, Jaudan stepped from behind the main-mast, where he had been standing in the moonlight, without casting a shadow on the deck, and taking Burleigh's hand pressed it earnestly.

"This has been most admirably managed, my dear sir. Did you escape from the Convent before the mob reached it?"

"Yes, Padre."

"If you please, while I am on this ship, I am no longer *Padre*. What said the Lady Abbess?"

"She was serene and self-possessed, in full view of the approaching danger."

"Like herself. I think, in spite of everything, that she and the Sisters of the Convent are safe; but perhaps I shall know shortly."

"How sir? for we shall soon be under way."

"Not yet," exclaimed Jaudan, with agitation. "I must receive one more message from shore before the vessel starts."

Their conversation had been in English, and the Captain interrupted them by saying—

"How long must we wait for that message, Count ? for we must not stand on ceremony now. I expected some of those accursed port wardens would have been on board before this. I have no intention of pulling up my anchor."

"What then ?" inquired Burleigh.

"Why, cut loose. My tackle works bad, and if I set all hands to weighing that anchor, we shall have twenty port wardens under our bow in five minutes ; I can't depend on the wind either. There's not enough to keep the sails full."

"What time will you give us ?" anxiously inquired Jaudan.

"Give ? Why, a minute or two, perhaps, or less," said the Captain, as he hurried forward to issue some orders to his men. Jaudan hastened to the starboard side, and bent over as if through the darkness he were looking for some one coming. Burleigh, who perceived his anxiety, followed him.

"Who are you looking for ?" he demanded.

"For a messenger from the Lady Abbess—the last link that binds me to Europe," he exclaimed, with impatience.

The Captain then came up, and striking his hand upon Burleigh's shoulders, said

"The officer who came with you in the boat, is asking

for you over the ship's side ; I don't perfectly understand him. Come quick."

They rushed to the spot.

"What is it, officer?"

"You must be off now, or you will have the spies of the Revolution after you. They believe that the General of the Jesuits is on board, and attempting to make his escape. They have, moreover, gained to their side every battery on the shore. In less than ten minutes they will be here with their boats ; and if they shoot a rocket into the sky, your ship will be sunk."

Burleigh immediately translated these words to the Captain, who said quickly to his first mate—

"Hancock, cut away."

Jaudan, who had understood every word of the conversation, was in a tremor of excitement. Rushing to the starboard side, he recognised a well-known voice.

"Signore?"

"I am here," said Jaudan, casting a line over the side of the ship, and holding it firmly, while a boy grasped it, and leaped upon the deck. The Padre folded him in his arms.

"Quick work now, my men," cried the Captain.

The jib of the Stormy Petrel had already caught the breeze, which turned her prow just far enough to clear

the Mole. Her mainsail flew to the mast head, like the wing of a bird, and she darted through the waters.

"Down with that light on the bow!" exclaimed the Captain. "Do you want to set up a target for those sons-of-guns on shore?"

At every fresh puff of the wind, the Clipper responded by an electric spring. Sail after sail went up, and it seemed that the Stormy Petrel would get to sea unobserved. But suddenly a light from the Battery flashed over the port, and a cannon shot struck the water not ten fathoms forward of the clipper's bow.

"Starboard your helm," shouted the captain.

"Aye, aye, sir."

"So—steady—"

"Steady, sir."

This brought the Clipper within the narrowest range of the Battery—bows on to sea.

Another flash lit up the port, and a twelve-pound shot went through the mainsail.

"Go into the cabin, Burleigh, for God's sake, and tell them to lie down flat, so that they won't be raked," and the Captain gave his orders in quick succession.

The Clipper was now springing before the wind, which had freshened, and she was making her twelve knots.

"Egad, Burleigh, are you out here again? You are good pluck."

"The best part of it is, I found our friends enjoying themselves so well in the cabin, I thought it best not to scare them; so I did not tell them to lie down at all."

"Good boy! There's another;—the scoundrels! What business have they to fire their awkward shot into my Clipper?"

The last shot struck just astern, but it sent a shower of spray even ahead of the Clipper itself.

"Ha! ha! That tells better," said the Captain, and with a sneer he added, "fire away your pop-guns. You can't catch the Stormy Petrel. So much for George Stearman."

Shot after shot was fired, with no effect; and, at last, telegraphed by a blaze of light, the Battery rained in a whole shower upon the wake of the vessel. But the Stormy Petrel was far beyond their reach.

"Mr. Hancock, set all taught. Steward, what are you doing around here, with your hands in your pockets? Bring out two bottles of brandy. Now, boys, we'll drink to the Stormy Petrel."

A strong set of fellows mustered abaft the mainmast. When their glasses were filled,

"Hurrah for the Stormy Petrel!" cried their Captain.

"We are fairly at sea, then," said Jaudan, as he glided out of the cabin door.

“Yes,” answered the Captain, “with only one shot, and that through the mainsail.”

Padre Jaudan began to understand what he had not comprehended while he was in the cabin ; and looking back upon the fast retreating City of Palaces, he saw nothing through the gloom but the revolving light of the Lanterna.

CHAPTER X.

THE VOYAGE.

THE breeze which took the Stormy Petrel to sea, freshened into an eastern gale, which swept her to Gibraltar in three days. On the afternoon of the third day, she seemed to have passed out of the storm; but still under, what the old sailors yet call, "a ten-knot breeze," she was shooting by the coast of Granada, at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. The warm sun came out upon the still dripping ship, as it shines upon the wet feathers of the wild eagle when he soars above the tempest, to dry his wings in the sun.

Who, that has been tossed in a wild sea-tempest for days and nights, does not remember the ecstasy he felt when he found the genial sunbeams coming into his stateroom from the deadlight in the deck; and his ship subside from the roar and plunge of the billow, into the easy gliding motion the steady breeze gave to her in calm water?

Our little band of fugitives, who bore with them such

strange fortunes for themselves, and so many others, had been as closely imprisoned in their berths from the beginning of the voyage, as though they had been confined in the cells of a Convent.

Captain Stewart, who had none too much charity for sea-sick people, now threw the cabin doors wide open, and in a loud voice, as he rapped at the doors of the staterooms one after another, cried ‘Come forth. The storm is over; we are in smoother water; and you must come out now, if you wish to see Gibraltar. I can’t stop the Stormy Petrel for people who lie abed at this rate.’”

Mr. Vincenzi and his daughter occupied two rooms on the larboard side; while of the two on the starboard, Burleigh and the Captain occupied one, and Jaudan with the boy Carlo, another. Burleigh was the first to appear; but he had hardly walked twice across the deck, before Carlo came bounding towards him with the exuberant joy of youth, exclaiming—

“Oh! Monsieur, are you not glad this dreadful storm is over? See how beautiful is the sky, and the water, and those green hill sides.”

“Glad I am, my dear fellow,” responded Burleigh, holding forth both hands, which Carlo frankly took, as he shot one of those strange glances into Burleigh’s face “And what have you been doing, Carlo, ever since we

left Genoa?" he added, as he pinched the boy's round chin, and brought the dimples to his cheeks.

"Doing, Monsieur?" answered Carlo, as he released Burleigh's hand, and gave it a fretful toss in his playfulness. "What do you suppose, Monsieur? I have been busy thinking where we are going all the time that I have not been kept busy in holding myself in my berth. Do you know, Monsieur?"

"We are going to live in the moon. You have always seen it set in the West. It sets just outside of Gibraltar here, on a beautiful island."

"Fie! Monsieur, that story isn't fit for a toy book. Do tell me."

"Do you really want to know, Carlo?"

"Yes, Monsieur, I do really want to know."

"Well then, we are going where Columbus went, and we shall live in the gold mines, where the fairies have built golden palaces on the shore of the sea, among the Peri of the ocean—away far, far, away from the great world you have left."

"I shall hate you, Monsieur, if you tease me in that way. I am no *enfant* to be amused with such fantasies."

"Then you *really* want to know?"

"Yes I do, Monsieur," said Carlo, with a pert and half-indignant tone. "But I'll not ask you again."

Burleigh patted Carlo under the chin, which brought back his good-nature at once. Then, observing for the first time the wavy, dark line on his upper lip—that bow of promise which paints itself so faintly at a certain period of life, but speaks so confidently of the future to come—he continued, as Carlo took his hand, and drew nearer and more confidently towards him. ●

“We are going to New York, a great city—five times as large as Genoa—where we have no king, no tyranny, no revolutions; where the people are all happy—where everybody is rich. Carlo, it is a great and beautiful country. The Atlantic Ocean lies on the east side, and the Pacific on the west.”

“Why, *Monsieur*, that must be a dreadful country to live in.”

“For what reason?”

“Oh, *Monsieur*, who will work for you if everybody is rich? and what good is there in a country so vast that you never could travel through it? You say that everybody is happy there. Ah, *Monsieur*! I don’t believe there is such a country. Even I am unhappy sometimes,” added Carlo, with an affected sigh.

“You rogue, I don’t believe it.”

“Nor do I believe any of your fantastic stories about New York—but here comes the Captain,—he will tell me where we are going;” and Carlo ran forward and looked

bewitchingly into the Captain's face, as he said, in English :

"Wont you do me a favor?"

"I will, certainly."

"Tell me, then, where we are going."

"I thought we were going to the devil last night, but I think to-day we are going to New York."

"We are really, then, going to New York?"

"I can't say for certain, but there is a very strong probability of it."

"Is it a beautiful place?"

"Well, it will be, if they ever get it done."

"I don't like the Americans," said Carlo, as he skipped away from the Captain's side, and ran towards the cabin door, where he saw Jaudan. The Padre had made a careful toilet; he was now dressed in a fashionable suit of black, with a light Spanish mantle thrown over his shoulders. With a beaming face, he stretched forward his hands to greet Carlo, who said :

"*Bon jour, Monsieur.* How has the Count been since we gave the slip to our friends who manned the Genoese battery?"

"Well enough, Master Carlo. At all events, I am glad to find you in such fine spirits. Ah! here is our friend, Mr. Burleigh. What a splendid day we have, Sir!"

“Glorious. You are looking well, Count, after the storm.”

“Thank you, I am perfectly recovered. I hope you have not suffered much, Mr. Burleigh?”

“To tell the truth, Count, I have had my full share; but this exhilarating air sweeps every sad thought away, and makes me feel an ecstasy I scarcely knew before.”

“Do you recognise this coast, and the mountains beyond, Mr. Burleigh?”

“Not the mountains; and I know only that this is the coast of Spain.”

“Those are the mountains of Granada, and how rich are the associations! The lost kingdom of the Moors, and all the souvenirs of the power and glory of Isabella, the Catholic!” Carlo, who still retained the hand of Jaudan, and was gazing intently upon the fast receding shore, and the purple mountains, whispered suddenly—

“Padre, it seems to me that I have seen all this before, or I have dreamed of something like it. What makes the name of Granada recall the time when I was a little child; and a beautiful young lady who used to love me?”

Jaudan squeezed Carlo's little hand violently, and drawing him away to the side of the vessel, with a tremulous voice, said,

“It *was* a dream, Carlo. You never saw this scene;

and, undoubtedly, a great many beautiful young ladies loved you when you were a little child. But you forget how many times I have reproved you for inquisitiveness. Now, I wish you to tell me more in detail of your last visit to the Lady Abbess."

"Oh, Padre. You saw how I had been weeping when I caught the rope and sprang on board. I shall never, never forget that farewell! The Lady Abbess wrung her hands and wept so over your letter, and said that she had not a moment to reply, but would write to you if her life was spared; that she and the Sisters would take refuge in the Chapel of the Virgin, and, if they were sacrificed, it should be at the steps of the altar; that for herself she cared nothing, for the charm of life she had long ago parted with, but for the poor Sisters she should act as wisely as possible."

"Did she think they were in absolute danger?"

"No, Padre; she was almost sure no harm would befall them, as the only object of the people was to break up the Institution; and they would only have to seek a home somewhere else."

"Yes! I am confident of that, Carlo. These Republicans are fanatics, but not utterly soulless. What did the Lady Abbess say to you? Did she not feel some regret at parting with her pet Carlo?" added Jaudan, in a tone which betrayed a nervous curiosity.

For a moment Carlo could not reply; his bosom heaved, his lips trembled; then hastily withdrawing his hands from Jaudan's, he buried his face in the Padre's mantle, and gave way to a wild burst of tears.

Jaudan's cheek turned pale, and large drops stood on his forehead. The struggle in his own heart was terrible. His beautiful, romantic youth, the sacrifice of all the affections of his manhood, and the agony inflicted on other hearts—all, all for the one ambition, at last attained—how had it compensated him? Was he not now a wanderer on the earth, bearing with him this tender and affectionate child, whose life was a mystery, and perhaps a reproach? But the Jesuit conquered the man. He allowed Carlo's grief to have its way; and a few moments after, he said, with some severity—

“Fie! fie! Carlo, these people will think I am punishing you; do not act like a girl, and make a silly scene. I must know what the Lady Abbess said to you: Did she give you nothing?”

“Oh, *Monsieur!* She could not speak farewell to me! She held me in her arms; she pressed me to her bosom; she kissed my forehead, my eyes, my lips, my hands; she wet my face with tears; she called me *her child*, her own loved one; and she implored me never to forget her. She put this little gold ring, with its black ribbon, about my neck, and charged me to keep it

always; she said I might some day know what the cipher on it meant. And, then, as the shouts of a great mob of people were heard on the road to Genoa, she opened the door and thrust me out. Then I am sure she fainted, for I heard her fall. I tried to open the door again, but could not; and so I ran down the hill as fast as I could. Some people stopped me, and pulled off my cap, but they said, 'It is only a frightened, crying boy. Let him go;' and so I got safely to the ship."

Jaudan breathed freer again, though his eyes were misty, and feelings which he could not restrain, were visible on his face. Carlo raised his head, and seeing that look of sympathy, his tears fell afresh.

"Oh, Monsieur!" he said beseechingly, "forgive me that I disobey you; but *have I a mother?* WHERE is my mother? Have I any parents? I sometimes have such unhappy thoughts!"

"Carlo," said the Padre, frowning darkly, "this is an interdicted subject between us. I have repeatedly told you that, should a proper time arrive, you will know all. I am sorry that you are unhappy. You have no cause to be so. I am your friend and protector. Be tranquil about the future. Next to the Company of Jesus, you are my chiefest care. Now," he added, as he pressed both his hands kindly, "go to your stateroom, and remain there until you are entirely composed."

With a half-smothered sigh, Carlo obeyed, and Jaudan, walking towards the captain, said—

“We must be quite near Gibraltar now, Captain?”

“Yes, Count, we have been in sight of the Rock for some time;” and after a moment’s pause, he continued—

“Do you see the smoke curling up its side?”

“Very clearly,” Jaudan answered. “What is it?”

“Hark!” said the Captain, as he lifted his hand; and the roar of cannon came up from the Straits. Gun after gun sent its reverberation over the water, until twenty-one had been fired.

“That is an Admiral’s salute, I should think,” said Jaudan.

Carlo’s joyous voice rang out from the cabin doorway; and as Burleigh turned, he saw Genevra coming towards him. She was somewhat paler than usual; but when she caught one look of the tranquil sea, the blue sky, and the glorious mountains that were freshening into the verdure of spring, the color came to her face, and lifting Carlo’s hand in hers, she cried—

“Oh! how free and happy we are now!”

“Yes, Mademoiselle; and a being so beautiful and good as you are, will be happy and free for ever. But I wish you would go and avenge me upon this gentleman. He has teased me so much about New York, and going to the moon, and living in fairy palaces, that I hate him.”

Burleigh had caught the form of Genevra as she issued from the cabin. She seemed to his rapt fancy, the ideal of loveliness and beauty, which had hovered over him in a thousand dreams. Advancing towards her, with even greater embarrassment than Genevra herself showed, he offered her his hand, which she frankly took.

"Miss Vincenzi," he said, "how radiant you are this evening, and yet you seem to have suffered during the voyage."

It often happens that the gentle spirit of woman becomes elastic, at those moments when the manliness of the sterner sex seems to melt entirely away.

"Really, Mr. Burleigh, you pay me no very flattering compliment, when you assume that I have suffered so much. I was just congratulating myself upon my good looks, as I came out of my stateroom. I certainly feel happier than I ever did in my life."

Poor Burleigh had made a mistake. A man always falls into error, when he falls in love.

"You are not quite candid, Miss Vincenzi. I did not mean to imply so much."

"Oh, *Monsieur*," exclaimed Carlo, with a spice of raillery,—“you can talk a great deal better about the moon, and palaces of gold, reflected in the moonlit waters; and your big continent—and all that. You can't talk to *Mademoiselle*. You are too great a man."

Instead of disconcerting Burleigh, this discharge only restored his self-control. ' "I see, Miss Vincenzi, that we have, among us, a little imp, who has an ambition to be the marplot of our company: suppose we indulge him."

"You are very kind, *Monsieur*," responded Carlo, in ready English, as he walked away, somewhat superbly, towards the bow. Stanhope and Genevra looked on the beautiful shore along which the Stormy Petrel was so fast gliding. Picturesque as that shore was, bathed in the purple light of an Andalusian sunset, how many thoughts of years gone by—of hopes long cherished—fading, expiring, almost dead—but now irradiated with a new morning which spread its rosy light far down the future,—came over their hearts. Love is the only passion that discards the common language of men, and when it finds words impotent and meaningless for its expression, silence comes in with its eloquence, which is greater than speech.

"Stanhope, you can never know what you have done for me, by emancipating me from that dreadful prison."

"Genevra, you do not, never can, know how deeply I feel, that up to the moment that I had an opportunity to render you a service, how little my life was worth to me. What I have accomplished in setting you free, is the first real action I have performed in my life. The rest has been all dreams."

The Stormy Petrel was now clearing the Straits, and entering the current which sweeps into the Atlantic, by the base of the Rock of Gibraltar. A massive curtain of saffron hung over the distant waters, behind which the sun was sinking to his ocean bed. It was a scene which grouped around the imagination many of the most striking events of history. Over those same waters, and by the same "Pillars of Hercules," Roman Generals had gone forth to the conquest of Britain, Paul to carry the New Faith, and Columbus to discover a New World. High in those translucent skies, the moon was ascending, and pouring a flood of silver light on the grandest historic scene she illuminated in all her revolutions.

It was the first tranquil night the voyagers had experienced, and even the invalid Vincenzi, who had been at length induced to come upon the deck, to breathe the fresh air as it came in from the bosom of the Atlantic, said, at a late hour, that he would stay a little longer.

(There are moments which seem worth all the struggles of years : but to Stanhope and Genevra, those moments were now prolonged into hours, into which was pressed the bliss of a lifetime.)

"How I rejoice in this blessed hour," said Stanhope. "You may have thought me cold and insensible, Genevra ; but my heart has been too full for utterance. After the

painful death of your mother, which was so soon followed by your sudden and mysterious departure, life seemed to lose all its value. I made every effort to trace you. I followed you to Italy—but there I lost you. I studied in Germany, and wandered over Europe, restless and unhappy. At last, God, in his goodness, threw the flower-girl across my path. What a providence for us, was that Revolution ! for only through the overthrow of the Jesuits, was the chance given to me, to see you again.”

“ Oh, Stanhope ! It was a greater deliverance than you can conceive. I believe it was the intention of my deluded father, to shut me up in that Convent for life ; and to become himself, a member of the Order of the Jesuits. He had already begun to practise some of the rigors and privations of the Society, and although I have seen him only once or twice a month, and sometimes not as often, I feel that he has been weaning himself from me. He tells me I should be happy, if I would give up the world, and devote myself to God. But, Stanhope, I am not a Catholic, nor can I *ever* be one ! I shall adhere to the faith of my poor persecuted mother. Her life was harassed and worn out by those prying, cunning priests. They never left her a moment of rest ; they made my father cold, and often harsh to her ; and I grew up at her side, with a fear and detestation of them, that has become invincible.”

“ But do you not like Padre Jaudan, Genevra ? He, at least, seems good and kind.”

“ Yes, he is, when his heart has the sway ; but I tell you, Stanhope, there is nothing—not even his own life—that he would not sacrifice to Jesuitism. Hearts and souls even, are cliaff before this Simoom ambition. I know it is through their wiles that my father is determined to sacrifice both himself and me. But, thank Heaven, we have escaped now ; and may the future be more full of hope and gladness ”

“ Genevra, what can be Jaudan’s motive for this deep interest in your father and yourself ? ”

“ Who can tell ? Perhaps he thinks my father very rich, and he may wish to enrich the society by our influence. Indeed, my poor father has become so feeble in body and mind, that he is but a mere machine in their hands.”

“ Let us hope for the best, my beautiful Genevra. We are going to a free country, filled with noble hearts ; and although you have no friends on your mother’s side to sustain you, and only intriguing priests on your father’s, yet, Heaven being my helper, I will defeat their plans ; and, as I had the blessing and approbation of your sainted mother, and of your own dear heart, Genevra, you shall yet be my happy bride in our beautiful New England.”

Genevra smiled more cheerfully, and pressing Stanhope's hand to her bosom, said with fervor,—

“God grant it, dear Stanhope ; I will still hope ! But the moon is long risen, and my father will be waiting for me. So, good bye, till to-morrow ; and if it does not storm, we can enjoy these beautiful moonlights on the sea.”

“God bless you, dearest. Repose your heart on me ; and remember, that day and night, sleeping or waking, you are my sole thought and care.”

They parted at the cabin door.

The Clipper, which had shot through the gale that drove her from the coast of Italy, struck the verge of another tempest coming from the Bay of Biscay, just as she had cleared the Straits, and was gliding like an arrow over the scene made eternal in the recollections of men, by the great battle of Trafalgar. She seemed to be inspired with the spirit of the wild bird whose name she bore, as she sprang from billow to billow, cutting the waves into a wake of foam. The captain and his crew were in their element ; the passengers were, most of the time, in their berths.

After a boisterous but rapid passage, on the 17th day from Gibraltar, the Stormy Petrel once more came in sight of Neversink, passed the Quarantine, and just before sunset dropped her anchor off Hoboken.

CHAPTER XI.

THE JESUITS IN OUR HOMES.

LATE on the same night, the General of the Company of Jesus was sitting with Hubert in the library of his residence, not far from the Cathedral. Bewildered by the strange sights and sounds—the alarms of fires, the shouting of men, and the rushing of engines, the flashing gas-lights, and the wild roar of the great Metropolis of the New World, Carlo had retired to his room, near the spacious chamber where Padre Jaudan was to repose. His couch seemed to rock on the billows, till he grew so weary that he fell asleep; but before deep slumber came on him, the changes of the sea swept over his fancy, bringing the faces of his companions; but more distinct than all, the noble form of Stanhope Burleigh; while through the shadows of the thick gathering night, the deep beaming eyes of Stanhope looked calmly and kindly upon his soul. What could the boy be dreaming of?

“Yes, Hubert, I am on solid ground once more, and I

do not feel like a stranger. One of the grand attributes of our Order, is to make all the world our country. Every year teaches me more and more profoundly, the philosophy of that great saying of Loyola—"My disciples will die, but my system must live." Thus on that first evening spoke Padre Jaudan to Hubert.

"It has therefore always seemed to me, Padre," answered Hubert, "that after perfect obedience to our superiors, the great lesson the disciple of Ignatius should learn, is to lose sight of the country and the spot of his birth, as we lose sight of the fragment of a wreck on the ocean."

"Yes, Hubert, we are born on the earth, and educated in the world. The world is our home, and, for all our purposes, there is only one country. But, Hubert, admirable as I know your management to have been—and I cannot praise it too highly—I feel myself on ground somewhat new, as I land upon the shores of this great Republic. I have been more accustomed to monarchical forms of government, as you well know; and I am fully aware that under a democratic system, like that of the United States, there must be a special adaptation of machinery to accomplish our ends. Here, General although I am, I acknowledge myself uninitiated. I must therefore sit, for a while at least, at the feet of the Gamaliel of the Jesuits in the United States."

Hubert was a man to whom Jaudan could say this with truth. He *was* the Gamaliel of American Jesuitism. He was to it in the New World, what Jaudan had been in the Old. They were moulded much alike. Both were born to command. Each was equal to almost any emergency—for neither was wanting in resources, and both were always prepared for what was to take place. Physically, they were not unlike. Hubert was not a high-born man; but he had the best Irish qualities in him, without those defects which so often make a great Irishman an unsuccessful man; and he had one quality which would go further in the United States than any which Jaudan possessed. It was what every superior Irishman is endowed with—electric appreciation of popular feeling, and comprehension of popular tendencies. This quality sometimes, it is true, carried Hubert too far; for in one instance, swept on by the torrent of Irish enthusiasm, he had addressed a great public meeting of his countrymen, as O'Connell used to fire the masses of *his* countrymen, by the shout of Repeal. On that occasion, Hubert had, in an imprudent moment, subscribed five hundred dollars for the Rebellion in Ireland, headed as it was by John Mitchell and Francis Meagher. He had, however, taken precaution to qualify the gift, by saying it was to purchase a shield for the Liberator of Ireland.

But after all, Jaudan had some advantages over Hubert, which, in the long run, were sure to make themselves known. Jaudan never would have addressed an Irish mob at all; much less would he have been seen in Carroll Hall, surrounded by a reeking mass of men, maddened by bad whiskey, and fired only by the madder intoxication of cutting Protestant throats. Besides, Jaudan was a high-born man; by which we mean only this; that he was born in the establishment of a gentleman—a man who had good blood in his veins, and a fine brain in his head (for why is not good blood in a man worth as much as it is in a horse?); a man who was thoroughly illuminated by all the lights of his age; a good swordsman, a good patriot, a man of learning, a good agriculturist—a man who would unsheath his blade in any good cause; who would not allow an opportunity to be lost to render a noble service to his neighbor, his friend, or *man as man*. Jaudan's father was neither poor nor rich in the precise meaning of those terms; but he never knew the lack of money, of character, of influence; consequently, he was a man whom everybody respected, whom the good loved and whom the bad feared. With such an origin, Jaudan had been trained in the armies of Europe, and he had a keen sense of worldly honor. Of Hubert's origin little was known.

Another thing: Much as Hubert had been in Europe,

he knew nothing about it in comparison with Jaudan. Jaudan had been in America, North and South; in the West Indies; in the Pacific Ocean; all through Asia; and as for the Continent of Europe, he had mapped it out, studied every controlling mind in it, been intimate with every great man, been all things to all men, and in a sense Paul was not. He was a scholar when he was a boy (which Hubert was not; for, when a boy, *he* was digging with the pick and the spade,—that doomed inheritance of the Celtic race). Of course, then, Jaudan was Hubert's superior; not only by good blood, but by early training, early familiarity with good society and cultivated minds. He had also been familiar through life with the best and worst thoughts, of the best and worst men in Europe. He was, moreover, esteemed by the common opinion of the Jesuits of the earth, as the worthiest successor of Ignatius Loyola.

Judge, therefore, if it were not a compliment which Jaudan made to Hubert when he told him that he must come to his feet to learn to be a Jesuit in the United States. It was true, or Jaudan would not have said it to a man like Hubert.

“Padre, I know you mean to be serious; but I will dismiss your compliment without thanks;” and Hubert cast one glance at him, which satisfied Jaudan that he was dealing with a man whom he could not trifle with.

"Hubert, I am not jesting. I am your General—but before I sleep to-night, I wish to know something more about your plan for the conquest of this Republic to the cause of Loyola; and again I tell you that you have mastered the ground we are now on, while I am ignorant of it. Speak, then; there must be no child's play between us."

Hubert and Jaudan had crossed swords once—they were never to do so again; because, like men of real and not sham qualities, they understood one another.

"General, it has been one of the oversights—if you will allow me to say so—" and Jaudan bowed with the utmost courtesy, "that you and your brethren have been so much occupied in the affairs of Europe, that you have somewhat slighted our sturdy, untiring efforts for the empire of Loyola in this Republic."

"You are right, Hubert; we have."

"You cannot be unmindful of the fact, that I have often invited a more special scrutiny of our American affairs—that I have been obliged to create means, where they did not exist, even to keep our system in common activity; while you know better than I do, that anything whatever that is *common*, will not do for the Company of Jesus. You cannot have forgotten how many times I have deliberately, and in your own inviolable cypher, spread before you, our emergencies, and received

no help. Why, even Lambruschini waited six months before His Excellency found time to reply to my pressing demand for fifty thousand dollars. Metternich himself sent me double that sum, in reply to a casual note, which was delivered to him, under close seal, by one of the American Ambassadors."

Perhaps more executive power spoke out from Hubert's face when he was excited, than could have been seen in the countenance of Jaudan; for Hubert had not been trained in so severe a school of dissimulation; and he appeared not to restrain a sense of neglect, perhaps even of wrong, that the General of his Order had not entered more deeply into his plans of action. Hubert had felt, for more than twenty years, while he was struggling through the doubtful gloom, that he needed more sustaining aid from Rome. Above all, he felt the need of encouragement and sympathy from the General of his Order. Jaudan saw more of Hubert in this conversation, than he had known before; but, like a complete Jesuit, he did not appear to be surprised. He only added, drawing nearer to Hubert, as he leaned from his chair—

"You do us *some* injustice, I think, Hubert. You are not quite aware, perhaps, of *all* the difficulties we have had to contend with in Europe. We have had forty thrones to prop up, or pull down; while you have had

mere holiday-work here—moving on your every-day life of progress, without much intrigue or trouble.”

“Padre, hear me,” said Hubert, growing excited, and speaking with some vehemence. “I would undertake the care of a hundred kingdoms, before I would volunteer the management of the greatest republic on the earth—the greatest in history. Republics, Padre, are not the most genial soil to plant our tree in. This has to be done in the dark, even under monarchies; but here, where everything is intolerable light, from three thousand newspapers, perhaps you may not be aware of the difficulties we labor under. Padre, Loyola had no conception of them himself—for he did not live in our times—much less did he live in the United States—much less still did he dream of such a place as New York.”

Jaudan saw that he was dealing with a man who was more than his match *on American ground*. Hubert continued:

“I have not fought in Spain, where it was easy to save a recreant Charles Albert, and easier still to die after an engagement of an hour on a battle-field; but I have fought in New York, for twenty—thirty years, Padre; with little help from the Pope, and,” he added, tremulously, “with apparently too little sympathy even from the General of the Company of Jesus.”

Jaudan began to feel somewhat oppressed. It had

scarcely occurred to him, during his maturer years, that a mind could come in conflict with his, to disturb its serenity by the mere force of argument, philosophy, or fact. Hubert had gained an advantage. And it is as true of Jesuits as of other commanders and chiefs of the movements or thoughts of the world, that when they meet, there is a pride of opinion, more dear to the heart, and appealing more resistlessly to the sentiment of honor, than any which urges men on in the field of battle.

“Say, then, Hubert, what we are to do; because I feel that you have not given me,—gracious as your hospitality has been,—quite that moral recognition which I am entitled to.”

Hubert had been bold: it was his nature. No Irishman calculates the odds pitted against him. He is so brave by nature, that he has no share in what is called “Yankee calculation.” It occurred to him that he had been speaking somewhat rashly, in the presence of his master. He was in the act of sliding from his chair to the feet of Jaudan, to ask what he seemed to have invoked—a confession. But the General prevented him, by saying—

“I was not seeking for humility, Hubert; nor even obedience, at this moment. I was only seeking for facts. Will you now tell me what I have to do in the

United States?—for the condition of Europe is such that I am likely to remain here for some time.”

“Well, then, General, we shall not be pressed for time to-night; and it must be a luxury to you to sleep once more in a bed, and not feel yourself tossed upon every wave that sweeps by the ship on the ocean.”

Hubert said this with a lordly spirit. There was something of the air of command in it, to which Jaudan was unaccustomed, even during his interviews with Popes, or Kings. But he took the hint.

“Well, Hubert, my noble brother, it is late; and one good night’s sleep, on the solid earth, will be worth everything. But before I go to my chamber”—and Jaudan said it with a kind of condescension which he had not often showed to his inferiors in the Order—“let me be assured by your own frank heart, that you will look with perfect candor upon these matters you have spoken of—and spoken of, I confess, in a tone that has slightly disturbed my spirit.”

The look which Jaudan then gave to Hubert, was one which few men could resist.

“I wish, Hubert, to assert no authority here; least of all while I am your guest; and if there is the slightest possibility that you should forget that *I am what I am*, then I must leave your roof to-night.”

These words were uttered in a tone, and with a spirit

which no Jesuit in the world could have pronounced, except the General of the Company of Jesus—and few among its generals could have uttered them as they came from Jaudan's lips.

Hubert was paralysed. He had found his master, in more senses than one. His supreme control over the affairs of the Church in the United States, had made him somewhat arrogant, even before his General. The lightning glance of Jaudan's eye, with the terrific gestures he made—and they were all calm, studied, and measured—dismissed any idea of supremacy from his mind, and Hubert fell to his knees, and exclaimed—

“Forgive me, General!”

Jaudan had gained the victory. It was not necessary to risk the pursuit.

“Rise, Hubert, and give me that kiss which I have received from the great Ignatius.”

The two Jesuits embraced each other, and as Hubert's head lay confidently and submissively upon the shoulder of Jaudan, the General pressed him to his heart, and said :—

“You ought to be my successor. Now, if you will ring for the servant, I think I will retire.”

“The servant is here, General”—and lighting a wax candle, Hubert himself, showed the General of the Company of Jesus to his room.

CHAPTER XII.

GENEVRA AT HOME.

IT was with a mingled feeling of sadness and joy, that Genevra once more found herself in her quiet and luxurious home, in Bond street. The prim and nun-like old housekeeper, who had been in daily expectation of receiving a summons to leave her berth, and go forth to struggle with the world again, expressed all the joy, or pleasure, that her cold and acid nature was capable of displaying. Even *her* smiles cheered the heart of poor Genevra. She could have loved the woman, if she had possessed a kindly nature, for it was she who had ministered at the bedside of her lost mother: bigoted and ill-natured as she was, she still had showed some grief at her mistress's death; and had even been tender, for a few days, towards the bereaved child.

Yes, this was the home of her childhood. Here she had known her mother's mournful affection—here was her own chaste and beautiful room—her music, her books, her flowers—even her own birds were singing to her

again—and above all, she was in a living world, warm with life, light, and affection—no longer immured in the cold, grey walls of a Convent, with the pale, melancholy sisters flitting noiselessly about in funereal robes. Her father was free, and she had made him smile once more : Stanhope was near, and loved her. Could there be any sorrow in the future ?

The crackling coal was blazing brightly in the drawing-room grate—the massive curtains were drawn about the windows—dinner was over, and Genevra and her father were taking their coffee. He was reclining in his easy chair, and she sat on a low seat at his side, looking smilingly into his face, as he gazed vacantly at the fire.

“ Dear Father, is it not delightful to be at home again ? Do not these soft carpets, this furniture, our beautiful pictures, and this glowing fire, seem a paradise after the cold cells and fireless corridors of Sant’ Ambrogio ? Oh ! I have had my heart frozen within me, in that dreary place, and I know you will be a great deal better, now that you can have warmth, comfort, and my good nursing.”

She pressed her lips to his thin hand, as it lay colorless upon the arm of his chair.

“ What do you say, papa ? ”

“ Genevra, you shock me, with your unweaned love of

the world, and its sinful illusions. What are these vain and perishable things—these few years of unreal enjoyments, compared with the sacrifice of self, and complete devotion to God? My Geneva, you are too fair and too pure, to be thrown away upon a wicked world—you are a fit bride of Christ; and I wish to live long enough to see your holy espousal. As for me, my days are numbered. Though these worldly comforts may have the power to win my thoughts, for a moment, from my duty and destiny, yet I will confess my sin to-morrow, and be guilty of it no more.”

A cold tremor crept through Geneva's blood; and images of former sorrows came hovering around the newly warmed hearthstone.

“But, my dear Father,” cried Geneva, with a voice full of tears, “do not, do not, I implore you, give way to such gloomy thoughts! Let us be happy. I am your only child—we are alone in the world—let us make each other happy. I will be your joy—your solace! I will not leave you for a moment. No friend, child, or wife, will be the delight I can be to you. I will never leave you: but do not speak of a convent.”

Vincenzi had been for years under the all-powerful pressure of the hand of Jesuitism. His mind, grown feeble, day by day, could no longer assert its independence. This victim of a merciless system, which annihi-

lates all wills but its own, had, in imbecility and terror, yielded to the sceptre that waved over him.

“You rave, child! Your brain is bewitched with the heretical notions instilled by your mother. Do you suppose I shall allow you to follow her headstrong course to perdition? No, I would rather see you die at my feet. I have yet to expiate, on this side the tomb, the crime of marrying a besotted heretic; merely because she had a pretty face like yours, Genevra. No, you are *my* child as well as hers, and these seeds of infidelity shall be eradicated from your soul.”

Vincenzi was excited. Turning with unusual vehemence more fully towards Genevra, he continued—

“And now, while I speak of these things, I will not have that Burleigh hanging about here. I know your mother indulged a woman’s foolish fancy about you both, from the time you were children. Now you are man and woman, and he, a despiser of our faith, would lure and cheat your soul to perdition. Jaudan bade me beware of him, and I must obey.”

Genevra clung convulsively to her father’s knee, for he would not let her grasp his hands, while he continued :

“I’ll have none of it! You will not be an earthly bride: you shall be the bride of Heaven.”

He rose, trembling with passion, and without looking upon his child, who was supplicating him with uplifted

hands and streaming eyes, passed to his sleeping apartment.

Genevra remained on her knees, where her father had left her. Burying her face in the cushions of the *fautewil*, her tears ceased to flow, and dark, wild, desperate thoughts poured through her brain. Why had she been born? Her life had always been overshadowed by gloom. Her recollections were of her mother's tears—her lonely, persecuted life—the harshness and bigotry of her father—her isolation, for the last two years, from all domestic affection; and the terrible future spread out before her! Could it be possible that her mother's faith was a delusion, and they were both receiving a just discipline to bring them to the true Church? No! She could not believe it, when she remembered her mother's pious and exemplary life, and thought of the hypocrisy, idolatry, ignorance, and sensuality, she had seen in the worshippers of the Virgin Mary.

"No!" she mentally ejaculated, "I will not yield to this hateful despotism—this despicable faith. I have the blessing of my sainted mother, and I will struggle to the last; and if they shut me up in a Convent, it will be when no door of escape is left. But am I not pledged to Stanhope? And can I—ought I to break my faith with him? I will not, even if Padre Jaudan, the Jesuit, has said so. Stanhope, the Protestant, may yet defeat him."

And yet, while Genevra thus defied the General in her thoughts, her heart seemed to cease its beating, as she recalled that power which had uprooted thrones. Could she, a helpless girl, escape it?

She rose from her knees, with the heart-felt cry, “God help me in my extremity!” The fire had burned low—the lamp had paled. Chilled, exhausted, miserable, but resolute to stem the gathering tempest, she laid her aching head upon her pillow, this first night, which ought to have been so happy, in her native land.

CHAPTER XIII.

STANHOPE AND GENEVRA.

THE next morning before noon, Stanhope, who had passed up and down Broadway for two hours, burning with impatience for the time to arrive when he could call upon Genevra, rang the bell. The door was opened by a servant, and Genevra, who had been expecting him, was that moment descending the stairway.

"Thank God you are here!" she cried, as she almost flew into his arms. "I was afraid you would never come."

Stanhope was frightened at her vehement agitation. Gently leading her to a sofa in the drawing-room, he seated himself by her side, and drew her tenderly to his breast.

"Poor little bird! what is the matter this morning? Did you think it possible I could leave New York without seeing my beloved Genevra again?"

"Oh, no, it was not that: but I had passed such an unhappy night, and such a load of grief is at my heart, that

I thought you would never come. I thought that you had been refused admittance. I am happier now, and I can tell you all."

"Refused admittance, Genevra! Who should refuse me?"

"Listen," she replied, "and I will tell you;" and she narrated the conversation she had held with her father the preceding evening. "This morning," she continued, "as he did not appear at breakfast, I went to his room, where I found him too feeble to rise. His Confessor was already by his bed-side. He called me to him, and said: 'Behold your work! Your obstinacy will kill me. To-day, I suppose, that heretic will call, under pretence of inquiring after our health; but let it be for the last time, for he shall never see you again.' Then, moderating his tone, he continued, 'Genevra, my life is passing swiftly away. I know you desire to remain with me till the last moment. On condition that you never meet or correspond with Burleigh again, you shall do so; otherwise, I shall send you to the Convent, at Georgetown, to-morrow.' "

"Genevra," said Burleigh, with a shudder, "you promised?"

"What could I do?" she replied, with tears. "Oh, Burleigh, my father is dying; and to be torn from both you and him would kill me. You do not blame me?"

“Blame you! No, my love. But, Genevra, this promise does not extend beyond the life of your father. It would be wicked in you to leave him now, and base in me to entice you to do so. While I know you are with him, in this house, I shall try to be satisfied; but the moment your father is no more, nothing shall tear you from me. May the curse of God light on these Jesuits!” he cried, starting to his feet and rapidly walking the floor. “It is their work, and I will not leave one stone unturned till I fathom their intrigues. Genevra, can I possibly see your father?”

“See him! you might as well ask for an interview with Jaudan himself, if he did not choose it. And, besides, my father is too feeble to converse now with any one. His wily Confessor, too, has come to live with us; and after this we shall never be alone again. He eats with us, will ride with us, and sleep in a chamber adjoining my father’s. But my father will never think for himself again, he has returned to bondage and to death.”

Stanhope’s heart was torn with rage and grief, but he saw that Genevra was being fast overwhelmed by this accumulation of sorrows. He laid her cheek against his own, he wiped her tears away, and soothed her grief with his caresses.

“Courage, my darling—all will yet be well. We are neither slaves nor prisoners, and I have yet to believe

that we cannot circumvent these villains. Let us be patient. I must go to my home—I must see my dear mother at Boston. Confiding in your love, I shall then prepare for our happy future. You will devote yourself to your declining father, and it may be that he will, as the reward of that devotion, yet give me this dear hand. But, Genevra, if there is a step taken for your removal, let me know it on the instant, and I will fly to you. I do not doubt that you will be faithful; I believe that I am *your* world, as you are mine. I shall come often to New-York; and, though we cannot meet or correspond, should you receive a bouquet, or any other token from an unknown hand, be sure it is from me, and that it is covered with kisses, which must be transferred to these sweet lips.”

Could Genevra be longer sorrowful? Smiles played around her rosy mouth, and the light once more danced in her eyes. Her heart was full of happiness, but she could only murmur, “Dear Stanhope!”

“Beloved,” he said, after a moment’s pause, “I have noticed that you often put your hand to your heart, as if it pained you.”

“It does sometimes terribly; but I have been so unhappy, why should it not! And this slight cough proceeds from a cold which I took the first winter I was in the Convent. But I am better since the voyage; and I

think I shall soon be well if I am always sure that you will never forget your sad, lonely Genevra."

A sharp pang shot through Burleigh's soul. He had never thought that Genevra might die. He clasped her to his breast in an agony of fear; a wild cry of anguish rose to his lips, but he stifled it for her sake. He pressed her gently from him, and gazed in her face. Those humid, violet eyes were full of love; but a faint circle of blue which circled them, showed illness or fatigue. A dazzling glow was on her cheek, and her pure forehead and temples were so beautifully transparent, with the golden light playing on her chestnut hair, that she seemed to Burleigh's enraptured eye a young seraph, whose white robe might float her with the first breeze away.

"Genevra," he said, as the tears filled his eyes, "you are a fit bride of Heaven. I am too earthly for your spiritual loveliness. It seems almost profanation to touch you."

"Oh, no, no, Stanhope," she cried, embracing him. "Do you not see what a stout little thing I am? I shall be very careful of my health, so do not fear."

"*Monsieur* wants *Mademoiselle*," said the Confessor in a sniffing voice, as he stealthily entered.

Genevra shuddered, and Stanhope, after straining her to his heart, and covering her face with kisses, renewed his vows, and tore himself away.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RIDE TO CLAREMONT.

THE next morning, as Padre Jaudan and Hubert were seated at the breakfast table, a carriage drove up to the door.

"Now, General, I am at your service, for a visit to the Sacred Heart. It is a beautiful morning. The ride to Claremont, is one of the finest in the environs of New York, and we can continue our conversation along the way without interruption."

Jaudan, who had risen early to write several European letters for the steamer which sailed that day, at once accepted the proposal, and a few minutes later they were on the road to Claremont. It was one of those glorious mornings of our early summer, which, travellers have often remarked, are peculiar to the Island of Manhattan.

"Such a morning is always exhilarating, but indescribably so to one who has just escaped from a stormy voyage."

"This intoxicating air, Hubert, sends new life through every vein in my body. It is a good augury. Who

knows but under its invigorating influence, I may feel once more, as we both did when, thirty years ago, we walked out together on the Appian Way, from the Eternal City ? ”

“ Why, General, we are both of us as vigorous as we were then ; and as for you, the flush of early manhood is still on your cheek.”

“ Hubert, I do really feel this morning, as elastic and buoyant as I ever did in my life ; and finding you, at last, once more by my side, with such a field spread out before us, why can we not begin a new era in the history of our Company, which, in grandeur and power, shall correspond with the political expansion and adornment of this magnificent Republic ? ”

“ Our resources, General, are greater in America than they are in Europe. All we lack is money ; for here we are subjected to the enormous expenses of construction : whereas in Europe, with vastly larger means, there is no drain on our revenues, except for keeping the edifice in repair.”

“ Apropos, Hubert. We should give our early attention to Vincenzi ; for here is a prize that must not be lost.”

“ What was the final result of my plan of sending Vincenzi and his daughter to Italy ? ”

“ The idea was worthy of yourself ; and I succeeded in

winning his entire confidence. After his daughter was sent to the Sacred Heart, he came to live with us in the Convent of Sant' Ambrogio. Here, as you may well imagine, I moulded his views and feelings to suit myself. If that revolution had not broken out, I think everything would have been secure by another year, for the girl was in a fair way of dying from sheer obstinacy. She had fallen into a deep gloom; and although she submitted without complaining, to every duty laid upon her, yet she showed unmistakable signs of gradual decay. Vincenzi himself could scarcely have held out a year longer, and you have for some months been aware that he had in a will—now in my possession—left all his property in trust to our Order, to take effect immediately after his daughter should have taken the veil; or, in the event of her death, if it occurred before she had been fully initiated."

"Did you ascertain the amount of his property in Spain, General?"

"I did at last; but not without some exertion; for he has always had, as you well know, a terrible repugnance to unfolding the state of his affairs to anybody. He is a very strange fellow; for, while he seems never to have cared anything about money for its own sake, he has kept his affairs to himself as close as a miser. I did not wish to press him on that point, and, therefore, wrote to

our brethren in Madrid. Receiving no satisfactory information, I dispatched our friend, the Marquis Lorenzo, who, of course, succeeded. At a low estimate, his estates in Spain may be valued at three million dollars."

"Is it possible, General?"

"Yes; and certain. There is another good thing about it. His agent at Barcelona is an honest man, and, although not 'one of us,' he would be sure to do us no wrong; on the contrary, he would rather serve us than not. He is himself immensely rich, and cares very little about money. He has managed Vincenzi's estates admirably, and the revenue they have produced during the last ten years, has been at the rate of *four per cent. per annum* on five million dollars."

"I am glad to hear this, General. It is a surprise, however."

"And, in turn, Hubert, what are your estimates on his American property?"

"His bonds, mortgages, and cash securities in the city of New York, a little exceed one million. He has fifteen hundred thousand in the national debt, created by the war with Mexico; and half a million in the State Stocks of New York; while his property in the West Indies and Brazil is certainly worth three millions, as I estimated it before he started for Italy. We have, then, nine millions and over, which, with his personal property and

real estate in this city, bring it up, in round numbers, to ten millions."

"Quite a handsome sum, Hubert," said Jaudan with a smile, and rubbing the palms of his white hands gleefully together.

"It is certainly worth looking after. With half that sum we can establish and endow a *Sacre Cœur*, and a College for boys, in every State in the Union. We shall never be immovably strong in this country, until that is done."

"Let us get it first, Hubert, the spending of it will not be difficult. This European Revolution has, for the time, upset our plan, unless the girl should die shortly, and Vincenzi should make no other disposition of his property."

"He is not likely to do that, General, I hope?"

"He was safe enough while I had him within the walls of Old Sant' Ambrogio; but of his disposition now, God only knows. Several new elements are beginning to mingle in our little drama. In the first place, this heretic Stanhope Burleigh turned up in Genoa, as the devil would have it; and through a flower-girl, whom the Lady Abbess imprudently admitted to the garden of the Convent, learned the whereabouts of Genevra. We were crowded into pretty close quarters, and I confess I could see no other means of escape except through his agency.

He managed his cards very well; and we shall find, Hubert, that if we pit ourselves against him we shall have a hard fight. He loves the girl to distraction; and it is just as certain that she loves him quite as well. Burleigh is a well educated young man, and understands the world too well to mix himself up in our affairs without invitation, or solicitation from us. He is at once bold and discreet; clear-headed and full of talent. He has a thorough knowledge of law, and probably it would take us both some time to find his equal in a boy of two-and-twenty."

"There is also another thing, General, which you may not be aware of; he has a large fortune of his own."

"Ah! ha!" said Jaudan, "I am glad of that, Hubert; the fight will not be so hard; and for two reasons. First, We can use all the money that can be well used in the struggle, and if we should be able to save Vincenzi's estate, we could well afford to resign the little heretic,—which is probably all Stanhope would want. A young man with half a million in his pocket, and deeply in love, will look only after the girl. He has got money enough. The first thing will be, whenever the business of wills, codicils, deeds, and legal papers comes up, for us to look out, and not get ourselves into the meshes of the laws of this State."

"Then we must consult our friend O'Donnell at once,

He is, of course, still acting as the legal adviser of the Company of Jesus for the United States?"

"Yes; and he is a man perfectly fitted for the post he fills."

"Is he still in all the vigor of his prime?"

"Yes, General; and more than that—he has not yet reached the maturity of his powers. He is rising every day. So successful is he in whatever he attempts, that nobody dreams of his losing a case. An Irishman by descent, a Jesuit by instinct, learned above almost anybody in the profession, subtle in his plans, adroit in execution, never surprised, never unprepared, setting out in every cause with the single motive to win, whatever may be the cost or the hazard; the Company of Jesus in the United States has never expended any money so wisely as by retaining him in advance on our side, whenever our interests or the interests of our friends are at stake. What are ten thousand dollars a year for such services?"

"A bagatelle," replied Jaudan, with his most self-complacent smile. "But, Hubert, we may get ourselves into one or more unpleasant predicaments, where we shall have to resort to one or more *summary processes*. Are you sure that O'Donnell can be relied on in *any* emergency?"

"Yes."

"Is there no such word as—*flinch* in his vocabulary?"

"No, not even that still more fatal thing which men call '*scruple of conscience*.' "

"And yet, Hubert, this man has, at all events, a sense of honor that would never allow him to betray the Company of Jesus?"

"Why should we have any doubt on that score? You and I, General, have trod with him that passage of life"—

"Enough," said Jaudan, lifting his hand; "we are safe. But yet, I confess I feel somewhat awkward in setting a pane of glass in my bosom for such a pair of eyes as he carries in his head to look through, particularly when one of those eyes is suspected of having a Protestant cast, if convenient."

"You will remember, of course, General, that in Protestant countries we must use Protestant instruments. But O'Donnell is a *professed* Catholic, and what cares he for Protestantism! Why, it is doubtful if the fellow believes in God or devil."

"With all his genius then, Hubert, he ought to make a capital lawyer, and a pretty good Jesuit."

The two Jesuits had a good laugh. By this time they had reached the Lodge of the Sacred Heart. The gate swung open, and the carriage rolled up the hill. It stopped before the door of that superb edifice, which stands upon the most commanding eminence on the Island

of Manhattan—much after the architectural style of the French Chateau of the Middle Ages, domineering over the distant Metropolis, as the genius which founded it, domineers over the souls of its inhabitants.

They mounted the stairway which led to the reception-room ; and, while they were contemplating the bright and varied landscape, that opened on the south, with the East River on the one side, and the Hudson on the other, sweeping down by the great city, to the ocean, the Lady Superior was announced.

Hubert advanced to greet her, and, leading her a few steps, presented her to the General of her Order. She had learned from Hubert, the previous night, of his arrival. With a blanched face, and an agitation that she could not conceal, she was dropping upon her knee, when Jaudan, with the grace of a courtier, seized her hand—

“Daughter, let me substitute something better than this sign of your obedience and respect ;” and he raised her hand to his lips, as he led her to the sofa.

“I am glad to see you apparently in such perfect health. You have been growing young and beautiful since we parted, which, I had almost added, was long years ago.”

“You are too kind, General,” said the Lady Superior—as the rich carnation spread once more over her really

beautiful features. "I think the air of this place is specially suited to my constitution; and then on such a beautiful morning as this, who would not feel the glow of health and hope suffuse the cheek, and warm the heart. Have you looked from the front window, General?"

"I have, my Lady; but let us look again."

Hubert, who had some business affairs of the Convent to look after, excused himself as he withdrew from the apartment.

The Lady Superior had pointed out to the curious and tasteful eye of the General, all the striking objects, in the landscape. One by one, he had gazed intently upon them, and bent his ear to the fascinating voice of the gifted woman who stood by his side. When her description was finished, Jaudan was silent for some time. His eyes had lost that sharp intensity with which they pierced direct to the object he was looking at.

"My Lady," he said, in a tone of tenderness and romance that she had never expected to recognise in the voice of a successor of Loyola—"does it not occur to you that the landscape you look on from these windows is too charming?"

"It is beautiful, General! But what harm can it do us poor things, who have turned our backs on the world, and lifted our eyes to Heaven?"

Her face glowed with serene, but exultant hope. She

had lifted her hands just far enough to reveal the symmetry of her form, and there was an heroic beauty in the enthusiasm of one who had thus early in life's morning, given to Christ in unstained purity, all the passions of the human heart.

Jaudan had gained his point. He had discerned in her graceful and winning manner, all the elements of character so necessary in the Lady Superior of their Metropolitan Convent; and once more in his own heart, he applauded the management of Hubert, who seemed to have adapted all of his machinery with great felicity, to the vital energies of a young Republic.

"You are very young, my Lady, to be the Superior of a *Sacre Cœur*."

"General," she added, in a slight tone of raillery, "do you think it absolutely indispensable that a Lady Superior should become a hag, before she is qualified to win and guide the fairest and best maidens of this heretic Republic?"

Jaudan smiled. "No, my Lady," he said,—“the God of the universe has breathed the spirit of beauty over creation; and we have in the Holy Virgin herself, a divine type of perfection. But we came up this morning only for a ride, and to leave our blessing with you, and yours. Often, on future occasions, I shall hope to meet you; and I trust I feel a new emotion of gratitude, in

finding at the head of this establishment, one who is so eminently qualified to adorn any scene of life."

Jaudan could not help being gallant; and the Lady Superior, who was quick in her perception of character, had some doubt whether there was more devotion, or gallantry, in this last expression of her General. It is certain, however, that Jaudan's visit had benefited the Lady Superior; for she not only felt honored by his approbation, and conscious of new strength in the holy cause to which she had dedicated her life, but his courtly manners, and graceful compliments, had appealed to her heart, like a new inspiration. Suffused with the glow of conscious purity, and the delight of appreciation, she almost forgot herself in the extreme familiarity with which she seized Jaudan's hand.

"God bless thee, my daughter;" and at that moment Hubert entered the room.

The Lady Superior rang the bell, and a meek but happy-looking girl entered with three little cups of *café noir* upon an antique salver. The General handed one to the Lady Superior, and another to Hubert—as he was lifting the third to his lips, he caught a glimpse of the beautiful Moorish Arabesque upon its surface, inlaid in gold and silver. Startled, he looked with surprise into the Lady's face, as if he wished to ask a question, beckoning, at the same moment, the servant to wait.

She smiled. "Is it not a splendid work of art, General, to be seen in our poor Convent? It was sent to me by the Lady Abbess of the *Sacre Cœur* at Genoa, when she sent me two excellent Italian sisters as assistants."

What a volume Jaudan read in that relic from Granada!

They partook of the slight refreshment, and making their adieux entered the carriage, which rolled luxuriously away, down the great road leading from the *Sacre Cœur*.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF CARLO.

A few evenings after the arrival of Carlo at the house of Hubert—which he had not quitted for a moment—he was sitting at a little table in the centre of his sleeping apartment, reading a French copy of Monte Christo, which had beguiled his lonely hours with enchantment. He was looking fresh and bright as a new-blown rose, and his eager eyes absorbed page after page, unconscious of time or place.

The door opened noiselessly. A hand was laid gently on his head, and a voice said—

“Inez!”

The shock was electric. Inez rose suddenly to her feet, and gazing with wondering eyes on Padre Jaudan, exclaimed—

“Is it to be so? Am I no longer Carlo?”

“No. You will now assume your real name, and the garments of a woman, which belong to you. For many and important reasons, which I shall hereafter explain,

you assumed this disguise, as you well know, at an early age, and became my little Neophyte, in the Convent. But now, you have a more difficult part to play ; and I trust, Inez, I shall not find you unwilling or ungrateful."

"Oh, no ! *Padre mio*. How could I be ungrateful to you, who have watched over me so many years ; who have always been so kind ? There is nothing I will not do to please you. But how shall I look ? How shall I feel in these strange garments ?"

"Oh, they will not feel awkward, I imagine," said the Padre, smiling. "The flowing robe of a neophyte, which you have so long worn, is not very dissimilar ; and then, for the present, I have had them prepared in black, which you have always worn ; and it is not unbecoming to you. They are to be brought this evening, and you will put them on in the morning, and go to the house of Signor Vincenzi to live with Genevra."

"Live with Genevra ! Go away from you ! Oh, Monsieur ! it will break my heart."

"Foolish child ! Do you not see that it is impossible for you to stay here as a woman, in the house of an ecclesiastic ? I shall remain here for the present."

"But what will Genevra think ? I shall be ashamed to meet her after having worn boy's clothes so long ; and I am sure she will be very shy of me. And what am I to do there ?"

“You need have no fears on the score of shamefacedness with Miss Vincenzi. I have told her, that owing to the misfortunes of your parents”—Inez’s lips parted as if to speak, but a look from Jaudan checked her—“this disguise was necessary. But since you have left all danger behind in Europe, I wish you to resume the dress of your sex; and as in education and refinement you are not inferior to her, I desire you to become her companion.”

“What did she say, Monsieur? Did she like the idea?”

“She was, of course, very much astonished, but seemed equally delighted. Poor thing! she is, doubtless, very lonely.”

“But what am I to do there, Monsieur? Something besides wearing frocks, and amusing Miss Vincenzi?”

“That is the point, Inez. You have a most important part to act. You know Genevra is a heretic; that her mother was one before her; and that it is the wish of Signor Vincenzi that Genevra should go into a Convent. You must prepare her mind for her destiny; for enter into a Convent she *must*.”

“But why should she go into a Convent, Monsieur? Is not her father rich? Does he not love her? And have I not heard you say that her mother wished her to marry Mr. Burleigh? And is it not plain enough to all the world that they love one another?”

"That is it. Her mother did sanction such an unholy union. But Vincenzi himself would rather see her in her grave, than have her become the wife of Burleigh. He thinks there is no way to prevent it, but to have her take the veil; for he fears that after his death she will marry him."

"Poor Genevra," sighed Inez. "I am sure she is an angel, and that Mr. Burleigh is good and noble, if he is a Protestant. But what can I do?"

"You must be with Genevra always. Never allow her to go out alone; and should she write to Burleigh, see that the letter is not sent; if one comes, see that she does not get it."

"Oh, Monsieur! that will be playing the spy—a mean, deceitful spy," cried Inez; and the proud blood flashed to her temples. "I cannot, *cannot* do that."

"You will do it," he said, grasping her arm violently, and darting at her an intolerable glance. "Millions depend upon it. Will you become my foe, and thwart my dearest plans? Where now is your gratitude—your affection?"

Inez stood hushed and trembling.

"Do you not know," he continued, "that I and my brethren, hundreds of them, are driven penniless from the Old World—all our property confiscated? This Vincenzi has already become one of us, and if he does not

relent towards this puny girl, his wealth is ours. Inez, you know that the Company of Jesus must be sustained. We must have means to build up, and to tear down; and you know it is our creed, that everything shall be subservient to its aggrandizement; and will you not help me in this crisis? You, who I thought would fly to do my lightest bidding? And then what is this Miss Vincenzi but a hated heretic—an enemy to us, and all who hold our sublime religion. Inez, you may be even the means of saving her soul.”

Inez had covered her face with her hands to conceal the horror this disclosure painted there. As the Padre continued, she, who had not been trained in a school where truth was the chief virtue, felt her first impression melting away, and began to think herself most ungrateful towards her benefactor; and, before he had concluded, it seemed to her it would be a crime to sacrifice the Society of Jesus to her silly scruples, when she could do so much. And then, what mattered it? Genevra was a heretic, and, if she did not repent, she deserved her fate. At all events, Inez had been told so all her life, and it had never occurred to her to doubt it. She removed her hands, and extending them towards Jaudan, said—

“Forgive me, *Padre mio*. You are wiser than I, and I ought to know that you would not command me to do a thing that was not right and best.”

A feeling of shame and remorse shot through the soul of Jaudan; but, banishing it, as he had banished too many good emotions during the last eighteen years, he kissed Inez's forehead, and said—

“My daughter, I thought you could not refuse so reasonable a request. I wish you to be gay and happy. Enjoy your music—ride, walk, and feel that you are at home. Be as gay as a lark, and I shall see you almost every day. I understood from the Confessor of Vincenzi, that he has forbidden Burleigh the house. You will see that this order is strictly obeyed; but should you in any way encounter him alone, make yourself known to him, and dispel from his mind any suspicion that Genevra is to enter a Convent. Hold out to him every hope of marrying her after her father's death. We must keep *him* quiet at all hazards.”

“Make yourself known to Burleigh!” thought Inez. Her heart beat tumultuously at the thought; and she became so agitated that she scarcely heeded the Padre's good-night. “How can I make myself known to Burleigh? I am sure he will despise me for having been so bold with him on the Clipper. But what should I care what he thinks?” she said, pouting her lips, and patting her little foot nervously on the floor. “He loves Genevra, and will not notice how I look. Oh, oh! I am impatient to get on those woman things. I wonder if I

shall be pretty ! They always said I was a pretty boy ; But I am so different from Genevra." She sighed. "She looks like a Holy Virgin ; I, more like a Magdalen. Heigh ho ! it must be a very disagreeable thing to be a woman. I am sure I never felt half so miserable as at the very prospect ; so I will to bed and forget my troubles. *Addio, Signor Carlo,*" she said, as she laid off the boy's vestments for the last time ; "you were a jolly, happy little elf ; we shall not meet again, I fear ;" and she tenderly kissed those garments as her tears fell upon them ; "but I will preserve thy memory as I do the blue sea and vine-clad hills of my sunny Italy—my home and my boyhood."

The next morning, Inez rose soon after the daylight had come through her window ; but not before a servant had brought a box, containing one full suit of ladies' apparel, not even forgetting a shawl, a pretty bonnet, and a little pair of gloves, laid on an exquisitely laced and perfumed pocket-handkerchief. On top of all was the following note :—

"DEAR INEZ,—Happy to comply with the request of Padre Jaudan, I have procured for you these things. I hope they will please you ; but as you will soon be with me, we can correct all deficiencies ; and you will then have a full and complete wardrobe.

"I am impatient to see my little acquaintance, Carlo. I am sure we shall be the best of friends, and sisters.

"Your affectionate

"GENEVA."

Inez sighed heavily.

"Poor girl! must I reward her kindness so basely! I will not be so cruel." As she examined the beautiful linen, the pretty stockings, the tiny satin boots, Carlo blushed; but Inez put them on, and they fitted to a charm. Next came the dressing of the luxuriant curling hair. She parted it in the centre, and the change was marvellous. She fastened it behind her ears, rolled it up at the back, and a beautiful girl sprang into life. The rose deepened on her cheek, and in the triumph of conscious beauty, she said, as she looked once more in the mirror—

"You have magnificent eyes, Inez."

The rich black silk was a trifle too small for her *petite*, but voluptuous form; but it was with some misgivings that she looked at the dimensions of the skirt, and the trimmings of the sleeves.

"But I am sure I shall be suffocated in all this quantity of silk. Ah! I see it has a kind of little vest inside this waist, and these buttons seem natural. I shall always wear buttons." Poor Carlo was used to them.

The bonnet made her still more beautiful, if possible; and she hastily finished her toilet, as she heard the knock of Padre Jaudan at the door. She flew to open it. Jaudan seemed almost overwhelmed with the change in her appearance—but recovering himself he said—

“You are very pretty, my little Inez;” and then with an involuntary sigh, he continued—“may you be happier than your poor mother was! How old are you, my dear?”

“Seventeen, Padre, am I not?”

“Yes! Yes! I believe so, but it seems a long time ago,” he said, with one of his transient, dreamy looks.

“What seems a long time, Monsieur?” said Inez, touching his arm.

“Nothing! nothing! Let us be going, child; Miss Vincenzi expects you to breakfast. But what have you there?”

“Only Carlo’s clothes, Padre. I want to take them with me. I love them very much.”

“Ah! you foolish child,” he said, as he smiled, and once more kissed her forehead; “but come, the carriage waits.” And in a moment they were whirling away to Bond Street.

-

CHAPTER XVI.

STANHOPE AND HIS MOTHER.

A FEW anxious days went by. Burleigh had once more rejoined his family at their country seat near Boston; and all his friends, who were still there, had assembled to give him a hearty welcome to his home. Unlike most of them, he had added to the culture of years of literary toil, the full completeness of realized classic beauty. In the midst of fallen arches, and broken columns, he had recalled, with vividness, the studies of his earlier years. As he trod upon the dust of departed empires, the genius of their great authors flashed upon his fancy, with new vividness; and he felt himself more intimately connected with the spirits that had guided the destinies of the States and kingdoms of antiquity, than he had ever felt in the class-room. Burleigh's mind was of that ideal type, which made the actual ruins he stood upon, and contemplated, grander to his imagination, than they ever appeared to the eye of a Greek or a Roman.

And now, surrounded as he was by the brilliant

assemblage of those who had bent to the power, and paled before the lustre of his academic genius, he was oppressed by the desire, so many expressed, that he would entertain them by some account of his travels.

“My friends, I have only been abroad two years; and it would be assuming quite too much for me, to speak of anything I have seen, unless I should talk of it as I would to a fellow-traveller in a *Malle-Poste*.”

It so happened that this way of talking was exactly in Burleigh's vein—it was the way he had oft magnetized everybody near him. He was modest—instinctively so. He despised ostentation—he never courted it—he could not endure it in others, much less the appearance of it in himself; and herein consisted the chief charm of his character.

There are some men who seem to be intrusted with the important mission of representing to the coarse world of life and business, the ideal which every fine mind and every gentle heart carries into society. Burleigh was pre-eminently such a man. He was rich—and born rich. This disgusted no one, and gave a *prestige* in our money-making republic, which could not be taken from him. Like a generous republican, too, he was plain, unpretending, and unassuming in everything. This gave him an immense advantage with all classes—not only with the low, but with the high; for he raised the one by the

genial influence of his presence to a better and higher idea of life; and the other found in his presence the noblest model for imitation. He was the observed of all observers, and he had been so from his early youth. Without courting attention, he had never been able to escape it—without wishing even to be appreciated, everybody had joined in too loud a chorus of approbation for whatever he did.

The company assembled to greet him, had been invited chiefly by his mother. Born and bred in scenes of taste and refinement, she swayed the society she moved in. There must always be some gifted woman in every circle like this, to give tone to thought, manner, and sentiment, and even to *fashion*—whatever *la mode* may send over to us from Paris. Mrs. Burleigh was such a woman. She loved her son, and all the affection she had felt for him as a bright college boy, had ripened into a mother's pride for the one who had now grown to manhood, and graced with every accomplishment, was adorned by that finishing stroke which is only imparted to the finest character—unconsciousness of superiority.

The luxurious apartments of Mrs. Burleigh's house, had gathered that evening many of the finest minds, and the noblest characters of New England. To no one there, was Stanhope unknown; and yet there was a universal expectation that he would make more of a figure than he

did. But our readers can well understand why he did not appear even as well as usual, for they know that he had left his heart with Genevra. He had always mastery enough over himself to act well—and he acted well that evening. But a certain strangeness of manner had not escaped observation, and captious remarks were made. Some said he had “grown important after his tour;” others, that he was “assuming foreign airs,” etc.; but no one said that Burleigh did not greet every old friend with all the straightforwardness, frankness, and simplicity of his nature.

When the party had dispersed, and the doors of the old house closed once more for night's repose, a scene occurred between Burleigh and his mother, which ought to be related.

The lights were not yet extinguished, and, taking Stanhope's arm, Mrs. Burleigh said :

“Stanhope, you do not know how happy I have been to-night! To have you return after so long a separation, which I found it so hard to bear, and be greeted as you were to-night, by such a company, has made this day the brightest of my life, except that bright morning when, three-and-twenty years ago, I gave my hand and heart to your noble father. That was a day of pleasure—the gala-day of my youth; but this has been a day of exultation and pride,—for, Stanhope, it is the anniversary of my

wedding-day, and you are now of the same age your father was when, on that first evening, I walked with him through this old mansion, on his arm, as I now hold yours.

"But, Stanhope, there has been a little tinge of sadness in my heart this evening, for it seems to me you are somewhat changed."

"No, no ! my beloved mother. Do you think that I have become a foreigner, or that a hundred Europes could make me anything but Stanhope Burleigh ?"

"No, no, my child, it is not that, but you are changed—I know you are ; you cannot conceal it from her who has watched your growth from the nursery, and known all your thoughts and feelings.

"Come, Stanhope," she continued, clinging confidently to his arm with both hands, and turning her rich hazel eyes up into his face, "you never concealed anything from me. What is it ?"

"Why, nothing, mother," said Stanhope, with a slight tone of impatience ; "I have nothing to conceal from you. Why should I ?"

"You have, Stanhope. Are you in love ?"

"Yes, mamma ; I am in love with——"

"Whom ? Whom ?"

"You," was the answer, as he kissed her fair cheek.

"Come, come, Stanhope, this wont do. Tell me all about it."

Stanhope blushed very deeply.

"Well, well, mother, I'll tell you. I am in love, and, with your approbation, I shall shortly be married to Genevra Vincenzi."

"Genevra Vincenzi! Where is she?"

"At the house of her father, in Bond-street, New York."

"But how do you know this? Nothing has been heard of her since she went to Europe with her father, now more than two years ago."

"I see I must tell all, and we will make a good story of it while we are about it."

They sat down in the conservatory, and Stanhope began his recital, where our readers first met him talking with the flower-girl, by the steps of the Church of the Annunziata.

———The story was finished.

"You will come to live with us when you are married, will you not, Stanhope?" as she embraced him, and her eyes swam in tears of joy.

"Where else could we go, my dear mother? It would not be a home to me—hardly would it be to Genevra herself, if you were not with us!"

"You are my Stanhope still," she exclaimed, as she again pressed the manly form of her son to her heart.

To her, the future was sunshine ; for Burleigh had cast no shadow on her spirit, although many a cloud was flitting over his own. He had already thought too much ; and in living over again, so vividly, the strange history of his love, he craved the relief which we all feel in the change which gives the heart repose, by the contemplation of a new object.

The old man-servant softly opened the door, and asked if he should extinguish the lights.

“No, no, Nathan ; not yet. I’ll ring for you when the time comes. Mother, I want to see that fine picture of Alston, by candlelight. I have looked at it two or three times, but the blinds have always been shut. Let us go into the Library.”

They sat before one of the matchless creations of the great Poet-Painter of America.

“Is it not strange,” said Burleigh, after he had gazed upon it in rapt admiration for some minutes ; “is it not strange that such a man as Alston, like almost all our great artists, has been starved out of his country, and compelled to live in Europe, where alone their pictures were understood or appreciated ? Alston told me that ‘The Angel liberating St. Peter from Prison’ was painted for Sir George Beaumont—‘Jacob’s Dream’ went into the possession of the Earl of Egremont. He brought his ‘Elijah in the Désert’—but it was purchased for

Mr. Labouchere, a member of Parliament. The 'Uriel in the Sun' went into the Gallery of the Marquis of Stafford—most of his best works are in Europe."

They moved on.

"There," said Mrs. Burleigh, "is the portrait of your father, taken at your age."

Burleigh had seen it a thousand times, but he started—

"Why, mother, it seems a portrait of myself!"

"Yes, for you are just like your father. And there is the picture of your grandfather; and there, of your great-grandfather; and there, of his father; and there, the first of your ancestors who came to America."

"And, to my liking," said Burleigh, "the finest-looking fellow in the lot."

"Why should he not have been, Stanhope? for you know he was one of the bravest and the best that stood upon the deck of the May Flower, as she swung to her moorings off Plymouth Rock."

"He," she continued with a look of pride, "left his history in the history of New England. *There* is 'a name,' Stanhope, 'that was not born to die.'"

Burleigh remembered the history of that heroic, liberty-loving, God-fearing man. He stood with his gaze riveted for a while upon the face of his ancestor. A shudder came over him. He looked again. His ances-

tor's face had disappeared, but in its place he saw the wily image of Jaudan, the Jesuit.

“What is it !” exclaimed Mrs. Burleigh.

Stanhope drew a long sigh.

“You must be fatigued, I think, my dear mother.”

She was fatigued ; but she would have given a great deal to have known what Stanhope was thinking of.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE COUNSELLOR OF THE JESUITS.

LATE the same evening that witnessed the genial gathering of Stanhope's friends in the mansion of his fathers, Hubert was sitting in his library, in earnest conversation with O'Donnell, the Counsellor of the Company of Jesus in the United States.

"This is the best I can do for you, Hubert," said the Counsellor. "Suppose, now, that we lay the plan before Jaudan himself?"

At that instant the door opened, and the General of the Company entered.

"This cigar, gentlemen, is quite too good to throw away, if you will excuse the vices of an old campaigner."

Hubert and O'Donnell may have had vices enough of their own, but smoking was not in the category. They were both nervous Irishmen; too restless by instinct to like repose. Jaudan's native impulsiveness had been toned by *mezzo giorno* influences; he loved a good cigar—he did not merely like it. He had lingered at the hos-

pitiable table of his host to drink a few more glasses of *Billecart Salmon's Verzenay Champagne*, his favorite wine in Europe; and important as was the business in hand, with that consciousness of power which is the inheritance of men who are born to command, he had displayed none of that fretful anxiety which had prevented the Counsellor from enjoying his dinner, and which now threatened Hubert himself with an indigestion. They both rose, and with every sign of respect, welcomed the great man.

"*Par nobile fratrum!* I hope I bring with me no counter eddy to disturb the progress of your serene thoughts."

Both bent before the man who controlled the Catholic World.

Jaudan recognised the compliment with his usual grace, and slid away unostentatiously into the large easy chair, which had now become his favorite lounging-place in Hubert's library.

"Gentlemen," he said in admirable English, "I am so enraptured with this great metropolis and its *environs*, that I have hardly the courage to come down to-night—or, rather, to go up—to the business which has brought us together."

"And yet, General, you know we must have your counsel."

"Yes, my noble brother, you shall—but I cannot throw

away my cigar just yet ; and I beg you will go on with your scheme ; for, after all, you hold the reins here ; you are driving your own steeds now, and what is more, you know the road. I shall hear all you say, and I may have now and then a word to say myself."

The General sank back in his *fauteuil*, and Hubert and the Counsellor of the Jesuits went once more earnestly to their work.

Their business was to possess themselves of the immense estates of Vincenzi—at all hazards. O'Donnell was soon put in possession of all the important facts in the case. Nothing was withheld from him—for Jesuits are too wise to risk the consequences of stating half a case to a counsellor.

"Can you lay your hand upon that *will*, General?"

"I think so, brother Hubert ; will you' hand me my Casket from the safe?"

Hubert took from his pocket a small key, with which he opened the iron safe that stood in one corner of his library, and handed Jaudan the same black Casket on which the reader saw him gazing so intently, in the Octagon Tower of Sant' Ambrogio. This Casket contained the choicest treasures, both in papers and jewels, which Jaudan had been able to save from the wreck of the Italian Revolution. It would have been curious to have heard the history of those jewels ; how they had

adorned many a coronet in Europe, and from the foreheads, the necks, the arms, and the fingers of princesses, they had flashed in the palaces of decadent or fallen dynasties. If it had not been more curious, it would certainly have been more startling, to have read the history of the papers. But for the most part, Jaudan kept these things to himself. He had no dread of confiding in other people ; for he read character almost infallibly. But he made it a rule never to confide in others, any further than he found it necessary. Taking from the Casket the will which Vincenzi had executed in Italy, he handed it to O'Donnell.

“ Ah ! it is in English ; that is a good beginning.”

They all sat in silence, while the Counsellor read the paper.

“ This paper is well drawn,” he said. “ It is duly witnessed and authenticated by the American Consul, with his seal. General, is there a copy of this paper recorded, or left on file in the Consulate ?”

“ No, Counsellor ; but a record was made of its legalization, on the books of the Office.”

“ Well, that will do ; for, if it becomes necessary, the Secretary of State, at Washington, can add his certificate to the genuineness of the seal and signature of the Consul. Now, General, what do you propose to do with this paper ?”

"To learn, first of all, Counsellor," replied Jaudan, "if it is all regular and valid; and if, under your laws, it will hold good."

"Why, doubtless the paper is properly executed; but as Vincenzi is a citizen of New York, and is now here, it occurs to me that it would be better to have him go through the formality of executing the will again; for it will save us delay, perhaps; and it will cost very little to do it, if he is still of the same mind."

"But, Counsellor," inquired Jaudan, "this seems to be a delicate business. Suppose Vincenzi should object?"

"Then, all you have to do, is to be certain that he makes no other will, at a later date, to set aside this disposition of his property."

"But, Counsellor, are there no laws in the State of New York to prevent Vincenzi from disinheriting his daughter? We have encountered some serious difficulties in other countries, when estates of far less value than this have been bequeathed to the Company of Jesus."

"No. The only question that would arise, if an attempt were made to break this will, would be whether it were made under suspicious circumstances; such, for instance, as whether the Testator was in sound body and mind, and competent to make a will. What was his state then?"

"He was in delicate health ; but entirely competent, in every respect, to dispose of his property."

"Can you prove this, if necessary ?"

"I think there would be no difficulty in the case. Is not the certificate of the Consul sufficiently clear ?"

"No, it is not sufficiently clear ; for it is made only in the usual form, and this is an *unusual* transaction. It would have been far better, if he had added the important item that Mr. Vincenzi was not only known to him to be the person who executed the act, but to have been, to his own knowledge and belief, in a sound state of body and mind ; for you see, if a question should arise, you would be obliged to send to Italy ; and then your Consul might be dead, or the Records destroyed, or something else. On the whole, therefore, General, I should recommend that you lose no time in getting a new will executed ; for I confess that I should feel some apprehension, since the estate is so very large, if this will were contested. You say Vincenzi cannot live long, and that he sometimes relents towards his daughter. She may not go into a Convent at all. Then what is to become of the estate ? It would not be safe to forget, that, in spite of all the liberality which our laws and institutions show towards foreigners and Catholics, we cannot rely upon any special favor in our Courts of Justice. They are swayed to a great extent by Public Opinion ; and Public

Opinion can be manufactured by the newspapers pretty fast. General, *this is preëminently a Protestant nation.* There is no special uproar yet raised against foreigners or Catholics, and we hardly hear a word against the Jesuits; but I am very much mistaken if there is not a spirit abroad in this country, which will break out into a storm of indignation against foreigners and Catholics, before many years have gone by; and I am equally certain that the first bolt of indignation will fall upon the head of the Company of Jesus."

Hubert looked disturbed. It was not the first time the Counsellor of the Jesuits had given him that hint, and he had been often apprehensive on this point himself; but he did not feel particularly thankful to O'Donnell for introducing the matter, in that naked shape, to his General, only a few days after he had landed.

"Counsellor," replied Hubert, "I know you have some such fears; but there is time enough, at all events, to arrange this affair, before any of your apprehensions can be realized?"

"My excellent Hubert, I trust there is time enough for this affair, and a great many others; but you would not think me a safe legal adviser, if I rocked you to sleep while you were approaching a precipice."

"Counsellor," remarked Jaudan, "I like your caution. For my part, I think if we are to be alarmed at all, we

had better get frightened before the storm comes, and then we can prepare for it."

"Therefore, I recommend a new will, or, at least, a re-execution of the old one; and, it seems to me, at the same time, it would be well if there were a more specific and minute designation and enumeration of the various estates, stocks, goods, and chattels of the testator. It will be a hopeless undertaking to try to carry through an affair of the kind, and get some ten or twelve millions into your hands, without exciting suspicions against you: and I am not particularly fond of exposing myself to the merciless batteries of Public Opinion, especially in a case of this kind. To lose a game here, before the Supreme Court of the United States, would not be very creditable to me: and as for the Company of Jesus, it would come very near winding up its history in the United States. Where is the difficulty in getting Vincenzi to confirm this will? Have you tried him?"

"Not recently," said Jaudan; "but I will."

"Of course his Confessor is with him? and probably still acting as his physician?"

"Yes," replied Hubert, "and he does not leave him."

"Ah! that is well," said O'Donnell. "How was he affected by the voyage, and what is his health now?"

"I saw him to-day," said Jaudan, "and I think the voyage has done him some good. He is getting quite

vigorous; and, to tell you the truth, Counsellor, I feel somewhat apprehensive on this point; but if we break down in our plan of getting him to give us the new will before good witnesses here; and if we fail in establishing the validity of this will after his death, we have one good chance left."

"What is it, General?"

"We can, if necessary, you know, send Geneva abroad."

A pause succeeded; but it would be doing great injustice to these three gentlemen to suppose that their feelings would have been shocked by any suggestion which promised them success in their great but difficult plan.

"And," added O'Donnell, with his ordinary self-possession, "it seems to me that you have one other resource left, which, somewhat to my astonishment, you have not thought of, since it is a *spiritual measure*."

"Well, Counsellor," said Jaudan, taking another pinch of snuff, while Hubert was evidently growing nervous—

"Vincenzi is in your hands. Your machinery must be working very badly if you cannot bend his naturally amiable, and now enfeebled mind, to your purposes; and, above all, when the grand trial comes, and he feels that the last hour is approaching, then, of course, bring in the

tapers and crucifixes, and if these will not do, send for a weeping Virgin Mary ; and if you fail here, bring in the relics of some Saint ; and if this is ineffectual, let him die, and you can *make him sign the will after he is dead !* ”

Jaudan's face brightened : he felt safe. Hubert was not quite as great a villain, because he was not quite as great a man—and the flush on his cheek revealed a countenance partially disturbed.

With the utmost serenity, O'Donnell added—“ Gentlemen, I suppose this is a *legal* process, to recover ten or twelve million dollars. I conclude that if the work is to be done, you will not be likely to hesitate at the means. General, will you favor me with another pinch of that fine snuff ? ”

It might perhaps be called a strange spectacle, which we have asked our readers to look on ; and it may frankly be confessed, that the coolness with which these three gentlemen contemplated and arranged the deep wrong they were about to perpetrate, was worthy of special observation ; but the reader must not forget we are dealing with Jesuits, and uncommon Jesuits at that. Sometimes lawyers who are heavily fee'd, advise their clients with the single object of enabling them to win their cases. Counsellor O'Donnell allowed his clients to shoulder the responsibility, whether he lost or won ; and very few of his clients ever complained that their cases

went against them. Hubert was sensitive on the score of Public Opinion. He did not wish to get into bad odor. For this reason, a dark deed of the kind just plotted, gave him a species of mortification—apprehension—or something like it; for it was not a twinge of conscience. It *may* have been a pang of remorse. O'Donnell had nothing of this kind; for he was sure that *he* never would be caught napping; and his life at the bar had burned out everything which men call conscience, and left what men call the ashes of it, in the socket of his soul. As for Padre Jaudan, the idea that any feeling or sentiment, human or inhuman, should throw the weight of a feather into the scale when the Institution of Loyola was at stake, is a thought that would be a poor compliment to the supreme Commander of the Company of Jesus.

The business of this triune conclave was finished. By general consent, it was dismissed. We are now to see how the plot moved on.

CHAPTER XVIII,

THE SICK MAN.

SPRING had already ripened into midsummer. Vincenzi had somewhat rallied from his former prostration, and was enabled to ride out, and sometimes join his daughter and Inez in the drawing-room. His eyes often filled with tears, and his heart with relentings, as he marked Genevra's pale cheek, and listless step, which became heavier, day by day. She had been the most devoted and affectionate of nurses whenever her father had permitted her to be so : but often, after hours of the tenderest communion, and sympathy, he would suddenly become stern and gloomy, and deny her his presence for whole days. Vincenzi had naturally a generous heart ; and if he had not fallen into the hands of the Jesuits, he would have made the best of husbands and fathers ; but inheriting immense wealth, and having committed the crime of marrying a heretic, he seemed a lawful prey to his wily Confessor, who, through the most plausible intrigues, gained a footing in his house ; and from that

time, confidence and peace fled from it for ever. Coldness, estrangement, and persecution, had finally brought Madame Vincenzi to the grave; and her struggles stimulated the remorse of her husband, for having married, and then sacrificed her—it made his life a torment. He vainly hoped to expiate his sin, in offering Genevra and her wealth, as a holocaust to his offended Maker.

Genevra well knew the cause of these days of estrangement; for there was always a dark frown, and a ghostly voice, warning him to wean himself and his daughter from the things of earth, if he hoped to expiate his former transgressions. Genevra endured all this without complaint; but her lonely pillow was often wet with the tears she shed for her poor father's infatuation. She had found consolation, and sometimes even pleasure, in the lively companionship of Inez. But then, at times, Inez, too, was most unaccountably cold, depressed, and reserved. She had received no word, written or verbal, from Stanhope. She thought she had seen him once or twice pass the house; but it was only a glance of his retreating form—those dear, anticipated tokens had never come. Often did Genevra's heart say within her—"Would not a Convent be a refuge from all these anxieties?" But hope was more often the buoyant guest; and she would not, could not doubt the faith of Stanhope.

For her father's sake, and to escape the stifling heat of the town, Geneva would gladly have gone to the country. But it did not suit the views of the Confessor, nor the plans of Jaudan, that Vincenzi should be exposed to other influences ; and as he was somewhat better, he languidly yielded to their advice.

"No," said the General to his accomplice, "we will have none of this visiting at watering-places, nor going into the country. He would meet old acquaintances, from whom we have cut him off for nearly three years ; and very likely the girl might come across this Burleigh, and be enticed away again. I have sometimes seen him in the streets, and he hovers constantly about here ; but as long as he knows that she is in New York, and in her father's house, he will be quiet. But, O'Sullivan, does Vincenzi say anything about his will ?"

"Yes, father, he has spoken of it often, lately. His mind is always troubled after he has seen his daughter ; and though he is still resolute that she shall never wed this heretic, he thinks he could, after all, leave her a portion of his wealth, and save her from a Convent, which she so much dreads, on condition that she will abandon the creed of her mother, and go willingly, with heart and soul, into the Holy Church. She will do neither ; girls of her age care little for money : and I believe she would sooner sacrifice her love for Stanhope,

than give up her creed. Her mother was a woman of superior qualities—among them was indomitable resolution, whenever she thought she was right. Her daughter does not lack this characteristic, and besides, she has a deep detestation of our religion, and all its ceremonies. I have myself seen her lips curl with the intensest scorn, whenever she has been obliged to go to mass; and when she witnessed the adoration of the worshippers, as the host was elevated, she looked as people seldom look, who are ever to be embraced in the holy arms of the Church.”

“No, O’Sullivan, nothing but fear, or stratagem, will bend this girl to our bidding. Keep her from her father as much as possible, and see, above all, that no papers are drawn, or wills made or altered, without my knowledge. There may be more depending upon this matter than you imagine, O’Sullivan, and—” he continued, as he gave to the Irish priest a significant look, “if you manage this matter with great ability and precaution, I can give you *my* word for it, that you will bless the day we had this little talk together.”

O’Sullivan bowed, with great reverence, before his master.

“No fear of that, father; I never leave him. He has not a thought or feeling that he does not impart to me. In fact, he is at the Confessional, so to speak, twenty-four hours every day. I sleep on the lounge in his room,

and if he stirs, I am by his side. But, father, our work is nearly done. This rallying of strength is but a transient affair. The first blast of an American autumn will snap the feeble thread that holds him to life, as the withered leaves are swept by the gale."

CHAPTER XIX.

INEZ AND JAUDAN.

INEZ was a happy, generous spirit; and the part she was playing towards Genevra often irritated her beyond endurance. But Jaudan saw her almost every day—sometimes oftener—and while he held out to Genevra the hope that her father was fast recovering, and that they would enjoy long years together (he emphasized the word *together*), he lost no opportunity of questioning Inez about the state of Vincenzi's household, and how she was getting on in the work given her to do.

"You can see it, Monsieur, by one glance at *Made-moiselle*," said Inez, petulantly, one day. "She already begins to doubt the faith of Burleigh, all of whose missives of love I have stopped—and it is killing her, Monsieur."

"So much the better, then, my charming Inez," said Jaudan, "she will give us less trouble. Has he tried to see her?"

"Personally, no; but he has written to her often; and

sent her books and flowers, and some objects of taste, and *bijouterie*."

"Did she get them?" said the Jesuit, scrutinizing Inez closely.

"No, *Monsieur*," she replied, as her tears began to fall. "I secreted or destroyed them. Did you not tell me to do so? Oh, *Monsieur*! I *lied to her*; I deceived her; and I hate myself for it," she cried passionately.

"Leave the room, *Mademoiselle*," said Jaudan, in a voice of withering rebuke. "Hereafter never let me witness such a scene as this."

Inez was deeply wounded, and she was too proud and generous withal not to resent insult. She hesitated an instant. Her pride came to her relief—she would not reply to a man whom, for the first time in her life, she despised. She obeyed, and closed the door behind her, as Jaudan exclaimed in a burst of rage—

"A plague upon all women. I had rather try to control a score of men, than one of these tender-conscienced, tear-shedding creatures; and yet," he added, more calmly, "all goes well. Inez is getting somewhat restive, but she has gone too far on our road to recede, and I think the little witch, with all her genius and boldness, does not dare absolutely to disobey me."

CHAPTER XX.

INEZ AND STANHOPE.

EARLY one morning, as Inez was going out to make some purchases for herself and Genevra, in descending the steps, she saw Burleigh slowly walking down on the opposite side of the street, looking up towards the windows of the house. He was hoping, doubtless, to catch some glimpse of Genevra. Inez recognised him instantly, bowed and smiled. If Genevra herself had appeared, he could scarcely have been more surprised than he was at this salutation. His heart whispered, "Perhaps it is some friend of Genevra's, who has a message for me"—and he flew to the side of Inez.

"*Bon jour*, Monsieur Burleigh. I am happy to see you looking so well, after our voyage in the Stormy Petrel," said Inez, in her pertest and most *piquant* manner. Stanhope gazed a moment into those brilliant, saucy eyes, dimpled cheeks, and the downy crescent above her smiling month.

"Good Heavens!" cried he, seizing her hand, "you

are Carlo ! I should have known you among a thousand. How is Geneva ? Is she well ? Tell me ! ”

“ Softly, softly, Monsieur Burleigh. Do not overwhelm me with too many questions. Which shall I answer first ? Of course of Geneva. She is well and happy. ”

“ Happy ! ” sighed Burleigh. “ Thank God ! it is more than I can say for myself. But tell me of yourself, Miss *Carlo*. What does all this mean ? ”—looking at her gracefully flowing dress—“ and your coming from the house of Miss Vincenzi, too ? ”

“ Have a little patience, *Monsieur* Burleigh. If you can leave your post,” she said, archly, “ and walk with me awhile, I will explain matters ; ” and as they went on she gave him the same explanation, as far as she could, that had already been given to Geneva.

“ But have you no idea of the nature of the danger that menaced you in Italy ? ”

“ Not the least ; but Padre Jaudan has promised that in good time I shall hear everything about the past which concerns me. ”

“ Well, Miss Inez—for I think that is the name you have taken ? ”

“ Yes, Monsieur ; I am Inez now. ”

“ Well, Miss Inez,” said Burleigh, something after his old manner of addressing her, “ you are still a myth, it seems ; but, I must confess, you make a very pretty

girl, and I think some of my sex will not regret the change."

Inez turned aside to hide the blush of pleasure that suffused her face, and then walked on for a few moments in silence. Stanhope seemed to have forgotten that she was by his side, and had fallen into anxious thoughts, trying to fathom all these mysteries. She raised her eyes passionately to his face as she noticed his abstraction, and, for the first time, was struck with his altered appearance. He certainly looked thinner, and a careworn expression had settled about his eyes and mouth. Inez' heart smote her, for she felt that she could have made both him and Genevra happy; and she said tenderly :

"Mr. Burleigh, you seem sad; are you not well?"

"Yes, Inez; well in body, but ill at heart. You see Genevra constantly. You must know all that I so much desire to know of her happiness and welfare. Are you really her friend?"

The lips of Inez quivered, but she said firmly :

"To be sure I am! Why should I not be? We are companions; and, Mr. Burleigh, if there be an angel on the earth, it must be Genevra."

"Thank you, thank you, Inez; I know it must be impossible to live with her and not love her. But tell me something more; how is her father? Does he still

entertain the idea of sending his daughter to a Convent?"

"Mr. Vincenzi is better than he has been for some time; and you need give yourself no uneasiness on the subject of the Convent; her father says nothing of it now."

A heavy weight was lifted from Burleigh's heart.

"Do you know if Miss Vincenzi has received any flowers or books from an unknown hand this summer?" he inquired anxiously.

"Oh! I understand now. It was you that sent them. They came, and were duly cherished, you may be sure," said Inez, with the serpent on her lips and misery in her heart. "But, Mr. Burleigh, you must not be too often at your post in our street, nor send too many gifts to Genevra, for the nose of Padre Q'Sullivan will scent every clandestine step or object, as the bloodhound scents his prey."

"Oh, Inez!" said Stanhope, passionately, "will you not be a friend to Genevra and me? We so much need your help and sympathy. Will you not tell her how much I love her; that I never forget her night or day; that I have walked before her windows to catch a glimpse of her form, or even to see her shadow on the curtains, till the dews of night have hung on my hair, and my spirit has been worn out with disappointment?"

“It is useless for you to do so, Mr. Burleigh; for, under the pretence of shutting out the light and noise, Padre O’Sullivan, who is the only master of the house now, insists upon keeping the front blinds and windows closed until after dark; and, indeed, if it were not for the balcony at the back of the house, with the little garden, we might as well be nuns, for all the light and air we get in-doors. But never fear,” she added gaily, “I will tell Genevra what you say, although I can take nothing to her. I go in here,” she said, turning into a lace store, “so *addio!*”

Holding her hand for a moment, Burleigh said, “Will you not see me again, Inez? I shall be in New York now for a long time. Let me meet you again, and bring me some word from Genevra.”

“Yes, we shall meet again; so have patience,” and with confusion and haste she bade him adieu, feeling that her powers of dissimulation were fast giving way.

CHAPTER XXI.

INEZ AND GENEVRA.

WHEN Inez returned home, she felt that she could not encounter the pure, confiding eyes of Genevra. She hastened to her room, and throwing off her things, fell upon the couch, and gave way to a violent fit of weeping.

“Why had she been chosen to assist in this odious plot? What would Burleigh think of her, if he knew all?”

She writhed in torture at the thought. He had been so frank and confiding. He had greeted her so warmly, and looked so handsome and so good.

“Oh!” she exclaimed, “I would gladly be Genevra to have the love of such a being, even if I were forced into a Convent. The remembrance of having been so loved, would be happiness. What was it that so thrilled my very being when he clasped my hand so fervently, and said he would have known me among a thousand?”

She paused a moment.

“Oh! I am doubly wicked, for I envy poor Genevra

the heart of Burleigh. Some demon must have taken possession of me. Would I had never left the Convent of Sant' Ambrogio, or put on these detested garments."

"May I come in?" said the soft voice of Genevra, as she looked in at the door; but seeing the disordered state of Inez, she flew to her, and bending over the couch, made the most affectionate inquiries. But Inez covered her face and sobbed aloud.

"My darling Inez, what has happened? Are you ill?—are you unhappy? Do tell me. You frighten me!"

But Inez could not speak; and motioned her away. Genevra seated herself, and waited till Inez should be more calm. Her sobs at last died away, and she stretched out her hands—

"Do not think me rude, or unkind; but I have had a long walk, and am weary and nervous."

Genevra poured some lavender into a glass of water, and giving it to Inez, said—

"My dear sister, the weather is too warm to take such long walks. Our climate is not like that of Italy. Our heat exhausts the strength, and withers the spirit, as well as the body; but you must sleep, and you will be quite restored."

"Thank you, Genevra; you are the sweetest of beings. I wish I could make you happier and gayer

than you are." This was the first time Inez had ever invited Genevra's confidence.

"Oh!" she cried, embracing Inez with enthusiasm—"you can make me happy. Tell me, Inez, do you ever see Mr. Burleigh in New York? You go out so much more than I do, I have hoped you might meet him. I so much long to hear from him. You know that he is my betrothed, Inez."

Inez hesitated to reply. To confess that she had seen and conversed with him, would be to involve herself deeper in the meshes of duplicity, which the intrigues of the Jesuits had already woven around her. She would then have to dissemble to her benefactor. She could not be deceitful to *all*. She pressed her hands to her throbbing temples, and groaned aloud.

"No, no, I never see him. My head! my head! it will burst."

"Oh, I am very selfish to tease you, my dear Inez. I will go. Sleep sweetly"—and drawing the curtains of the bed, Genevra, with sadder spirits than ever, softly withdrew from the room.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE TOOLS OF THE JESUITS.

THE Presidential Election was approaching, and Hubert was setting his machinery in motion. By common consent, the entire Roman Hierarchy in the United States had confided their political interests to his hands. None of his brethren in the Company of Jesus, doubted his sagacity or discretion, while those of the Catholic Priesthood who were not embraced in that Society, implicitly followed the lead of Hubert. New York, therefore, was the point they all looked to, for the political programme of the election at hand.

There were two objects which lay very near Hubert's heart. He attached almost as much importance to them as he did to securing the estate of Vincenzi; and neither of them could be accomplished, except by the aid of Legislation. The first was, to get laws passed in the State of New York, organizing such a system of Public Education, as would suit the peculiar views and purposes of the Roman Church. Millions of dollars were every

year expended on Common Schools in the State. This system of education had been built up by wise men. It had been framed in the spirit of the American Government, American history, American life, and American feeling. The Bible was a *district-school book*. It was read in schools, and any teacher of a public school who chose, could have prayers and Scripture readings, to open or close the exercises, as his inclinations or sense of duty might direct.

This did not suit the views of Hubert. It did not suit the Roman system—it must be changed: and the mighty machinery set up to educate its citizens, for the responsible stations their country might call upon them to fill, must be made to wheel in to swell the current of Papal influence in the United States. New York was asked to make a separate appropriation from the School Fund, for the education of Catholic children, under a Catholic system. The American system, which was one of complete toleration, was not deemed broad enough; and it was claimed as a right, that the children of Catholic parents should draw their *pro rata* from the Public School Fund; *since Catholic children could not be educated in Republican Schools!*

Monstrous as these assumptions seemed, to every enlightened and true republican—whatever may have been his religious creed—Hubert believed that he could carry

his point; for, with nearly a hundred thousand Catholic votes in the State of New York—most of which he held in his hand—he would not find it a difficult matter to strike a bargain with that political party which needed his aid, to bring them into the ascendant.

His next object was to procure special enactments (in flagrant violation of the spirit of our whole republican system, and in direct conflict with the letter of organic and statute law throughout the United States) empowering the Bishops and Prelates of the Roman Church—whether subjects of foreign princes or not,—to hold in their own right, the fee of all the real estate owned, or to be owned, by the Church. It was thought possible to carry even this point; and when the two were gained, the Roman Hierarchy would, in fact, as Hubert remarked, be established upon firmer foundations in the American Republic than it ever was under any monarchy in the old world. Thus to sway the Legislation, and thus to mould the Institutions of the first State in the Union, were justly regarded as tantamount to achieving the same work throughout the Confederacy. With such an example before them, the same means that had produced this result in New York would secure it in the other States.

Hubert had thought and planned anxiously, for years, to gain these great objects. During the summer, he had fully unfolded his plans to Jaudan, who, by this time,

had, in most respects, quite as clear, and in others a clearer, conception of the actual state of things than his brother Hubert. The plan, moreover, not only seemed feasible, but it was actually being carried out. The Jesuits had made no mistake in their estimate of the difficulties to be overcome; nor in the power of their own resources. There was no collision here between the Jesuits and their brother Catholics, who were not associated with their Order; and therefore, the entire influence of the Roman Church in the United States, would be thrown in a single direction, for the accomplishment of a single object. Nor had the Jesuits mistaken their man—they seldom do.

Woolsey had the reputation of being the best political manager in his party. Bountifully endowed by nature, with every quality that enters into the composition of a man of culture and polish; an adroit, unscrupulous politician; he was pretty sure of success in the plans he adopted. He was, moreover, *a Jesuit by instinct*; although he stood forward as the Champion of universal liberty, and universal Right. He was the great Defender of Religion, morality, sobriety, and purity, in public and private life. He was even regarded as a most zealous advocate of the principles of the Protestant Faith. He had built the tombs of the prophets, and garnished the sepulchres of the Righteous.

He had, also, efficient coadjutors, among whom were two men who, in their time, had done much to guide the thoughts, and shape the opinions of their countrymen.

The first, and elder of the two, was Fouché, who controlled a leading Journal in the interior of the State. He and Woolsey had grown up in political life together. Not gifted or great enough by nature, to rely, like such men as Jackson, Calhoun, Clay, and Webster, upon strong arguments and fair dealing, they preferred a circuitous route, rather than to travel on the plain, open road. There was nothing straightforward about them. They always felt the necessity of being double-sided. They were fond of machinery, but they wanted to work it themselves. They had great faith in their ability "to manage the people"—first to inflame popular passions, and then guide them; consequently, they were always ready for agitation and fruitful in schemes for change. They had first risen into notice, on the wave of the Anti-Masonic excitement; and they had gone on from humbug to humbug, until, at last, after they had worn out everything else, they were obliged to confine their hopes chiefly to the only fanaticism of the day, which was entirely *national*,—since it extended to every corner of the Republic, and which appearing to be founded on a national basis, promised to last. Woolsey had, therefore, hoped to be borne into the Presidential office, on the wave

of Abolition fanaticism, as he had first been drifted up from obscurity by joining the Anti-Masons; many of whom were doubtless sincere in their belief, that this venerable institution, which numbers among its members the Father of his Country, and all his companions in arms, except Arnold, the traitor,—was dangerous to the peace and prosperity of the nation.

Throughout his career, Fouché had been to Woolsey, what the Marquis Lorenzo had been to Jaudan in Europe—he had been his counsellor; and in tact, management, and comprehension of the drift of events, Fouché was little, if at all, behind him. Their qualities were different, but they blended by chemical affinity, into a compound of mysterious and increasing power; and yet, their strength lay chiefly in “the rural districts,” where they had hoodwinked the people, with complete success. They felt the necessity of strengthening their position in the City of New York; and in exploring that ground years before, they had been especially lucky; for fortune had thrown in their way, a young man, who, for their purposes, was probably without an equal. The means were furnished for starting a campaign paper; and as the little sheet flew off from the press, on every wind, it kindled a new kind of political fire. The little journal started with a *prestige* which placed its success beyond the reach of hazard.

Loveblack was a difficult man to describe—not in his person,—for this could be painted, full length, in a word. He was curiously made up, in all respects. Benevolent and philanthropic in all his impulses, he had a deep sympathy for the masses of men, and was keenly sensitive to wrong and injustice. These qualities made him what is now popularly known as an *innovator*—the epithet *reformer*, being too lofty and noble to suit his case. Perhaps his character would be still more accurately defined by the term *agitator*. With many noble impulses—with many right principles—and with motives far better than most men are guided by, his misfortune lay in falling into the hands of Woolsey and Fouché. They were too much for him, for they took from him the mastery of his own mind, so far as it suited their purposes; while they left him free as air to indulge in all the fanaticism of his nature, whether it were the dream of the Socialists and Fourierites, or any one of the thousand short-lived illusions, which come and go like shadows, over the heaving ocean of society.

Loveblack had become a famous man. He had headed almost every fanatical movement, and been on almost every side of every doubtful question; but whatever he did, was sure to be done under the guise of—"bettering the condition of men"—"diffusing light and liberty"—"securing the greatest good for the greatest number"—

“elevation of the working classes,” ending generally in strikes—“adding dignity to labor,”—and, in a word, giving everything to everybody. He had succeeded in making a considerable portion of the people of the United States north of Mason and Dixon’s Line, believe that he was a perfectly conscientious man—a pure man—a real reformer—an enlightened, although a somewhat eccentric philosopher; while people by the hundred thousand, in the country districts, took him for a Saint. It will readily occur to the reader, that Loveblack was a very useful man for carrying out the purposes of Woolsey and Fouché. It must be quite as apparent, that the three together, could be made eminently useful to the Company of Jesus.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RIDE TO GREENWOOD.

ON a bright morning in early autumn, as Genevra met Inez coming down from her room, she said with more vivacity than she had shown for a long time—

“Let us go to Greenwood this beautiful morning, Inez. Padre O’Sullivan consents, if we will return before noon.”

“Padre O’Sullivan consents!” repeated Inez, with scorn. “His presumption is intolerable, and I do not see how you can bear it, Genevra;—only I know you cannot help yourself,” she added.

“Yes, that is true! If it were not for offending my father, I would have the servants thrust him from the house, as they would a thief,—in spite of his sanctity, I can tell you, Inez,” replied Genevra, as a flush of indignation glowed in her face, “but he has had dominion here too long, for any woman’s will to uproot him. But we will go to Greenwood, and while we escape for a few hours from his hateful tyranny, we will try to forget it.”

An hour or two later, the carriage passed the Lodge,

and entered that magnificent City of the Dead. There is a dreamy balminess in the atmosphere of summer's last days,—when the tired yellow maple leaf comes softly down to the earth,—which harmonizes gratefully with the wearied spirit. The banks of Greenwood were still fresh and green as emeralds. The old forest trees, overshadowing the cool, clear, blue waters, made it a retreat worthy of the Nymphs and Naiads that once haunted the vales and mountain sides of Greece. The girls alighted from the carriage, and sat down on a grassy bank by the water's edge; and though there was a barrier to confidence between them, yet an instinctive sentiment and sympathy, drew their thoughts together. They talked of Italy—of the sacked Convent of the Sacred Heart at Genoa; and wondered what was the fate of the Sisters, who had been driven forth into the world—of Inez's boyhood—of everything but Burleigh, of whom alone their hearts were full.

“Good morning, ladies,” said a rich, manly voice behind them. They started to their feet; and Genevra, unheeding Inez, time, or place, with a cry of delight, was instantly folded to the throbbing heart of Burleigh.

Pale, trembling, and speechless, Inez turned and walked away,—suffering, in that moment, grief enough for a whole lifetime.

But time, sorrow, and separation, seemed to have fled

from the minds of the lovers, as they seated themselves on the shady bank. They were together once more. The past and its anxieties were forgotten ; and in the ecstasy of certain fruition, they lived only in the present and the future. They both looked so radiant and happy, that they did not speak of health ; nor did Genevra remember to reprove Burleigh for not having sent her the promised flowers and tokens. He unfolded to her listening ear his plans for the future, and described the home he was already preparing for his bride.

“ But, my dear Stanhope, we have many difficulties yet to surmount. While my father lives, his consent never will be given to our union ; and after his death—which I hope is far distant—no effort will be spared to turn me from my faith, and to persuade me to enter a Convent. But I cannot, and I will not do it, of my own free will ; and Padre Jaudan, who will most likely be appointed my guardian, can certainly have no motive for forcing me to it.”

“ Ah, Genevra ! I fear there is more in this desire to send you to a Convent, than you suppose. I have been making minute and careful inquiries ; and I find that your father is esteemed rich—rich enough to excite the cupidity of men much better than the Jesuits.”

“ Is it possible, Stanhope ! ” said Genevra,—and putting her hand to her forehead, after a pause—

“I see ! I see !” she added. “It must be so. It cannot be for the salvation of my father’s soul, that he is thus eternally haunted by these wretches ; and that I am even denied the face of friends, and almost the very air of Heaven. But, Stanhope, can we not give him the treasure they are plotting for ? I care nothing for it. I would rather have one month of freedom with you, than all the gold of California.”

“My dearest, you echo the feelings of my own heart. This little hand,—penniless and abandoned by the whole world,—would be the most precious gift Providence could bestow upon me. I have all the wealth, Genevra, that you and I could wish for ; and if Jaudan will be satisfied with your father’s entire estate, he shall, with my consent, be welcome to it, and I will give him my blessing too, if he will give me my Genevra. But these Jesuits never do things by halves. Do you suppose they would let us live on the same Continent with them, with the secret knowledge of their wiles and villanies, even if that knowledge were buried in our breasts ? Would they feel safe with your father’s immense fortune and other fortunes obtained by similar means, wherewith to build churches and cathedrals, to found convents and colleges, and throw new life and vigor into their vast machinery of power, when they knew that the laws of the country, if put into execution, would tear those treasures from

their grasp? No, my beloved Genevra! When the struggle comes, it will be a Convent for life or a flight with me."

"Then flight it shall be, Stanhope, if I have to fly from the newly covered grave of my dear father. And this thought," she continued, "is the cruellest of all. I know my father loves me; almost worships me. Sometimes when we are alone, his heart seems bursting with love and grief. He holds me in his feeble arms, and the tears roll down his pale cheeks as he calls me by the most endearing names, and says I am 'so much like my lost mother.'"

Genevra's eyes were now swimming in tears; but there was a luxury in any grief she could feel, in the presence of Stanhope.

"One day my father said, 'Oh, Genevra! what a consolation it would be to me if I thought I could meet your sweet mother in that happy land to which I am hastening. But no heretic can enter into the Kingdom of God. My child! my child! come to the arms of the Holy Church, and bring your heart with you. Cast off these soul-destroying heresies. I must have my Genevra, at least, to live with in heaven.'"

"Poor old man," said Stanhope, soothingly, "we will not doubt that our Heavenly Father, whose mercy is greater than all the creeds and churches, will give many

a happy reunion beyond the tomb; nor that your father's errors and delusions, in such a world as this, will be forgotten, when he has gone where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

"Miss Genevra, I dare not stay any longer," said Inez, approaching, and in an agitated voice, with her veil closely drawn over her face. "It is already late, and I am sure I see Padre Jaudan coming yonder."

"Do not be alarmed, my sweet Genevra," said Burleigh, springing from the ground with her hand still in his own,—“Let Padre Jaudan come. We are in our own free country, and man to man I'll meet him. Be calm and hope for the best. Let nothing in the universe shake your confidence in my unalterable affection. I can wait, even if it should be for years; and who knows but your father may yet wake from his delusion,—banish these lurking Priests from his house, and assert his independence as a man, and his responsibility to God only, for his religious duties? Then, Genevra, will come our hour of triumph over these intriguing villains, and we shall be rewarded for all we have suffered."

Jaudan now came up—and with a somewhat ruffled air, he accosted Stanhope,—

"Good morning, sir." Then turning towards Genevra and Inez—"Now, ladies, please to enter the carriage." Inez obeyed at once. Without returning Jau-

dan's salutation,—except by an irrepressible sneer of contempt—Stanhope still clung to the hand of Genevra.

“Oh, Stanhope ! I must go. Remember my promise to my father,” she said, in a faint whisper.

“You have not broken it, Genevra ; it is but an accident, or a Providence rather, that we have met at last,” he said, loud enough to be overheard by Jaudan. “I can dispense with mystery, duplicity, and intrigue, in whatever I do.”

Burleigh led her slowly to the carriage. After she was seated, he kissed her trembling hands passionately.

“Dry your tears, my beloved Genevra. Remember that you are mine,—and not all the Jesuits in Christendom shall tear you from me.”

Jaudan was near enough to the carriage to hear these words ; and observing Burleigh's agitation, he cast upon him a fiendish glance of defiance.

“Mr. Burleigh, this is not a fit occasion for any further conversation between us,” the Jesuit said,—and he motioned him from the carriage door.

Burleigh was almost livid with rage ; but in the very depths of his soul, there was one feeling that claimed the mastery over all others,—it was contempt. There were no words that could have given expression to it. Few men, in the longest lifetime, ever achieve more control over their bad passions, than Burleigh had already

done. If he had been alone with Jaudan, whether it were in a cemetery, or even in a Church, he would have redressed any insult thus offered to an American, on his own soil,—by a Jesuit, and a foreigner, hardly three months in the country.

“I will not create new perils or sufferings for Geneva,” he said to himself. He was at first tempted to reply to Jaudan ; but once more, from his noble, manly, truthful nature, disgust came up to stifle any expressions of his feelings towards such a man. By a violent gesture, he threw his farewell to Geneva, as he fixed his eyes on her vanishing form. As the carriage passed round a turn in the road, he saw Geneva’s kerchief fluttering from the carriage window. It must have been noticed by Jaudan himself.

“Brave girl !” Stanhope exclaimed aloud. “That was done in the presence of the General of the Company of Jesus ;” and looking in that direction till the carriage had disappeared, he folded his arms, and walked back to the margin of the lake. He stood there with his eyes fixed upon the still shadows of the luxurious branches of the mighty elm that rose over his head, as they lay sleeping upon the tranquil water.

“Villain Priest !” he ejaculated. “I’ll have a reckoning with him yet ! How long,” he continued, as he lifted his flashing eyes into the leafy sky over his head—

“how long must the land of Washington be desecrated by such infernal villanies!”

He wished now to say a thousand things to Genevra, all of which he had forgotten during the interview. They had not spoken of the possibility of communicating with each other, nor of the trust-worthiness of Inez, of whom, in spite of himself, he began to entertain some suspicion. He struggled, however, to repel the doubt.

“Poor girl,” he thought, “she must be noble and true. She loves Genevra, I am sure; for her eyes were filled with tears when Genevra wept. Genevra! Genevra! where shall I see thee again?”

If he had only known where!

Genevra had sunk back in the carriage, and given way to a passionate flood of tears. She had sought the hand of Inez, and the warm pressure she gave, relieved the heart of the dark-eyed girl from a terrible weight; for, ashamed of herself, and mortified as she was, she was sure her deceitfulness was still unsuspected.

It was not the policy of Jaudan to revolt or disgust Genevra. - At last, he said, kindly—

“My dear young ladies, it is not proper that you should go out to Greenwood alone in this way. I am surprised that Padre O’Sullivan permitted it; and the moment I learned what had happened, like a kind friend, I hastened to overtake you. I am sure it was a mere

accident that you met Mr. Burleigh, for I know that he arrived from Boston only last evening. But, my dear Genevra, I was somewhat severe with him, for he knew that he should not have detained you a single moment. He is a fine young man, I am aware, despite some little rudeness of manner."

Genevra could not, and did not make any reply to these serpent words, and they rode home without speaking.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SECRET POLITICAL CONSPIRACY.

LATE one evening in the early part of October, in a small upper chamber of a plain dwelling in Bayard Street, proceedings took place of which the reader should be informed. Two persons were sitting in close, earnest consultation. They had been together for some time, and had pretty nearly arrived at a good understanding with each other, and the subject-matters of their conversation.

"I entertain no scruples whatever," said Woolsey, "in regard to promoting your views in reference to the School Question; nor do I see insurmountable objections to the plan of placing the fee of your churches and institutions in the hands of the Hierarchy: provided sufficient caution is used not to arouse the apprehensions of Protestant sects. In Methodism, all the property of the society is vested in the priesthood. Bishops of Conferences hold the Title Deeds of every place of worship, and every parsonage. The priests, in their convocations,

take into their own hands the assignment of preachers to the different congregations; and the Methodist Hierarchy and Priesthood really exercise as despotic a power as the Catholics themselves. But, of course, you are aware that it will be alleged, when the case comes up as applied to you, that this power will be liable to great abuse—that you call for special legislation, setting aside those statutes or constitutional provisions which exclude foreigners from holding real estate; and I naturally feel some repugnance to enlisting in a hearty and effectual advocacy of your cause, however right it may be in the abstract. It would probably raise a tempest about my ears, that might cost me some of my cherished plans.”

“That is just the point I wanted to come to,” said Hubert. “You know that the Catholics of the State of New York, cast nearly one hundred thousand votes. These votes will be given, as a matter of course, to those public men, whatever party they may belong to, who are prepared to stand by our interests. As Christians, it is a matter of life and death to us to secure all the rights and privileges which we deem necessary to our growth and progress, and the secure tenure of what little property we have, or may hereafter acquire. We have the example of the wanton destruction by the mob, a few years ago, of the Catholic Convent at Charlestown, Massachu-

setts; and we have found it impossible to get reparation from the public authorities. Other scenes like this may occur in the other States. Fanatical zeal may rise to such a pitch as to sweep away all our church property, and leave us without protection; unless the laws of the country are so modified as to shield us from these dangers. If, therefore, Mr. Woolsey, you are ready to give us your pledge to espouse our cause, heart and soul, I offer you this hand, and with it all our vote. These votes shall be at your command in every election in the State of New York, no matter who may be your candidates."

"You have it," said Woolsey,—and they struck hands.

"But," he continued, "there is a matter of still greater importance to us. Our Presidential candidate is in the field, and he must be elected. I am by no means so sanguine as many of my political friends in regard to the result. The chances are, on the whole, in our favor; but I have learned to distrust appearances, the opinions of others, and my own judgment, in regard to these matters. What can you do for us in the National Election, now only one month ahead?"

"The same that we shall do for you in the State of New York on the same day—provided you can answer for the leaders of your party in other States, to do for us in their Legislatures, what you are to do for us here."

“ I cannot commit my friends absolutely in other States, as, of course, you must well know ; but there is time for me to bring about the understanding before the election. This I shall lose no time in doing. Many of the leaders are now in New York, or will soon be here ; and I shall myself pass through Pennsylvania, Ohio, and several other Western States ; while information can be sent to them all through my channels of communication with the same certainty that you can send information to your friends, through your agencies.”

“ I have no objection, then, Mr. Woolsey, to give you, with this understanding, the Catholic vote of the United States for this election. But how positively can you speak in reference to the appointments which the President will have in his gift ? We have always been pretty well treated by your political enemies, whenever we have given them our help. They appointed one of our brethren Chief Justice of the United States Bench. They have given us important missions abroad ; they have made our priests Chaplains in the public service ; they gave us a large number of Postmasters ; we have had seats in the Cabinet ; and they have been especially liberal to our people in the distribution of places in all the Custom Houses. Nor will it be contended, I fancy, that these appointments have been unpopular, nor that Catholics have not done their duty ; wherever they have

been called into the public service. We feel that we are too weak in this country to be able to afford, even if we had the disposition, to desert our political friends, or help our political enemies. This thing need not end with this election ; we can make the alliance perpetual. Evenly balanced as the two great political Parties always have been, and are always likely to be in this country, we can throw the decisive weight into your scale, and give you a perpetual hold of the reins of power."

"In answer to your inquiry, I may as well state at once (since you have spoken with such extreme frankness) that our candidate, with whom I have conferred, will be prepared to act with the utmost liberality. He is a man of broad and liberal views ; nor would he think of asking the question, whether an applicant for office was a Catholic, any sooner than he would inquire the religious belief of a subordinate officer, who was leading his men to victory. Need I say any more ?"

"That is enough for the present. It will be necessary now for us both to set our machinery actively at work, and we must confer with each other frequently ; for great as is the confidence which my Catholic brethren seem to repose in me throughout the United States, I must put the whole case before them, in order that they may see that I am acting with discretion. I shall, doubtless, encounter obstacles ; no undertaking of this kind can be

expected to go on without them. But, for the most part, they can be overcome. I shall probably receive an intimation of the wishes of our most influential friends, in different parts of the Union, and learn who are the men they desire to have treated with special favor by your candidate. The nomination of these men will be left with them; and, in a considerable number of cases, the thing will assume such importance, that their appointment will be the only condition upon which your party can command their national vote."

"I hope, Hubert, that you are not disposed to drive too hard a bargain?"

"By no means, Woolsey. We know exactly what our votes are worth, and we shall expect only our just share in the distribution of the spoils. But we shall meet often, and, so far as Georgetown, Alexandria, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other large towns are concerned, I shall hear from them within two or three days. I shall then be able to tell you what our friends want, and you can form a pretty accurate opinion on the whole subject."

"This will continue to be our trysting-place?"

"Yes," answered Hubert, "we will meet at any hour either of us receives an intimation from the other."

"Since, then, we have fixed the conditions of our mutual service, let me ask you, Hubert, what you

think of the chances of our party in the Presidential Election?"

"Woolsey, I have never thought the prospects of your candidate as fair as they are generally considered. But with the shape things have taken to-day, with wise management, and vigorous exertion, we shall carry him to his place, without a doubt. This will be evident, and you will see that without our vote you never would have got your candidate in. We shall, therefore," concluded Hubert, "expect to be pretty well treated; and remember, Woolsey, that you tricky politicians may trick everybody but us."

"Upon my word, Hubert, this is pretty cool, coming from a Jesuit."

They both laughed heartily, shook hands, and separated.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MOTHER.

"INEZ, I was thinking, while dressing this afternoon, how curious it was that Stanhope did not recognise you the other day, nor inquire who you were," said Genevra, a few days after the ride to Greenwood. "He must have known of your transformation, or chosen to take no notice of it."

"You must forget, Genevra," said Inez, without looking at her friend, "that the moment he approached, I dropped my veil and walked away; besides, he was so absorbed in you, that he would not have noticed a queen with a crown on her head, if she had been there—much less poor little me."

Genevra blushed, and accused Stanhope and herself of having been too forgetful of Inez.

"You know, my dear, that I have seen him but once before, since our arrival," she said, "and we had so many things to say to each other. One of these days when

you find yourself in a like position, I will excuse you for a little rudeness, if you please."

Inez sighed, and thinking how improbable it was that she could ever love any one but Burleigh, she said, rising—

"Oh, I forgive you all sorts of neglects and selfishness that you have, or may hereafter show. But I must now go to the house of that poor American woman and her little half-starved children; for Father O'Sullivan is to meet me there at this hour."

"Cannot I go too? and we will carry the basket of things we made for the baby."

"No, no, the Padre will think there are some heresies in the basket if you go; and the poor woman might forget the new doctrines instilled by the good Father. When we get this great nation well converted to the Mother Church, you and I, Genevra, will become Lady Abbesses of the two most splendid Convents the General of the Jesuits can build."

This was said in a mocking voice, as Inez went out.

"There is more likelihood of her being converted to Protestantism herself, I fancy," thought Genevra; "for I believe she really begins to hate Father O'Sullivan, and I know she must fear Jaudan too much to love him; for I have observed lately, that she trembles when he comes

near her. Poor girl ! I fear she is not happy, for she grows less like the joyous Carlo every day."

As Inez was returning home, she saw Burleigh get out of an omnibus hastily, and fearing he might see her, and speak to her, she hurried on; but she was several blocks from home, and Stanhope soon overtook her.

"Miss Inez, I see that you meant to run away from me; but I would not be so rude as to detain you, if I had not received a foreign letter for you."

"For me !" cried Inez, in astonishment—"who could write to me ! I have not a friend in the world !"

"Always excepting Genevra and myself," said Stanhope, kindly, as he gave her the letter. "It came under cover to me, with the request that I would find 'the boy Carlo,' and give it privately into his hands."

There was no address on the letter, and the mystery could be explained only by opening it.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Burleigh," said Inez, "and you will excuse me now, for you must not walk with me any further; besides, you know I am anxious to read my letter."

"One word, Mademoiselle."

"I know what it is. Yes, Genevra is well and happy, and we did not get scolded for seeing you at Greenwood *Bon jour, Monsieur*," and she tripped away.

When Inez reached her room, and had locked the

door, she sat down on the bed with the letter, fearing to open it. She turned it every way; but only a pure white envelope met her gaze. It felt somewhat heavy—what could it contain! She knew of no one who would probably write to her.

"Yes, one might—the Lady Abbess. Yes, it is hers. What can she have to tell? Of my parents? of my mother?" and with quivering fingers she tore it open.

"My beloved child."

At these first words, Inez sprang to her feet, with the letter clasped in her hands. Her heart beat as if it would suffocate her. She feared to read on. The longed-for secret of her birth was disclosed. Would it bring joy or sorrow?

She knelt by the side of her white-robed couch. She spread the letter before her, and addressing a prayer to that pure Mother she had been taught to worship, she read amid her blinding tears—

"MY BELOVED CHILD:

"When I parted from you at the door of the Convent, it was most likely for the last time in this world, as I can never hope to see you again. That parting broke my heart; and I shall gladly hail the hour which releases me from my sufferings and my sins. Oh, Inez! my loved, my wronged, my tender child! Did not your heart tell

you that it was to your mother's bosom you were so wildly pressed? A mother's tears that rained upon your cheeks? I felt that you must know it; but I dared not confess it to you.

"But a few months more, and my wearied heart will be laid in the grave. I cannot die until my soul is unburdened to you, and receives your forgiveness.

"Eighteen years of silence and grief have done their slow but sure work; and could I once more fold you to my heart, and lay your beautiful head upon this breast—which was its first pillow—I should die content.

"But no, you are separated from me by wide seas; and if I could come to you, I should not survive the voyage. Your father—start not, Inez!—yes, your father, whose last letter you bore me, promised faithfully, that means should be furnished for me to follow you and him. But this, like too many other pledges, I find has been broken. I am now sick and destitute, having taken refuge in a poor Convent of Sisters of Mercy, where I shall most likely pass the remnant of my life. But thoughts of you continually haunt me. I sometimes fancy you deserted, or made the instrument and sacrifice of your ambitious father. He loves you, doubtless, my child, but my heart tells me you will not be happy with him. Jesuitism is the foe to happiness; for it is the soul of selfishness and ambition.

“Eighteen years ago, Inez, like you, I was a gay, beautiful, happy girl, in the home of my father—a good old man—and I his only child. My mother, I never knew; but my father was mother, father, sister, brother—all in all to me. We lived among the wild, grand, and beautiful mountains of Granada. My young mind was fed with the romantic stories of my native country, until there was no real world to me; and life seemed a romance and a festal day. It was there I first knew your father. He had just left the army, disappointed in his ambition to attain the rank he had long coveted. His health was somewhat impaired, and he came to restore its vigor in the cool, pure air of our mountains.

“We met; we loved; and my darling child, may you never know the wild, fervent, all-absorbing passion awakened in my soul. You have but to look upon him now; to listen to his voice; to imagine the impression he must have made upon the heart of a poetic and susceptible girl. Oh, Inez! it was not love; it was idolatry. Never have I before, or since, knelt to the Virgin Mother, with half the adoration I felt for him. The touch of his hand thrilled my soul with an ecstasy which, even now, has not ceased to vibrate with the remembrance; for crush, stifle it as I will, I feel that I still love him; and in my sleep, when the scenes of my youth come back to me, his eyes, tender, loving, passion-

ate, melt into my heart ; I feel the soft waves of his hair still passing over my cheek ; his hand clasped in mine, and vows of eternal love still murmuring in my ear. But I awake, and the cold pallet of a nun, and the stone walls of my room, are my only comforters. I stretch out my arms, and in the darkness and hush of the night, my soul calls for the embrace of my husband and my child ; and the tardy morning finds my pillow wet with tears.

“ Inez, my child, forgive me ! forgive me ! I must not, I will not deceive you. He was your father, but not my husband ! The blood rushes to my bursting temples, and I hide my face with shame, as I confess to your unsullied mind my degradation and my sins. But my sufferings have expiated them, I trust, and cannot my child forgive me ?

“ Six happy, blessed months rolled away, and your father left me, as he said, to prepare for our marriage, which could not be consummated for some time to come. I believed him. I would as soon have doubted my religion as his truth. Months dragged on, and you were born, my Inez. Then came terror and grief. But my father, the poor old man ! had not suspected the shame of his daughter, and your first cry broke his fond old heart. He sank to the grave with grief and shame, while invoking blessings on the head of his betrayed and unhappy daughter.

“It was six years before I saw your father’s face again. He wrote me often that he was coming, but he never came. At last he sent for me to come to him, with my little one, to Genoa. I took my all—the little wealth left me by my father—and obeyed him. But who can paint my grief, when I found he had taken the vow of celibacy for ever, and was already anticipating the highest office among the disciples of Loyola? You will understand the rest. To hide our guilt and my sorrow from the world, I was made the unwilling Abbess of the *Sacre Cœur* at Genoa; and that I might sometimes see you without suspicion, and that you might be carefully educated, safe from all inquiries, you became the little Neophyte of Jaudan, the General of the Company of Jesus.

“Oh, my child! I bend before you! I clasp your knees, and implore you to forgive the mother who has wronged you, but who has so deeply suffered. Ponder well upon my little history, and avoid the snares into which I fell, for shame and bitter agony have been the only recompense of my devoted love. Forgotten, abandoned, torn from my child, my last whisper will fall upon the ears, and my eyelids be closed by the unfeeling hands of strangers. But the last sigh of my soul shall be wafted in a fervent prayer for the happiness of my daughter, and that her father may be forgiven by Heaven.”

An hour after, Inez rose from her knees, no longer the hopeful, joyous girl, but the resolved and desperate woman.

“Thank God!” she cried, “this new sacrifice is not yet accomplished. I will save Genevra, or die in the attempt. My poor, poor mother! how bitter has been thy cup of life, and shall Genevra, drink it too? Torn from the arms of her lover—immured in the dreary walls of a Convent, there to drag out a wretched, regretful existence; and in the presence of those whose faith she scorns! Base, false Jesuit! you shall not blight every green thing in your path of ambition. Me too, doubtless you are expecting to share the fate of Genevra! He will no longer have any use for me when this dastard work is accomplished. The instrument will have to be concealed,—but we shall see. I will betray all to Stanhope, and we will proclaim this infamy from the house-tops!”

She paused a moment—

“No, not now—the time has not come. This drivelling Vincenzi would but approve the plotting, if I were to expose them. No, I will wait till he is gone, and I shall then have some days left to fulfil my purpose. Genevra once free, and the bride of Burleigh—she shall be, I owe it to their kindness—I will away to Italy, seek out my mother, and together we will devote ourselves to

that God, who will forgive the penitent, and punish the doer of evil."

Such had been her thoughts and resolves, during that solemn hour. Her mother's wrongs—her own downward progress in the path of duplicity and falsehood, rose before her, and she felt that conscience and reason called her to fly from her father. She no longer remembered that she had ever loved him. His care and seeming affection had been but fear and selfishness. Had he not tried to pollute her soul with crime? And would it not be a crime, were she to assist in crushing the pure and generous heart of Genevra?—For who could look on her delicate loveliness, and believe she could survive the wreck of all her hopes?

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE THREE CONSPIRATORS.

WE must now introduce the reader to our American Jesuits; for he should not be left with the impression, that so prolific a soil as this, cannot produce the rankest and most dangerous elements, that have ever furnished nutrition or growth to the Company of Jesus.

In Room No. 39, on the second floor of the Astor House—that colossal palace of hospitality,—at a still later hour on the same evening of the interview between Hubert and Woolsey,—the latter found his two friends waiting for him, as he opened the door. Fouché had long been pacing the room, impatiently awaiting his return, for he knew the errand he had gone on. But Loveblack, who was somewhat dull at this species of intrigue,—which, to tell the truth, he loved none too well,—had fallen into a doze in the large easy chair, where, in his long-worn white overcoat, he presented a very striking, but a somewhat slouchy appearance. He meekly

Lifted his head, as his master entered, and Fouché, touching him on the shoulder, said—

“Loveblack, wake up ! We’ve news from our Allies !”

Loveblack slowly raised himself, and stretching out his awkward arms, with a long yawn, prepared to receive the intelligence.

“Of course you saw him, Woolsey ?” inquired Fouché.

“Yes, gentlemen ; *veni, vidi, vici* ;” and taking his seat, he lighted one of his favorite cigars, and throwing himself back in his chair, said,—

“Loveblack, my dear fellow, wont you hand me that black bottle ; for if I ever deserved a drink in my life, I deserve it now ;” and filling to the brim, he raised his glass,—

“Here’s to the Ides of November ; Rome and Geneva have met at last.”

“Is the bargain struck, then ?” inquired Fouché, who neither drank the toast, nor seemed to perceive much merriment in it.

“You will see,” Woolsey replied, as he began ; and for an hour this subtle politician related all that had passed between him and Hubert. Nothing escaped his memory ; he reflected the conversation, the incidents, and the feelings of the interview, with microscopic minuteness, and Daguerrean fidelity. Fouché had listened with deep interest, nor had he missed a word—much less a point.

"There, you have it all," said Woolsey. - "Loveblack, wont you just step into my bedroom, and bring one of those black bottles that you will find on the second shelf of the closet?"

Loveblack hesitated. He had made so many furious onsets against the Empire of Bacchus, that it seemed to him almost sacrilegious to put the bottle to his neighbor's lips. But he was not in the habit of receiving any suggestion whatever from Woolsey, except with respect, and unqualified obedience. He modestly suggested, however,—

"Your plot would go on just as well if you drank less liquor and more cold water." But he dragged his shackely form along to the closet, where, after fumbling about for some time, to the detriment of what few chattels it contained, he found the object of his search.

He set the bottle down on the table, and lifting the massive silver pitcher to his mouth (the table was covered with goblets), he drank with an eagerness and a relish, which showed that whatever else might be said against him, he was a doctor who could take his own pills. Woolsey took from his pocket a polished steel corkscrew, which had been his *vade mecum* through many campaigns, and drawing the cork, charged his glass once more, to the unutterable horror of Loveblack, who again threw himself down into his chair, with an expression of hopeless philanthropy.

"Loveblack," said Woolsey, who replied rather to his appearance, than to the reproof administered when he started for the brandy, "Loveblack, my boy, you may write and print as much of that stuff as you please; but don't bother your friends with it—and least of all, over this vintage. Why, that brandy was made before you were born."

Loveblack did not reply; but his mind instinctively flew to one of his beloved hobbies, and he began mentally to construct a ferocious article for his paper on the necessity of a Prohibitory Liquor Law.

Fouché was constructing something else; he was thinking of no old vintages of France, nor of any law to prohibit their use. He was anxiously calculating the consequences of this new alliance, which entailed upon him the endorsement of a policy, that his sagacious judgment told him was by no means easily to be enforced upon an intelligent community. Shaking his head slowly but significantly, closing his eyes, and shutting his teeth hard together, he rose, and looking intently upon Woolsey, he inquired,—

"Are you quite sure this will do?"

"Why not?"

"Woolsey, I did not call your judgment in question; nor have I any doubt that you will, by these means, secure the Election this fall. But can we not accomplish

our object without running such a hazard? How long can this game be played with success? We must show our hands—we must introduce this School-Bill into the Legislature—we must stand by it in our Journals—we must work for it in the lobby. This is the support our new Allies call for—they bargain for this or nothing. If we have accomplished anything thus far, in political life, it has been by keeping our machinery out of sight—this new mode has not been our style of warfare hitherto.” And Fouché *looked* all he said

Woolsey appeared calm; but he was disturbed. It occurred to him, for the first time, that Fouché *might* have managed that card better. But old campaigners are always more sensitive on questions of rank and superiority, than gentlemen or diplomatists. Woolsey was the Catiline of this conspiracy, and he had to maintain his ground.

“What else would *you* have done?” he asked.

“I am in some doubt whether I would have done anything at all. I am not quite clear whether this was a thing that could be done—well.”

“I do not see the matter precisely as you do—please to explain, Fouché; you seem slightly disturbed.”

“To begin then, circumstances of a peculiar nature, brought me into intimate contact with several members of the Company of Jesus, soon after our suspended inter-

course with the British Provinces was resumed. On the opening of the war of 1812, several old French officers came to settle within our borders, the policy of Napoleon having driven them from their country. Among their companions—for I was often with them—I made the acquaintance of several very accomplished men; from whose conversation, from time to time, I deduced conclusions that have been confirmed by my experience and observation, every year of my life since. Among those officers and priests, there were Jesuits—members of the Society—elegant, refined, courtly men. They were familiar with diplomacy, with war, with society, and the intrigues of the Courts of Europe. It used to amuse me—sometimes it terrified me—to hear them, as they skipped from language to language—but generally talking good English, if one or more Americans were in the party,—to watch them as they unrolled the broken map of Europe. At that time, the Jesuits had hardly attempted to establish their dominion in this Republic. At all events, they had made but very little progress. They found all their enginery called into requisition, in reëstablishing the Bourbons upon their vacated thrones, and reconstructing the shattered edifice of the Company of Jesus, which had been broken by the man then living at St. Helena. I have said enough to show you why I distrust these people; and why I appre-

hend some evil from our association with them ; for you must know, that the miscarriage of this last general Revolution in Europe, has ended in the exile of the Jesuits from almost every country on the Continent—and I tell you, Woolsey, before you are twelve months older, you will find, that the Company of Jesus will have planted itself, like a retreating division, upon the soil of this Republic, with new means and appliances for progress and power, that will be adapted to our system of government, as admirably as they were ever adjusted to the workings of empires, kingdoms, and despotisms.”

“You are becoming philosophical, Fouché”—said Woolsey. “If the Jesuits are all you make them out to be, they are the very men for us.” •

“Yes,” he answered, “they are for one campaign ; but, my friend—[they were slowly walking the room together, stopping occasionally to look each other in the face, paying no regard whatever to Loveblack, who, to all appearance, was sound asleep ; but who never lost a word, having been so occupied all the way through life, that the little education he had gained had come through his ears,] but, my friend, we shall be just *their* men for ever after. The man who expects to use a Jesuit to advantage, will generally reckon without his host.”

“How are we to be caught—hurt—perilled ?”

“I will tell you,” continued Fouché. “The Jesuits

in this country, as in all other countries, are to the Roman Church, what Napoleon and his Marshals were to the Grand Armée. When you talk about Jesuits, you are talking to me about these Marshals—when you talk about Hubert, you are speaking of Napoleon. What now does Hubert ask of us? That we shall upset the whole structure of the Common School system of New York—that we shall ask our Legislature to take money out of the School Fund, which the Commonwealth takes out of the pockets of all her people, and give it to the Jesuits, to use in setting up a system of education for their own purposes; a system which would, if carried out, be utterly subversive, first of the spirit and then of the letter of our Constitution! Do you suppose, Woolsey, that the people of the Empire State will stand that? Much less do you think it could be done without their seeing through it? If it could, I confess I should waive my objections. But this is not all. You pay this price for the Catholic vote in the State of New York alone, and it appears your bargain embraces all the rest of the Republic; for if I understand it, we have to go to work and secure the same pledges from our political party in every other State in the Union. Mark you, Woolsey, these are the men who *get* the *quid pro quo* in every bargain. Most men content themselves with asking for it only. This is the difference between Jesuitism and all other

isms," he said, involuntarily pointing his finger towards Loveblack.

Woolsey had not thought of all this. He had, in fact, pressed his suit with Hubert too earnestly.

"Besides," continued Fouché, "have you forgotten what happened in this city, only a few years ago, when, upon a mere Presbyterian apprehension of the growing power of Catholicism, a great and formidable party of Native Americans overrode us all, and sent a book-publisher into the Mayoralty of this great city, besides securing a representation in the Councils of the Nation? Have you forgotten that the city of Philadelphia was then represented, and has been ever since, by one of the leaders of this party? And are you ambitious, just now, of clapping the torch to this mountain of tow—to this half-finished house of shavings, that we are going to move into, in this new Lease of yours? I tell you, Woolsey, it will burn down over our heads! At all events, I have made known to you my apprehensions."

Woolsey gave Fouché a full and candid hearing; for at this moment it would not have served his purposes to play the rogue. He was candid, because he was determined not to fail.

"Fouché," he replied, "what is done is done. The bargain is made, and it shall be carried out. Whatever may be my convictions in regard to the truth of your

philosophy, which seems so plausible, we have nothing to do now with philosophy or morals; our only question is, how we shall get our candidates in. You know that unless we resort to these means, we shall lose the Election; for without the help of the Jesuits, we both agree that we are gone; you have yourself confessed it over and over again, in this very room. It was for this reason, and with your knowledge and approbation, that I made this arrangement. You even went so far as to tell me that it could not be done, even at this expense; and yet it is done, and now you are frightened."

"Ah! Woolsey," rejoined Fouché, somewhat stung by this last remark, "you are always looking to immediate results. This is the only weak point in your character."

"Fouché, immediate results are better than none; and I am yet to find that our policy is not better than our neighbors'. Gain to-day, and sleep on it. You will have time to think before you go into battle in the morning. Immediate victory, I claim to be the highest policy, as there is 'a higher law than the Constitution.' What care we for the Jesuits?—Just as much as they care for us. It is tit for tat; and no love lost between us. We have made all we have made, in this same way; but we have made it by dribblets. It is safer, in my judgment, to commit one grand villany, so stupendous that it excites the amazement of men, than to be put in the Tombs for

stealing a two-penny loaf. By thus playing a larger game, for a larger stake, with higher instruments, subtler policy, and bolder movements, I apprehend no danger; and I see every advantage in striking hands at once, and holding the grasp with these men; for with them we can rule the country. Let your Native Americans talk and rant. That was a dash that blew over, and any other dash of the kind, will pass just as quick. The strength of every political party in this country, is limited exactly to the extent that they can guide Public Opinion, and confer upon their instruments emoluments, profit, favor, and power. Once with the machinery of the Federal Government in our hands, instead of that rickety machine at Albany, we can manage this country, and make it child's-play to carry on the General Government for our own purposes. Then, as now, the Jesuits will be on our side. They never desert men in power. These rats leave nothing but falling houses, and sinking ships. They cling to men as long as they are successful; and success, Fouché, is all I am after. Why have we indulged our brother Loveblack in all his vagaries? He never has had an *ism* that did not give us votes—he never will have, till he comes to his last."

"This all looks very well, Woolsey," said Fouché with a sneer.

"Yes, it looks well, and what's more, it works well.

Has not our system given us the State? Did not the man who once controlled the politics of New York, graduate in the highest school this country is acquainted with? If our system works well here, where seecresy is almost impossible, will it not act well upon the leather-headed Dutchman of Pennsylvania, the warm-hearted planter of the South, and the muck-covered Hoosier of the West? If you can pull the wool over the eyes of the New Yorkers, you can walk into the White House without being questioned. How else will you account for the final success of the only man in this State, that has understood politics well enough to get there?"

"But, Woolsey, are we not likely to get more help than we want out of these people? You know that their policy is to 'divide and conquer.' In every country, they have stirred up difficulties; and from every civilized land on the earth, without an exception, they have been, sooner or later, ejected. They have rent kingdoms and empires in twain; and you know, that a Republic like ours, which is held together only by ropes of sand, is just the ground for them to work on. Consequently, they are quick to strike hands with us Abolitionists at the North, and quicker still, if possible, to build up new slave States in the South and West. They always go with the party in power; and I begin, for one, to think that we have driven this nigger business about far

enough. Loveblack there, has been going this thing like a Jehu lately, and he must temper his tone a little, or we shall lose much of our vote where they read on both sides, and we may even lose it in the rural districts, where they read but one. I conclude it is not necessary to split the Union just yet, at all events."

"We had better do this than quit the helm: Where will your ship go to then?"

"Probably, Woolsey, somebody might take our places and head her out to sea. You seem to be carrying the ship ashore; and I do not limit my hopes to a *wreck*."

"Suppose the ship does go ashore? Has the North ever made anything out of the Union? Have we not had to carry the South upon our backs? Has she not absorbed more than her share of offices of emolument, trust, and power? Has she not, for the most part, led our armies and controlled our navies? Has she not given us every President we ever had except three? Does she not lord it over us in every place, at every time, and under all circumstances? Fouché, this idea of the Union—the *eternal* union of these States—I have ceased to believe in. Our only friends and allies are the Secessionists at the South, and the Jesuits everywhere. Men are governed more by terror than by persuasion."

"I agree with you in great part in what you have said. There is a vast deal of blarney about this Union.

We have heard of it from Clay and Webster, and that whole class of bungling politicians that have wrecked our fortunes at almost every trial, and I am as sick of it as you are."

"Fouché, I have made this bargain; and when I give my word to a Jesuit, I always make it a rule to keep it. It must, therefore, be distinctly understood that this policy is agreed upon. Are you prepared to stand by me? for it will be necessary that you should see Hubert, and be thrown into direct relations with his friends, wherever you go, through this campaign."

"Of course, Woolsey, I go with you. My object was not to back out of the bargain; for, on the whole, it is a good one—at all events, we can make it such. I only wanted to let you understand that I am aware of their system of operations; and I wished to draw from you the reasons that had governed you in adopting this policy. Subtle as is the system of Jesuitism, dark and mysterious as are all its workings, we can outwit the scoundrels after all. We are on our native heath, and if they know where their interest lies, they will stand by us to the last. If they do not happen to know it, we'll teach it to them."

Fouché was seldom surprised. He had watched the drift of events; and, perhaps, it would be only fair to give him the credit of starting an idea, which was now

likely to produce results. More than thirty years before, amidst the rubbish of a room in a boarding-house, where one of those Jesuit priests he had spoken of to Woolsey had lodged, Fouché, the new tenant, found in a drawer, an old parchment, containing *the Secret Rules and Instructions of the Company of Jesus*. He drew it from the pocket of his frock-coat, and threw his head in a significant gesture over his left shoulder towards the spot where Loveblack was sitting. Woolsey rose, and roused the latter from a species of stupor he seemed to have fallen into at that late hour. He turned in his chair. He had not been asleep a minute.

“Have you settled the business?” he demanded.

“Yes, Loveblack,” answered Woolsey, “it is all arranged.”

“What am I to do?”

“We have secured the Catholic vote of the State of New York.”

“Must we go the separate School Fund, Woolsey?” was the question of the amiable Loveblack.

“Yes,” answered Woolsey—“*go it blind.*”

“What will the people say?” inquired Loveblack, rolling up his eyes.

“Say”—continued Woolsey—“tell them what to say yourself. Is not this a land of freedom and equal rights? Shall we ostracize men, because they worship God ac-

According to the dictates of their own conscience? Are not the Catholics as sincere as we? And if they contribute their share to the Revenues of the State, have they not a right to be represented? And can they not justly claim that their *pro rata* of the School Fund shall be set apart to be used by them in their own way?"

"Yes, we can say all that. Do you think we shall get the Election?"

"Get it?" said Fouché,—“Beyond a doubt.”

"Well then," continued Loveblack, "I think I will go over to the office, and make a beginning."

This philanthropic man—this reformer—this unflinching advocate of the people—this apostle of light, truth, and human freedom—this instrument of the two arch-demagogues, who were themselves the tools of the Jesuits, put on his white hat, and shuffled out of the room.

"He is a useful man, Fouché."

"Yes, but it was quite as well to get him out of the way before we came to the *Secret Rules and Instructions of the Company of Jesus*. There may be other copies of this document in this country," continued Fouché, "but this is the only one I have ever seen, and from it I have learned more politics, than I have from all other sources."

"Read," replied Woolsey, reaching over the table for

the brandy bottle, and lighting another cigar. Fouché began to read THE SECRET INSTRUCTIONS OF THE JESUITS.

“We will glance first at the PREFACE,” said Fouché.

“These SECRET INSTRUCTIONS must be kept with the most vigilant care, in the hands of Superiors, and committed to a few only, of the *professed*: while they may be divulged to certain of the *non-professed* in emergencies; but it must be under the strictest ties of secrecy;—not as Rules reduced to writing by others, but as advice from the person who divulges them. And since many of the professed will thus become acquainted with these INSTRUCTIONS, the COMPANY has, from its first establishment, taken care, that no one in the secret, should be allowed to join any Order, except the *Carthusians*, who live in strict retirement, and are compelled by the Holy See, to observe inviolable silence. The supremest care must be taken, to keep these INSTRUCTIONS from falling into the hands of strangers, lest through fear or envy of our COMPANY, they should give them a sinister interpretation. But if this should happen [which God forbid], *let it be positively denied that they are the INSTRUCTIONS, or that they contain the principles of the COMPANY*; and let such denial be confirmed by those of our Members, who we are sure *know nothing* of them. By these means, and by confronting these RULES with our PUBLIC INSTRUCTIONS, printed or written, our credibility will be established beyond opposition.

“Let Superiors, also, carefully and warily inquire, whether any of our Members have divulged these INSTRUCTIONS to strangers;

and never allow them, or any part of them, to be copied for any purpose, without the consent of the Provincial, or the GENERAL himself. And if any one is suspected of incapacity to keep *such vital secrets*, acquaint him not of your suspicion, but dismiss him at once."

"That is a fair start, Woolsey. We shall now see THE INSTRUCTIONS themselves." Fouché continued—

"The *first* chapter treats of '*How the COMPANY must proceed when any new Establishment of the Order is to be founded.*' "

"I. It will be of great importance for our Members to be well received by the inhabitants of the place, or district, where they are to settle. They must set forth the object of the COMPANY, as laid down by our STATUTES, which declare that we ought as diligently to seek occasions of doing good to our neighbors, as to ourselves. Therefore, let our brethren, with humility, discharge the meanest offices in the hospitals; frequently visit the sick, the poor, and prisoners; and readily, and without distinction, receive the confessions of all; that the novelty of such uncommon and diffusive charity may excite in the minds of the principal persons of the neighborhood, an admiration for our conduct, and forcibly draw their affections towards us.

"II. The privilege to exercise the Ministry of this COMPANY must be requested in a modest and religious manner; and when admitted, they must do their best to gain favor, chiefly among such ecclesiastics and secular persons as can help us in time of need.

“III. Distant places must be visited and explored, where the necessity for our presence must be demonstrated; but explorers must receive the most inconsiderable alms, which must afterwards be given away to deserving objects. This will edify those who are not yet acquainted with THE COMPANY, and stir them up to greater liberality towards us.

“IV. All our members must seem to breathe the same spirit, and learn the same exterior behavior; for by such uniformity in so vast a diversity of men, all will be edified and won. Whoever obstinately persists in a contrary deportment, must be at once dismissed, as dangerous and hurtful to THE COMPANY.

“V. Wherever we settle, let our Members be cautious at first in purchasing lands; and when they find good and profitable sites for our purposes, let them be bought—but always in the name of some true and trusty *friend*. And to give to our position a plausible gloss of real poverty, let the purchases adjacent to the places where our colleges stand, be assigned, by the Provincial, to colleges at a distance. Thus, Potentates and Magistrates can never learn with certainty the amount of our revenues.

“VI. Let no places be selected by our Members for founding Colleges, except in the neighborhood of opulent cities—the end of THE COMPANY being an imitation of Christ, our Saviour, who made his principal residence the Metropolis of Judea, and who only transiently visited less remarkable places.

“VII. Let the greatest sums be always extorted from widows—who are susceptible; and this can effectually be done by frequent remonstrances of our extreme necessities.

“VIII. In no province must any one, except the Provincial, be

fully apprised of the real value of our property, or revenues; and what is contained in the Treasury at Rome, must *for ever* be kept as an inviolable secret.

“IX. Let it publicly appear, and be everywhere declared by our Members, in all their intercourse with society, private or public, that their only object in founding any College or Establishment, is limited to the superior instruction of youth, and the spiritual and temporal welfare of the inhabitants; and that all this is done without the least idea of reward on earth, or respect of persons; and that we are never an incumbrance upon the people where we live, as all other Religious Societies are. We give—it is our glory to do it—for more blessed is he that giveth than he that receiveth.”

“This,” remarked Fouché, “is a particularly brilliant chapter. It embraces, in my judgment, some of the most important elements of success in any institution, whose object is to control the minds of men.”

“You are right, Fouché; go on. This interests me prodigiously.”

“Well, then, we come to *Chapter Second*, which teaches—

“How the Company may work itself into the confidence, and preserve a familiarity, with princes, noblemen, and persons of the greatest distinction.”

“I. Everywhere, princes and illustrious personages must, by some means or other, be so managed, that we can have their ear,

which will easily secure their hearts. This policy, well carried out, will make all men our creatures, and no one will dare to disturb or oppose THE COMPANY OF JESUS.

“II. Forget not that ecclesiastics gain great favor from great men by winking charitably at their vices,—by putting a favorable construction upon whatever they do that is wrong; as, for example, marrying with their near relations, or anything else. We must make it our business to encourage men who have power, in the gratification of everything which they are inclined to; for we can easily convince them that through our aid, they can be forgiven for it at Rome: and that dispensations will always be granted, if proper reasons are urged, parallel cases adduced, and opinions quoted, which countenance actions which are believed to be conducive to the good of mankind, and the greater glory of God,—these being the only objects of THE COMPANY,—must always be set forward as the only motives which influence us to go to Rome for pardon for what is wrong.

“III. The same must be done when Princes, and men in power, undertake enterprises which are unpopular with their people. They must be urged on, and excited; while their opponents must be dissuaded from opposition; but this must be done only in a *general way*, always avoiding particulars, lest a miscarriage of an enterprise we may have favored, should bring odium upon us. We must always be ready to meet a crisis like this, and whenever any cause we have promoted becomes unpopular, our brethren must always have by them INSTRUCTIONS *plainly forbidding it*, and these INSTRUCTIONS must be backed by the authority of our senior Members, who, being entirely ignorant of these INSTRU-

trons, and of the thing in question, must give their oath that all such insinuations are malicious, and base imputations on THE COMPANY OF JESUS.

“IV. It will materially aid us in gaining the favor of Potentates and Ministers, if we artfully worm ourselves—by using other people, and under the pretence of promoting their interests—into honorable Embassies to foreign courts, in their behalf; but especially to the Court of the Holy Father and great monarchs; for thus we can promote our final views and throw splendor over our social position. But let none but thorough zealots and persons well versed in the schemes and institutions of the COMPANY, be ever pitched upon for such work as this.

“V. Above all, due care must be taken to curry favor with the servants, agents, minions, and domestics of princes and nobles, whom, by little presents, and many offices of piety and love, we may so far bias and gain over, that through them we can get accurate intelligence of the bent and drift of their masters’ humors and inclinations; and thus THE COMPANY will be better qualified to chime in with their tempers. How much we have gained in this manner by promoting marriage alliances, the House of Austria, the Bourbons, Poland, Spain, and other kingdoms and states, afford experimental evidence. Therefore, let such marriage alliances be prudently selected between those whose parents are our friends—firmly attached to our cause.

“VI. Princesses and ladies of quality can easily be gained through the agency of the women of their bedchambers. We must pay particular address to them, since they will communicate to us with freedom all the secrets which we desire to know, and through which we can control all parties.

"VII. In directing the consciences of great men, our Confessors must imitate those who allow the greatest latitude, in opposition to other Religious Orders; for their penitents being thus allured by the prospect of greater freedom in religious life, will come at last to depend wholly upon us for direction and counsel.

"VIII. Princes, prelates, and all men in power, who are capable of rendering great services to THE COMPANY, must be favored by being made partakers of all its merits, indulgences, and favors, after they fully understand the high importance of such great privileges.

"IX. Let it be cautiously, but ingeniously, instilled into the people, that THE COMPANY is intrusted with far greater power of absolving, even in the nicest cases; thus they will have recourse to us, and as often as we absolve them from crimes, misdemeanors, peccadilloes, and sins, we shall place them under fresh obligations.

"X. It will be proper to invite such to attend our sermons and fellowships—to hear our orations, and assist in all those semi-religious but tasteful re-unions, and to compliment them with verses and addresses—always to accost them in a pleasant and polished manner, and on proper occasions give them elegant entertainments.

"XI. Let no means be neglected of getting a knowledge of the animosities that arise among great men; that we may have a finger in reconciling their difficulties; for by such means we shall learn all about their secret affairs—who are their friends—and in the end we can be sure to enlist one of the parties on our side.

"XII. When the discovery is made that any person who serves a king or prince is not well affected towards us, no stone must be

left unturned to win him over to friendship and familiarity with us ; if he cannot be won, he must be ruined.

"XIII. None who have been once dismissed from THE COMPANY, whether they left it with their own accord or not, should ever be recommended for any purpose ; for disguise it as cunningly as they may, those who have left us, always retain an implacable hatred against THE COMPANY.

"XIV. Finally, Let all our members, with such adroitness, gain the ascendant over men in power everywhere, that they may be ready at our beck to sacrifice for our advantage their nearest relations and most intimate friends."

"I do not perceive, my dear Fouché, any moral difference between their mode of proceeding and ours," said Woolsey.

"Only this—they carry their system out; we do it only by halves. But to go on.

"Chapter *Third* tells—

"How the Company must conduct towards those who are at the helm of affairs, and towards others who, although they may not be rich, are in some capacity of being otherwise serviceable.

"I. Most of what has been said is applicable here. We must be industrious to procure the favor of men in station, against all who oppose us. Their influence and counsels must be courted, for obtaining influence and station for ourselves ; but we must make it appear to others, that we set little by their worldly advice, since we have a contempt for wealth ; but at the same time, if their

secrecy and faith may be depended on, we may privately use their names to aid us in amassing temporal goods, for the benefit of THE COMPANY.

“II. They must also be employed in winning popularity for us among the meaner classes, and in changing the aversion of the populace into an affection for OUR COMPANY.

“III. Bishops and Superior Ecclesiastics must not be importuned by our members, except for those things which *appear* necessary; and even for these with a proper regard to our extremities, and their several inclinations to serve us. They must not be offended. Sometimes it will be asking quite enough, if we prevail on Prelates and Curates, to cause their subordinates to show reverence to OUR COMPANY; and if no more, to secure them at least from interposing any obstacles to the discharge of our ministry. In Germany, and other countries where the Priesthood is not powerful enough to lord it over the people, the Prelates must be treated with the profoundest respect; for thus their Monasteries, Parishes, Priories, Patronages, Foundations for Masses, and Religious Places, with those of their Princes, may ultimately be got into our hands. This is by no means difficult where Catholics are intermixed with Heretics and Schismatics. This is a field particularly favorable to us. The better to gain our point, we must show to these Prelates, the prodigious advantages we can bring to them through our influence, while we could hardly expect to make any impression in this way upon dull Priests and Monks. Whenever they favor us under these pretexts, their zeal must be rewarded by public commendations; and they must be led to suppose that their memories will be transmitted by THE COMPANY OF JESUS to the latest posterity.

“IV. In carrying out this plan, we must induce such Prelates to make use of us, both as Confessors and Counsellors; and whenever their ambition aims at higher preferments from the See of Rome, their pretensions must be backed by such strong influence on the part of our friends everywhere, that we shall be sure not to fail.

“V. Our Members who have intercourse with Prelates and Princes, must see that wherever Colleges or Parochial Churches are founded, THE COMPANY can always nominate Vicars for the cure of souls; and that our Members are made Superintendents; for in this way only can we grasp the whole government of the Church; and thus, in every place, men will be made such vassals to us, that nothing we ask for will they dare to deny.

“VI. Wherever the Governors of Colleges hamper us in our designs, or Catholics or Heretics obstruct our way, we must, through the Prelates, secure the principal pulpits; for in this way, sooner or later, we can impress upon the people our wants, and in an affecting manner, lay open our necessities.

“VII. Prelates must be specially caressed, when any of our Members are to be canonized; and at such times, whatever it may cost, letters must be got from Princes and Nobles, which will fortify us at the Court of Rome.

“VIII. Whenever Prelates or Nobles are employed in Foreign Embassies, they must, at all hazards, be kept from using any Religious Order except our own, otherwise great harm would come to us in the Governments they represent, and at the Courts to which they are sent. Whenever Ambassadors of this kind pass through places where we have Colleges, let them be received

.

with all honor and esteem, and entertained with as much splendor as religious decorum can possibly admit.

“ Chapter Fourth treats on the chief things to be recommended to Preachers, and Confessors of men in power.

“ I. Our Members must so converse with Princes and Nobles, that they may seem to have nothing else in view but the glory of God. But we must not recommend to them any austerity, penance, or duty, which they are not willing to comply with. We must make their load easy; and we shall thus insensibly obtain religious and secular dominion. We must preach justice to those that rule, and that God is offended with Princes when they are hurried away into wrong, by the impulses of their passions; but we must defend every Prince who stands by us, even when he is wrong, so far as we can conveniently. Our members must always gravely protest, and solemnly affirm, that they enter into secular and political affairs with the extremest reluctance; but in speaking of public affairs, it must be made to appear that it is the duty of our office often to speak such truths to the great and the lowly, and to do many things which, in a wicked world, we should gladly avoid. We must bring to the attention of Princes such men as will be serviceable to us, when anybody is to be admitted into the service of the State; but the recommendation of our friends, in such cases, must not seem to come from us, since it will come with a far better grace from favorites and familiars of Princes, if they be creatures of ours.

“ II. Therefore, let our Confessors and Preachers always be informed by our friends, of persons who are proper for every office—above all, the names of those who are our benefactors—and let these names be carefully kept; for the time will come,

when they can, with proper dexterity, be proposed with success.

“III. Confessors and Preachers must always remember to soothe Princes by winning address; never to give them the least offence in their sermons or private conversations; to dispossess their minds of all imaginary doubts and fears; and in public, to exhort them only to faith, hope, and political justice.

“IV. Our members must seldom, or never, accept of *small* presents for their private use; but look only after the common interests of the Company. At home, plainly furnished chambers or cells must content them. They must not appear in showy costume; but at every turn, be ready to administer their advice to the meanest persons, for the world must never say that we court the great.

“V. The moment any person in authority dies, let one of our friends be put in his place: but this must be cloaked with such management as to avoid giving the least suspicion; hence we must not be seen in it, but resort to the artifices of a faithful friend, whose power may, in any event, screen us from the envy, or hatred, which might otherwise fall heavily upon the Society.”

“They are good managers, Fouché. I doubt if Machiavelli himself could have done this work much better; it smacks of his subtle spirit of ingenuity.”

“Yes, Woolsey, but as we go on, you will find that their system comprehends the entire social life of the world; for the only universal Institution that has yet put forth its power upon all races and nations, is THE

COMPANY OF JESUS. Christianity itself, *as an institution*, has not yet done it to the same extent."

"Go on, Fouché," rejoined Woolsey, lighting another fragrant Havana.

"Chapter *Five*, then," continued Fouché,—

"Instructs us what conduct is to be observed towards our rivals, or such ecclesiastics as we may come in collision with.

"I. We must not be discouraged, or diverted, from our objects by such people. We must convince Princes, and others in authority, that THE COMPANY contains the perfection of all other Societies, leaving out their cant, and outward austerity of life and dress. But if any other Order eclipses us in any of these particulars, we must show that ours shines with pre-eminent splendor in the Church of God. Let the defects of other Religious Orders be diligently canvassed, and gradually published to our friends; but always with seeming sorrow, and a spirit of charity, since we know that they cannot acquit themselves so happily even in the discharge of those functions which are common to us both.

"II. But far greater efforts must be made against those who attempt to set up Schools for the education of Youth, wherever we have our foundations. In every case of this kind, Princes and Magistrates must be told that such Colleges and Establishments will certainly prove nurseries of tumults and sedition; that children must necessarily imbibe those principles that are taught to them; and lastly, we must persuade them that no Society but ours is qualified to educate the young. To this effect, we must show the high endorsement of Popes; the recommendations of Cardi-

nals, Princes, and Nobles; with corroborations from Magistrates in many places, of attestations to the exemplary conduct and faithful instruction of those committed to our care.

“III. Especially let us be mindful to give to the public some signal instances of their virtue and learning, by showing to the gentry, the magistrates, and the populace even, that the pupils of our colleges have conquered scholastic difficulties, and fairly won public applause.”

“This rule has been effectually carried out by one or more of our Presidents,” remarked Woolsey; “for it seems to have become the fashion for our Presidents to preside over the distribution of prizes at the Jesuits’ College near Washington.”

“Yes; but who can object to having the countenance of the Chief Magistrate of the United States given to institutions of learning? No matter how much odium the ‘Native Americans’ may attempt to bring upon us, who advocate a broader and a more liberal policy. We can always have the better of the argument with the people, when we make a fair plea for *toleration for all creeds*; although I confess this thing may be carried too far.”

“I will not interrupt you so often,” answered Woolsey, “and I beg you to go on.”

“I will, for the Sixth Chapter is particularly interesting, since it treats of—

“Proper methods for inducing rich widows to be liberal to the Company of Jesus.

“I. In this business none of our members must engage, except those of mature age, personal accomplishments, and agreeable conversation. Let such frequently visit widows, and the moment they begin to show any affection for our Order, let its good works and merits be ingeniously unfolded. If they lend a kind ear to these, and begin to visit our churches, we must be sure to provide them Confessors, who will genially admonish them to constant perseverance in their state of widowhood; and thus, by enumerating and exaggerating the felicities of a single life, they will be induced to pledge themselves to a firm continuance in this pious resolution, which, if maintained, will infallibly secure eternal salvation.

“II. These Confessors must persuade them to undertake some work of merit, for which they will receive the reward here, and the glory hereafter—such as beautifying some chapel, or any other Religious house, as a sacred place for their meditations and devotions, day by day. By such means they will be more readily disengaged from the conversation and addresses of importunate suitors. And although they may have chaplains of their own, yet our Confessors must go to celebrate Mass where widows are, to give them proper and sublime exhortations, and to keep their own chaplains under—if it can be done.

“III. The management of widows’ houses must be changed insensibly, and with extreme prudence—regard being had to persons, places, affections, prejudices, and sincere devotion.

“IV. All servants, who do not have a good understanding with

us, must be removed—but only little by little—and when we have managed to work them out, let such be introduced as already are, or will cheerfully become our creatures. Thus we shall dive into the secrets of, and we will have a finger in, the affairs transacted in the family.”

“Do you suppose that this system is carried out in the United States, Fouché?”

“Of course it is.”

“Then we must look out for our homes.”

“Certainly you must. I have done it a good many years. But to proceed.”

“V. The Confessor must manage to gain the confidence of the widow to such an extent that she will not do the least thing without his advice, and his advice only; which he may occasionally insinuate to be the only basis of her spiritual edification.

“VI. She must be advised to the frequent use of the Sacraments, but especially that of *penance*; for there she will discover her secret thoughts, and most occult temptations. She must feel the necessity of frequently applying to her Confessor for advice, and instructions, to the performance of which she must be invited by promises of prayers, specially adapted to her particular exigencies; while she must every day rehearse her Litany, and strictly examine her conscience before God, after which she must communicate the result to her Confessor. It will be very well, also, to induce her to repeat a general confession, although she may have formerly made it to another; for this will give a more perfect knowledge of all her inclinations.

“VII. Her Confessor must often dwell on the advantages of the state of widowhood, and the inconvenience of wedlock, especially when it is repeated; with the dangers to which it may expose her.

“VIII. It may be well, occasionally, to insinuate to her some match, but be sure to mention one she has an aversion to: while if she has a fondness for any person, let his vices and failings be represented to her in a proper light, that she may abhor the thought of changing her condition for an alliance with any person whatever.

“IX. When she has firmly determined to continue a widow, then recommend to her a spiritual life—but not a recluse one—the inconveniences of which must be magnified to her—but such a one as Paula’s or Eustachia’s, etc., and when the Confessor has got so far that he can prevail with her to make a solemn vow of chastity, for two or three years, at least, then let him take due care to oppose all tendencies to a second marriage. He may then forbid her from all conversations with men, and diversions even with her near relatives and kinsmen, under pretence of entering into a stricter union with God. Take care, too, that no ecclesiastic of any Order but our own, visits that widow, or receives visits from her. If this cannot be done, let no one see her in a religious capacity, unless he can be trusted. Thus, for a time, our Confessor may subside in the earnestness of his vigilance, if he is sure that his work is being done by some one else.

“X. When all this is gained, the widow must gradually be excited to the performance of good works, especially works of charity, which cost nothing but money and ostentation; but even this she must not do on a large scale, without the consent of her

Confessor, since it is of lasting importance to her soul, that her talent be so laid out as to promote her spiritual interests; and she must be reminded that charity, when ill-applied, often proves the cause of sin in others, which effaces the merit and reward that would otherwise attend the giver."

"It is a pity," remarked Woolsey, "that our friend Loveblack is gone. This seems to pertain to the Woman's Rights department."

"Yes," replied Fouché, with a half-laugh.

"Chapter Seven explains *how such widows are to be secured, and their effects disposed of.*

"I. They must be perpetually urged to perseverance in their devotion and good works, so that no week may pass in which they do not voluntarily set apart from their abundance, something for the honor of Christ, the Sacred Virgin, or other patron Saint; and let them devote it to the relief of the poor, or the adornment of our churches, until they are entirely stripped of their superfluous wealth.

"II. But if aside from these general acts of benevolence, they are inclined to a special liberality to us, and continue in such laudable works, let them be *partakers of all the merits of the Company*, and favored with a special indulgence from the Provincial, or the General himself, if they are worthy of it.

"III. Let their vow of chastity be renewed twice a year; and let the day on which it is done, be set apart for innocent recreations by the Members of the Company.

"IV. Let them be frequently visited and entertained, in an

agreeable manner, with spiritual Romances; and let all their particular humors and inclinations be administered to by diverting and enchanting amusements and occupations.

“V. They must be treated *tenderly at the Confessional*. Nothing morose, ill-tempered, impertinent, or unpleasant, must disturb them there. Great discretion is to be used at the Confessional in forming a judgment of the natural inconstancy of women.

“VI. Discreet management must be practised to prevent them from visiting the churches of other orders; while they must be told that we can grant, with higher grace, larger indulgences than can be done by others.

“VII. If they are to go into mourning, give them the liberty of the most becoming and graceful dress,—let it have an air both of the religious, and the fashionable; and thus they will think that they are by no means under the control of their Spiritual Guides, in things which seem to appertain specially to their sex. Lastly, if there be no suspicion of their fidelity to us, and above all, if they are liberal to THE COMPANY, allow them, *with moderation, and without offence, whatever pleasures they may have an inclination to*. In this way, the woman of the world will be our best coadjutor.

“VIII. Let young females, who are descended from rich and noble parents, be placed with these widows, that they may gradually become subject to our directions, and accustomed to our *régime*. Let their governesses be fitly chosen by the family Confessor. Let them submit to all the censures and rigors of the Society; and if they will not conform themselves to our Rules, let them be dismissed to their parents, or those who put them there; and be

sure before they go, to represent them as intractable, stubborn, and perverse.

“IX. As much care is to be taken of the health and recreations of these widows, as of their eternal salvation. Hence, if they ever complain of indisposition, at once, all fasting, discipline, and penance, must be forbidden! They must not be permitted to stir abroad; even to go to church; but they must be watched at home with privacy, tenderness, and vigilance. But if they happen secretly to steal into the garden, or some other private place, thereby wishing to deceive us, you must not seem to know it; and allow them all that liberty of conversation, and private diversions, and indulgence, with the company of *any persons who are known to be acceptable to our Order*.

“X. The great point will be to get the widow's fortune; consequently set her a pattern, by describing the state of those holy persons who have renounced the world, and forsaken their parents, with cheerfulness of mind, to devote themselves to the service of God. The better to effect this, let what is contained in the Statutes of THE COMPANY, relating to this kind of renunciation, be explained; and let instances be adduced of widows who, in a short time, became saints, and were canonized, because they achieved brilliantly, what others accomplished only by long and less enthusiastic devotions. Let them know, too, that the COMPANY of JESUS will prevail with the Court of Rome, to accomplish for them—either living or dead—all they desire on earth or in Heaven.

“XI. Let it be deeply impressed on their minds, that if they wish to enjoy perfect peace of conscience, they must, in all matters, temporal as well as spiritual, implicitly follow the directions of their Confessors, without the least murmuring or inward

reluctance, since these Confessors are specially allotted to them by the Divine Providence.

“XII. Let them be instructed, too, that the bestowment of alms on Ecclesiastics—however exemplary their life may be, if done without the knowledge and approbation of their Confessors—will not be equally meritorious in the sight of God.

“XIII. They must have no familiarity, under any pretence whatever, with Ecclesiastics of other Orders; but they must, on all proper occasions, exalt the Company of Jesus, as infinitely superior to all others in the service of God; of greater authority with the Pope, and all Princes; that it is the most perfect in itself; that it discards all offensive or unqualified members from its community; and that it is therefore purified from the scum and dregs with which all other Monks and Orders are affected; persons who, for the most part, are unlearned, stolid, slothful, negligent of their duties, unintellectual, the slaves of their bellies. These Orders and Monks are disgusting—they must be made intolerable.

“XIV. Widows must be persuaded to pay small penances and contributions towards the yearly support of Colleges and Professed Houses; but especially the Professed House at Rome. Nor let them forget magnificent ornaments of Churches, wax tapers, wine and luxuries, and other things necessary to the celebration of the Mass, or the dispensation of graceful hospitalities; all of which offerings will, before the Altar, or at the festive board, be used in connexion with *their names* at the Seat of Power, for their glory hereafter.”

“Woolsey,” said Fouché, facetiously, “the chances are

that you would have drunk less bad liquor in your time, if you had been the General of the Company of Jesus."

Woolsey blushed a little at this home-thrust, which Fouché, in his good-nature, could not withhold, and the reading went on.

"XV. If any widow, during her lifetime, makes over her whole estate to the Society, be careful that she does not change her mind; and when she is seized with illness, let the poverty of our Colleges just erected, be represented to her; and by graceful and winning manner, and insinuating arguments, let her understand that her large liberality has laid for her the certain foundations of Eternal happiness.

"XVI. This same course must be taken with Princes, and other munificent benefactors; for they must be wrought up to the belief, that these are the only acts that will perpetuate their memories in this world, and secure to them unfading glory in the next. But if any ill-disposed person pretends to trump up the example of our Saviour, who had no place where to lay his head, and from this urge, that the Company of Jesus ought to distinguish itself by poverty, we must, in reply to such insinuations, seriously inculcate upon the minds of all, that the Church being entirely changed from what it was in the days of its infancy, cannot maintain its ground against mighty enemies, unless it is supported by great authority, and all the splendors of Monarchy at Rome; and it may be added, that this is 'the little stone which the prophet foretold should be hewn out of the rock, and afterwards become a great mountain.'

“XVII. But since our expectations must of necessity be limited where widows have children whom they are educating for the world, we must be sure to guard against such inconveniences.”

“Therefore”—remarked Fouché—“in Chapter *Eighth* we are told, *how widows are to be treated, to be induced to embrace a religious life.*”

“I. As they must act with resolution, so must we proceed with gentleness. Let mothers be instructed to use their children harshly—even from the cradle—by plying them with frequent reproofs, and chastisements. When their daughters are nearly grown up to discretion, let them be sedulously denied the dress and common ornaments of their sex; offering prayers to God at all times, that he would inspire them with a desire of entering a religious Order; and *promising them everything*, if they will become nuns. Let all the inconveniences of the marriage state to others, and to themselves in particular, be pressed home upon them; and from the woful experience of others, lead them to prayer and single life. And lastly, persist in this course, that their daughters may think of a religious state, being tired of leading such a miserable life *with their mothers*. In any event, by this course, they will be so miserable at home, that they will marry those we propose to them.

“II. Let our members converse familiarly with widows’ sons; introduce them occasionally into our Colleges; and let everything be done with the best face, to invite them to enter the Order. Let them walk through the gardens, vineyards, country seats, and villas, owned by us or our friends, where *we* pass an agreeable

life. Let them be informed of our various travels into distant parts of the world; of our familiarity with Princes, and everything else that is captivating to the young. Let them see the *outward* neatness of our refectories and chambers; the agreeable intercourse we have with each other; the easiness of our rules, which yet have the promise of the glory of God; and lastly, the preëminence of the Company of Jesus over all others; not forgetting, in the midst of our discourses on piety, to entertain them with pleasing and diverting stories, conversations, and charming romances.

“III. Let us occasionally—as if by Divine Inspiration—suddenly exhort them to religion in general; and then artfully insinuate the perfection and charms of our Institution; insisting, both in public exhortations and private discourses, how heinous a crime it is to resist the immediate call of God; and lastly, let them be seduced into the performance of spiritual exercises which must be made delightful to them; and thus determine them in the choice of such a state of life.

“IV. Such youths must have tutors provided for them, who are firmly attached to our interests. Let their mothers set forth the difficulties under which their families labor; and if they cannot be brought of their own accord to desire admission into our Company, let them be sent to distant Colleges, under the guise of foreign travel; or keep them closer to their studies; and let the most untiring efforts be made by our Members, to allure them to our cause, and to make all the associations of THE COMPANY enchanting to their fancies and hearts.”

“By these means,” remarked Woolsey, “I have

known a vast number of Protestant young men, who have been sent to Jesuit Colleges at Georgetown, Quebec, Montreal, Paris, Rome, and other places; and, in most instances, I have observed that they return, at last, favorably affected towards the Jesuits."

"Chapter *Nine*," continued Fouché, who went on reading with the greater spirit, since he saw that Woolsey was far from finding it uninteresting or irksome,

"Prescribes the *various modes of increasing the revenues of the Society*.

"I. Confessors must not fail to sift out of their penitents, as complete a knowledge as possible of their families, relations, friends, and effects; their reversions, state, and intentions; that they may be moulded to our purposes. Where there is a disinclination to disclose all the secrets desired, it must gravely, and with an apparently honest intention, be prescribed as a soul-saving penance. If it be a female penitent, the Confessor must insist upon frequent confessions, and constant attendance at Church. If a male, he must be induced to frequent the company of our Members; for just in proportion as our brethren gain familiarity with families, shall we prosper.

"All means of influence prescribed in the case of widows, must be resorted to with merchants, rich citizens, and married people who are childless. Thus, entire estates will often be gained by adroit management. But these Rules must be rigorously observed towards *rich female devotees*.

"III. A close eye must be kept upon all rich families, and large estates; and accurate information obtained of taxes, rents,

mortgages, and claims upon houses, gardens, farms, vineyards, and other property of nobles, merchants, and citizens ; for by this private knowledge, we can often get valuable property into our hands. Whenever a Confessor has a rich penitent, let him at once inform his Superior, and try all winning artifices to secure him. Our Members, by properly studying a compliance with the humors of their penitents, may work themselves into their good graces ; and wherever they learn that a new field for exertion is opened, let the Superior Clergy at once dispatch discreet and able men, with complete instructions—for a plentiful harvest will crown their endeavors.

“IV. When children are taken into the Society, it must be distinctly understood what property or contracts are to fall to us. If there is an unwillingness to transfer property at once, let things be so managed that it will, after a limited time, revert to us—thus we shall ultimately get it. Where widows and rich married people have daughters, we must see that they are persuaded to undertake a religious life ; and thus, if we get but a small fortune from them in the beginning, we may ultimately get more. If they have sons who would suit our purposes, let them be allured or enticed—if it be by the promise of rewards—to come among us. But if there be but one son in the family, let nothing be neglected to bring him over—set him free from all fear of his parents—and let him be convinced that it is a call from above, by showing him how acceptable a sacrifice it would be to God, if he should leave father and mother without their consent. When he is persuaded, let him enter his novitiate in a distant College—information thereof having first been communicated to the General. Where there are sons *and* daughters, let the girls first be

got into a Nunnery, and afterwards the sons drawn into the Society, when they have got possession of their sisters' effects.

“V. When Confessors are slack in carrying out these RULES towards widows and married people, let Superiors substitute others in their places, and remove the delinquents to a great distance; thus to prevent them from keeping up any correspondence whatever with those families which they would not or could not bend to our purposes.

“VI. As it is all-important to convince the world of the poverty of the Society, let Superiors borrow money, on bond, of our rich friends, and defer payment when it is due; and let those who lend the money, especially if they happen to fall dangerously sick, be constantly visited, and by all means wrought upon to deliver up the bond. Thus we shall get their property without being mentioned in their wills, or incurring the hatred of their heirs.

“VII. It will be well, also, to borrow of some persons money at regular interest, and loan it out to others who are in great need of assistance, at a higher rate. In the meantime, our friends from whom we have borrowed, compassionating the necessity of the Society, will forgive us the interest for the time being, and if we give affecting relations of the new Colleges or Churches we are building, they will generally end in giving us the principal, while they are living, or in their Testaments after they are dead.

“VIII. Our Members may also advantageously traffic under the borrowed names of rich merchants (if they are our friends); but never without the prospect of abundant gain. This may be done, even to the Indies, which hitherto, by the bountiful favor of

God, have furnished us, not only with souls, but also plenteous supplies for our coffers.

“IX. Wherever our members live, they must have *a physician who is firmly in our interests*. They must recommend him to the sick, above all others. In return, he will extol the Society above all Religious Orders ; and will frequently get us called in to visit sick persons of distinction, especially when they are beyond the hope of recovery,—such crises being favorable to our designs.

“X. Let our Confessors be constant in visiting all the sick who are in danger : and if any Confessor is withdrawn, let another be instantly substituted, in order that the sick person may be kept strong in his good resolutions. At such times, it may be advisable to influence the sick and dying, by apprehensions of Hell-fire, Purgatory, etc. ; to tell them that as fire is quenched by water, so is sin extinguished by charity ; that alms can never be better bestowed than in maintaining those who piously devote themselves exclusively to the salvation of others ; that thus the sick and dying will become partakers of our merit, which will be abundant to absolve them from whatever sins they may have committed : thus furnishing them that wedding garment, without which no one can be admitted to the Heavenly Feast. To impress all these, let *certain* passages be quoted from the Sacred Writ, and Holy Fathers.

“XI. Lastly, let women who complain of the vices or ill-humor of their husbands, be instructed to set aside sums of money to be offered to God, that He may expiate the crimes of their sinful help-mates.”

“This may account, Fouché, for the fact that a

Catholic priest is so generally found to be an *habitué*, in those families where wives and husbands do not get on very well together."

"I see," replied Fouché, "that you are beginning to find that our new allies are all that you bargained for. I shall skip Chapter *Ten*, which speaks of the *private rigor practised in the Society*; and Chapter *Eleven*, which tells the Members of the Company *how they are invariably to conduct themselves towards members who have been expelled*; and also Chapter *Twelve*, which prescribes *what persons are to be kept and favored by the Society*; and come to Chapter *Thirteen*, which states *how to pick up young men to be admitted into the Society, and how to retain them*."

"I. It is of infinite consequence to be constantly getting accessions of young men of genius, accomplished manners, and high birth, into our Society; and in doing this, *the supremest prudence must be used*. Something has been said about this already. Furthermore, let attractive pictures of our colleges be drawn—of the superior importance which we attach to elegant manners and exquisite learning, rather than to that hard discipline and mechanical labor which they will have to submit to in other institutions—how vast in extent, and how mighty in influence, is the Company of Jesus—how much taste is displayed in ornamenting our grounds, in rearing our edifices; and, above all, how much personal liberty we allow to *all our members who have discretion to use it*;

and how easy it is, by choosing this road, for young men of genius to secure the most brilliant fame.

“II. When young men of this class are gained, let them be treated with the greatest possible degree of respect and favor. They must not be kept in subjection, and chastised, like other scholars that are dependent. Let them *indulge in those liberties which are agreeable to their age*; and let them understand that their being chosen in preference to any of their fellows, for such special indulgences, is a striking instance of Divine favor. But if they grow restive, let them be terrified by denunciations of eternal punishment. The more earnestly they desire to finish their novitiate, and enter the Society, the longer must that favor be deferred, *provided their resolution holds out*. While they are novices, and even while they have taken none but *simple* vows, they must be cautioned not to breathe to the most intimate friend—not even their parents—the idea that they have a special call from Heaven, to act an important part:—for this would be deleterious.

“III. As it is most difficult to get the sons of rich and illustrious men into our Society—since they are brought up under the wing of their parents, to be trained up to succeed them in their rank and occupations—let our *friends*, rather than our Members, persuade them to send their children to distant Provinces or Countries, where some of our Order are tutors or professors; and private information of every such movement must be transmitted, that our Members, by touching the right strings, may gain our point.

“IV. That parents may more readily either yield to their sons’ desires of joining us, or influence that desire in them, it will

be highly expedient to extol the excellence of our Institutions—the sanctity of our brethren—the unspotted character they everywhere maintain—and the universal honor and applause they meet with from persons of all qualities and degrees. Repeat a long list of the names of princes, nobles, and illustrious men, who lived in the Company of Jesus, and who being dead, yet live. If youth urge the objection, that many difficulties must stand in the way, let the flexible nature of our Society be explained—that it contains nothing difficult to observe, *except the keeping of three vows*, and, *what is very remarkable*, not a single rule, whose non-observance would be the commission even of a venial sin.”

“This again accounts for the fact”—remarked Woolsey—“that so many of the sons of the highest families of all countries, are educated in Jesuit Colleges.”

“Chapter *Fourteen*”—continued Fouché—“treats of *reserved cases and causes of dismissal from the Society*—Chapter *Fifteen*, of the *conduct proper to observe towards nuns, and female devotees*; both of which we can pass over; but the *Sixteenth* Chapter, which speaks of the *most successful mode of feigning a contempt for riches*, is worth looking at.

“I. Lest secular persons should represent us as hankering too much after wealth, we should often refuse small and trifling alms that are offered for the performance of pious offices: while from those *known* to be our friends, we must take whatever they offer, lest we bring upon ourselves the imputation of covetousness, and accepting nothing but presents of value.

"II. Let burial in our Churches be denied to persons of base character ; although during their lifetime, they may have been ever so much our friends ; lest the world should surmise that we are after nothing but money.

"III. Let widows, and others who have given us almost everything they had [though they are then on an equal footing with others], be treated with much more rigor, lest people should imagine that our greater indulgence towards them, proceeds from secular motives. We must observe the same rule towards our members, after they have given everything they had away into our hands."

"That illustrates the gratitude of the Company of Jesus," remarked Woolsey.

"Yes, but in what respect does this policy differ from that which the leaders of all political parties practise in this country—*of buying your enemies, and leaving your friends to take care of themselves.* I assure you, Woolsey, the Jesuits are the only models worth the imitation of politicians. But we now come to the *last* chapter I have in this parchment of the French priest. It is the *Seventeenth*, and it treats *of the methods for advancing the Society.*"

"I. Our members must endeavor, in all things, always to act with apparent humanity ; and thus, whatever troubles come upon the world, the Company of Jesus will always maintain its ground, and spread its dominion.

"II. We must so shine in learning and good example, that

other religious persons—especially the clergy *not of us*, may be eclipsed, and common people drawn in, to call upon us for the discharge of every office.

“III. Kings, and men in power everywhere, must be made to believe *that the Catholic faith cannot long prevail, without the aid of political power*. Thus our members will work themselves into favor with great men, and be invited to participate in their secret councils, since they will expect from us all the influence we can put forth upon the seat of Catholic power at Rome, and upon society around them. Such princes and statesmen must be entertained by the freshest and strongest confirmations of this great fact that we can procure from all places. Whenever such a confirmation as this reaches the General of the Order, from high quarters, it will be duly transmitted to our brethren throughout the world, that it may be immediately made use of for the edification of all who can help us; and for the building up of ourselves.

“IV. It will contribute not a little to our advantage if, with caution and great secrecy, we foment and inflame all animosities that arise among princes and great men; between one section or province and another; in order that we may weaken the bonds which bind parties to the Government, or leaders to each other. We must fan every flame of civil discord, up to a certain point; if reconciliation is likely to take place too quick, stave it off. If this cannot be done, we must lose no time in being on the ground, and by becoming mediators, prevent others from doing it.

“V. The upper and the lower classes must, by all methods, be persuaded into the belief that the Company of Jesus was instituted under the particular direction of Divine Providence: and

that though the Church may have been seriously depressed, annoyed, harassed, and weakened by the intrigues and attacks of heretics, we may yet again raise it to its primitive lustre.

“VI. Nor must we lose a chance of impressing upon the minds of those who control the affairs of Governments, and especially the leaders of great political parties, in all countries, that no instance can be found in history, in which any princes, potentates, or statesmen, have been finally left in the lurch, where all the influence, agencies, and power of THE COMPANY were constantly and sedulously put forth in their behalf; while it can readily be made to appear, that where we have withdrawn our aid, Governments, princes, leaders, and parties, have gone down—often in blood and terror.

“VII. When the favor of men in power, in Church and State, is once got, we must next aim to draw all cures, canonships, and other revenues, offices, and foundations, into our possession. We must also aspire to abbacies and bishoprics, all of which can be easily seized, if we are active and vigilant—such is the supineness and stupidity of most ecclesiastics who are not fortunately participators in the benefits of the Company of Jesus. We should possess all these sources of power and influence over the minds and the souls of men, even to the attainment of the Apostolical See itself; for if the Company of Jesus fulfils its lofty mission, as its immortal Founder seemed, in his inspiration, to foresee, spiritual power is the only power which can ever become universal; and although we may do it with some effect under the cloak of Roman Catholicism, which we use as an instrument, still that great instrument can only be wielded with complete success by the genius of the Disciples of Ignatius. Therefore, let no

means be untried, cunningly, privately, gradually, but surely to augment the worldly interests of the Company ; and then a Golden Age for us, will go hand in hand with a universal, and lasting repose for the earth, and the divine blessing will, in this way, attend the Catholic Church.

“But, if our hopes should, in the future, be blasted [and offences must needs come], let it not be because our schemes were not ingeniously arranged to suit all the changing aspects of the Ages as they flow on. Princes over whom we have control must, at every period when our affairs look dark, be pushed on to embroil themselves in vigorous wars with each other, to the end that our Society, as promoters of the universal good of the world, may be solicited to render its assistance as a mediator between contending nations. Thus we can hold the fortune of princes, of nations, and of communities, in our hands ; and keeping them in a state of vibration between tranquillity and commotion at home, and peace and bloody wars abroad, we shall gain all the preferments that we ask for, as a fair compensation for our signal services.

“VIII. Thus the Society will continue to prosper, and accomplish all its objects, under whatever skies we spread our banners, or whether our Legions march with the stealthy tread we take in days of peace, or the insidious advances we make in periods of commotion. With the favor and authority of the great and the powerful—of men who sit on thrones, or men who control the sceptres they wield—we shall make sure, at all events, that those who do not love us, shall fear us ; and love and terror govern the world.

“IX. Finally—discouraged by no obstacle, hopelessly repelled by no reverses—let every Member of the Immortal Company of Jesus remember some of those sublime maxims of its Founder :—

That he had “a definite end towards which he advanced with steady and unhesitating steps, whilst his companions had no fixed plan;—that he was endowed with an iron will, which neither poverty nor imprisonment, nor the world’s contempt, could overcome;—that, above all, he had the art to flatter men’s passions, and to win their affections by using all his influence to promote their interests;—that he thus gained an immense influence over those inexperienced and ingenuous young men on whose generous natures the idea of devoting their lives to the welfare of mankind had already made a deep impression;—that he enjoined upon his followers, if any one should ask them what religion they professed, to answer that they belonged to THE COMPANY OF JESUS, since they were Christ’s soldiers;—that Loyola, in the beginning, resolved to proceed in everything with the utmost caution;—that all his disciples took a vow of implicit and unquestionable obedience to their Superior;—that the will of the General, as expressed through Superiors, gives to him absolute power over all the disciples;—that the General, or any one to whom he confides authority, at the Confessional holds the place of Christ our Lord, and that such a one must be regarded as Christ the Almighty God, and so absolutely is this rule of submissive obedience to be enforced, that the Member of the Company must obey his General, although he may, in his weakness or scruples, suppose that he may be disobeying God;—that the allegiance which the disciple owes to his master, must not be allowed, under any circumstances, to come in conflict with his natural affections or worldly interests;—and hence, that no contradictory doctrines be allowed, either by word of mouth or public sermons, or any written books;—and, in a word, that nothing which proceeds from the General of the Company who is

Loyola's successor, shall ever be received except with supreme veneration, and unhesitating obedience. Above all, let the following cardinal maxims be observed, upon the perils of *ETERNAL DAMNATION IN HELL*:—

“I. The vows and oaths of allegiance to the Company of Jesus, which are taken by its members at any stage of their progress, set aside, and render null and void, all other promises, plodges, vows, obligations, and oaths, which may have been made, or which may afterwards be made to father, mother, brother, sister, wife, child, or to any other human being whatever; for, although they are made as if in the presence of God, by His supreme authority, they are set aside, if in any manner they interfere with, or contravene these Secret Instructions.

“II. No Member of the Company must be allowed, under any circumstances, to debase himself, by showing toleration towards heretics of any kind, and above all, towards Calvinists, or Protestants. *To show* charity towards them, may sometimes be wise, but to feel or exercise it *ever*, is a damning sin. All heretics and Protestants are irrevocably lost. Christ himself cannot save them, nor does he desire to; and being Christ's soldiers, we must be like Him.

“III. The allegiance which every disciple of Loyola owes to his General, absolves him from all allegiance to any foreign Prince, Potentate, or law, whoever the Prince, whatever the country or the law may be. The disciple of Loyola is a citizen of Heaven—he has no country on the earth—it is not in the power of man justly to exact his allegiance. We live, we move, we breathe only for the Company of Jesus. Whatever action may promote its interests, if it be judiciously performed, is meritorious in the sight of Jesus, our Supreme General.”

"These Jesuits," remarked Woolsey, "are not likely to prove our very best citizens."

"How can they?" rejoined Fouché. "I will read to you the oath which every Jesuit must take, and then you may judge for yourself."

"I, A. B., now in the presence of Almighty God, the blessed Virgin Mary, the blessed Michael the Archangel, the blessed St. John the Baptist, the holy Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, and all the saints and sacred host of heaven, and to you my ghostly father, do declare from my heart, *without mental reservation*, that his Holiness Pope —— is Christ's Vicar-General, and is the true and only Head of the Catholic or universal Church throughout the earth; and that by the virtue of the keys of binding and loosing, given to his Holiness by my Saviour Jesus Christ, he hath power to depose heretical kings, princes, states, commonwealths, and governments, *all being illegal without his sacred confirmation, and that they may safely be destroyed*: THEREFORE, to the utmost of my power, I shall, and will defend this doctrine, and his Holiness' rights and customs, against all usurpers of the heretical (or Protestant) authority whatsoever; especially against the now pretended authority of the Church of England, and all adherents, in regard that they and she be usurpal and heretical, opposing the sacred mother Church of Rome. *I do renounce and disown any allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince, or State, named Protestants, or obedience to any of their inferior magistrates or officers.* I do further declare the doctrine of the Church of England, the Calvinists, Huguenots, and of others of the name Protest-

ants, to be damnable, and that they themselves are damned, and to be damned, that will not forsake the same. I do further declare, that I will help, assist, and advise all or any of his Holiness' agents in any place wherever I shall be, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, or in any other territory or kingdom I shall come to, *and do my utmost to extirpate the heretical Protestants' doctrine, and to destroy all their pretended powers, regal or otherwise.* I do further promise and declare, that notwithstanding I am dispensed with, to assume any religion heretical, for the propagating of the mother church's interest, to keep secret and private all her agents' counsels, from time to time, as they entrust me, and not to divulge, directly or indirectly, by word, writing, or circumstance whatsoever, but to execute all that shall be proposed, given in charge, or discovered unto me, by you, my ghostly father, or any of this sacred Convent. All which, I, A. B., do swear by the blessed Trinity, and blessed Sacrament, which I am now to receive, to perform, and on my part to keep inviolably; and do call all the heavenly and glorious host of heaven to witness these my real intentions, to keep this my oath. In testimony hereof, I take this most holy and blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist; and witness the same further with my hand and seal, in the face of this holy Convent, this —— day of —— An. Dom.," &c.

"Are you entirely confident, Fouché, that what you have read is a fair exposition of the principles of Jesuitism?"

"I entertain no more doubt of the authenticity of this document, than I should of the genuineness of the

original copy of the Constitution of the United States, was his reply.*

* At the latest moment, while these pages are going through the press, we find in the *New York Crusader*, edited with great ability by M. Secchi de Casali, the following document, which so strikingly illustrates the spirit of Jesuitism that we insert it.

TO HIS ROYAL MAJESTY, FERDINAND II., KING OF THE TWO SICILIES.

College of the Gesù Nuovo.

Naples, Nov. 21, 1854.

SACRED MAJESTY :

SIRE—We heard with much surprise that there are persons around your throne, who doubt our sincere sentiments towards Absolute Monarchy; therefore, we believe it necessary to specify them in the present note.

Sire, we, not only from the remotest period, but also from our re-establishment, in 1821, down to the present time, have always evinced love and obedience to your Majesty, to your government, and to the political form of your administration, which is absolute monarchy.

This we have done, not only from conviction, but also, because the most learned men of the Society of Jesus, such as Francis Suarez, Cardinal Bellarmino, and many other Theologians and writers HAVE PUBLICLY TAUGHT THAT ABSOLUTE MONARCHY IS THE BEST FORM OF GOVERNMENT.

This we have done, because *the internal system of the Society of Jesus is monarchical*, therefore, we are by maxim and by education, attached to Absolute Monarchy, in which alone Catholicism by

"Then," said Woolsey, "we know our men, and if, with their system of policy, we cannot make political capital out of Hubert, we shall be dull scholars."

the wisdom and zeal of a pious King, can find a more secure defence and prosperity.

Sire, that WE THINK, AND BELIEVE, AND UPHOLD, THAT ABSOLUTE MONARCHY IS THE BEST OF ALL GOVERNMENTS, is shown by the expulsion which we suffered in 1848. We have been the victims of the liberal party, because all liberals have been, and are yet, too much persuaded that the Jesuits are in favor of Absolute Monarchy.

These things, Sire, are too well known, and all the liberal parties will easier believe that to-morrow the sun shall not rise, rather than admit that the Jesuits favor them; consequently, at each popular revolution, the Jesuits are the foremost in the list of the proscribed.

The liberals have, as an inviolable canon of their law, that of never admitting a Jesuit among them, nor those persons attached to our principles.

Finally, the Jesuits in the Kingdom of Naples HAVE ALWAYS TAUGHT it to be illegal, to make revolutions in order to change the Absolute Monarchy, which has always been the policy of your royal dynasty.

That, in case this was considered insufficient to be thought anti-liberal, we humbly beg your Majesty to condescend to point out to us what else we should do in order to be believed decided Absolutists.

Certainly, the Jesuits have never been in any place or time caressed by the liberal parties; and why then shall they refuse

It was already a late hour of night, and the politicians separated with the pledge of meeting again in the same place, the next evening ; and Fouché was to bring Lovebläck with him.

their love and obedience to the Absolute Government of the magnanimous King Ferdinand II., who has so much benefited them ?

Finally, Sire, we have always made use of these sovereign benefits only for the good of Christian and Catholic morals, and of your reigning dynasty, to profess immutable attachment and fidelity to the form of government of absolute monarchy, to which we declare ourselves always devoted, and we hope that your Majesty *will* grant us the favor of BEING ENABLED TO RECONFIRM THESE SENTIMENTS AT THE FEET OF YOUR MAJESTY.

This petition is signed by me, by the Consulting Fathers, and by all the others whom I could gather in so short a space of time ; and in case your Majesty desires the signatures of all the Jesuits of the Province of Naples, you shall have them immediately. Meantime, we, the undersigned, are fully answerable for their devotion to absolute monarchy :—

Signed—Joseph M. Paladini, Provincial of the Society of Jesus ; Joseph M. de Rosa, Rector of the College of the Nobility ; David Palomba, Rector of the College of the Gesù Nuovo ; Jerome Paradisi, Rector of the College of Lucera ; John B. Rossi, Secretary of the Province of Naples ; E. G. Grossi, P. Capelloni, G. M. Cutinelli, A. M. Vinzi, A. Cercià, T. Carlandi, G. Costa, C. Barbati, G. B. de Sinno, A. Salvio, A. Cercià, F. Berardinelli, S. Centrella, Nicola Sorrentino, T. Garavini, E. Borgianelli, G. Vigilante, C. M. Blois.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WILL.

"GENEVRA, my dear," said Vincenzi, as she placed a cushion under his feet, and gave him a cup of chocolate, "is not Father Jaudan below? I thought I heard him speak as the door opened, when you came in."

"Yes, my dear father; and he said he would like to see you after you had breakfasted."

"Kiss me first, my darling, and then run down, and tell him I shall be happy to see him."

Genevra tenderly embraced her father, and obeyed. In a few moments Jaudan appeared.

"Good morning, Padre. Come in: I wish to have a little conversation with you about my will."

"Certainly—certainly—my good brother; but you do not look this morning as though you needed to make a will. I have not seen you looking as well for many a day."

"It is a deceitful glow, General; but, thank God, I

feel prepared for all changes. Now, concerning this will. Have you still the one I made in Italy?"

"Yes, I believe so," said Jaudan with an air of indifference. "I suppose I brought it with me. I'll look over my papers in a day or two."

"Padre," said Vincenzi, after a pause, and in an unsteady voice, "I have some misgivings on the subject of constraining my daughter to take the veil. I find she has a decided antipathy to it; and I fear she will be too unhappy to become a devoted Sister of the Church. Can we in no way bring her to her duty, and yet leave her free and happy? I did hope that ere this you would have brought her mind to a proper appreciation of our holy religion."

Jaudan was troubled; but he did not evince any emotion.

"My good brother," he said, "have you not lived long enough to know, that when a young maiden's heart is filled with the image of a lover, there is no place there for other thoughts?"

"True, Padre; but Genevra is aware that I can never allow her to wed that heretic Burleigh; her soul would then be lost irretrievably."

"You feel, and speak like a Christian, my brother. Your duty is plain. Let Genevra renounce her heresies, and join the Holy Church; she shall then be mistress

of her own actions : not to marry a heretic, to be sure. But if she obstinately and impenitently resists the voice of God, and the commands of her temporal and spiritual fathers, she must be brought into the fold, even by constraint, if need be."

This was a deep probe. But like a skilful surgeon, the Jesuit regarded results, rather than the feelings of his patient. Vincenzi passed his hand over his face—his lips quivered—

"Genevra is an affectionate and devoted child, General; and it is hard for me to die, and know that I leave her unhappy. I sometimes think that I made her poor mother unnecessarily miserable; and as I have nothing to conceal from you, I will say that this thought has weighed on me like a mountain. Not a day of my life has gone by, since Genevra's mother died, that I would not have given all I had, to have recalled her once more to the living world, if she would have given me the assurance of her forgiveness. It seems to me, Padre, that harshness and severity like this, from the parent to the child, is even worse than to the wife from the husband."

Vincenzi's frame shook, and he sobbed aloud.

The Jesuit felt that his victim was slipping from his grasp.

"There must be no more trifling"—he thought.

“Brother”—he answered, in a severe tone—“the soul is precious above all things. As a true Catholic, you should have no forgiveness for heretics, unless they repent of their sin; for God himself has none. You probably will soon have to render an account of your stewardship, to the God who died on the cross, for your soul! Your wife is lost! Will *you*, too, abandon to perdition the priceless soul of your child? While there is the shadow of a hope of her being wedded to Burleigh, she will never change her faith. If her soul is lost, I tell you, in God’s name, that her blood will be upon your head; and all the prayers and efforts of the Catholic world, cannot save you! That would be a sin, for which even *the Holy Mother herself would not mediate*; and when you have gone to the grave, and your condemned soul has gone to its eternal prison, you will, from a still lower depth, perhaps, hear the lost spirit of your child crying to you—‘You did not save me.’ Vincenzi—for I hardly dare to call you *brother*, again—Vincenzi, beware what you do! Let not a weak, and wicked affection, sacrifice your soul, as well as the soul of your daughter. You have your natural feelings; but remember that it is chiefly through these natural lusts, appetites, and passions, that the dark chambers of eternal damnation are peopled. Remember, it is only ‘to him that overcometh,’ that the crown of immortal life will be given! Be firm! be faith-

ful, to the last, and you will receive that reward which awaits all the self-sacrificing disciples of Loyola."

Vincenzi sank back in his chair, subdued; contrite; paralysed;—the cowering slave of his master.

"Forgive me, Holy Father"—he feebly exclaimed—"forgive my poor, weak, human nature. You are my spiritual guide—you are wiser and better than I ever can be—tell me then, Father,—*are you sure that if I do all this, my own soul will be saved?*"

Jaudan rose to his full stature, and lifting his right arm, he said, with an earnestness, a majesty, and a power, that not only convinced, but overwhelmed the helpless invalid—

"I swear it to you, Vincenzi, as a man—and I promise it to you in the place of God Almighty!"

Vincenzi breathed freer. The perspiration rolled in streams from his pallid temples.

"I knew it! I knew it! Forgive me that I hesitated one moment. I have made you the guardian, spiritual and temporal, of my daughter. But oh! when I am gone, *be gentle to my child!* She has a tender heart."

"Do not fear, my son," said Jaudan, laying his hand on the head of Vincenzi; "God will bless you. Your daughter shall be as if she were my own. But of the Will? Did you wish to make any changes in it?"

"I did; but I do not now. It will not be necessary.

All my wealth goes to our Holy Order. I will make no change. Our poor, persecuted brethren shall receive some comfort, and this benighted land some benefit from it."

"Since it was made abroad, I think it will be best to have it legalized here, or to have another made."

"Very well, General; bring it to-morrow, and we will look it over, and make all the requisite changes."

"My dear Brother," said Jaudan, taking Vincenzi's hand confidently, "the autumn air is getting somewhat chilly, and the season in this northern region will soon be trying to an invalid. What do you say to a sojourn in Maryland, or its neighborhood, for the winter? I have some important business, belonging to our Company, to transact there; and as I shall very much need the assistance of our excellent Father O'Sullivan, could you not, by gentle stages, accompany us? I am sure you will improve by the change of air; nor am I quite certain that you would not altogether recover. It would delight the young ladies, of course. Besides, surrounded there, as your daughter would be, by Catholic influences, and the highest society, I think there would be a far better prospect of overcoming her prejudices; especially as it will not then be necessary to guard her so carefully from outside influences. Maryland, you know, *we call our Catholic State.*"

"If you and my Confessor think it best, most certainly I will go. I feel quite equal to the journey, if we do not have to travel by night. And the poor girls! Yes, I have quite imprisoned them during the summer; but invalids are always selfish. Yes, let us go, and as soon as you please. Padre O'Sullivan manages all my little business affairs so snugly, that we could get off in a few days. He is a very holy man, General—he must be."

"Very," said Jaudan; "very—very. There are few among the best of us endowed with such abundant grace!"

"He seems," continued Vincenzi, "to have brought all his lusts, appetites, and passions into complete subjection to the will of God."

"Every one."

"He has not a thought, except for the good of others."

"Not one."

"General, how thankful I ought to be, that I have such a Confessor!"

"Yes, how thankful! I trust you are thankful, my brother."

"May God make me still more so!"

"And the Holy Virgin," said Jaudan; and they both crossed themselves.

Jaudan had no particular liking for such scenes of *high*

spiritual feeling, and he brought this one to a close as quickly as he cleverly could.

"You have taken a weight from my heart, brother Vincenzi; for as I must go South myself, I should be very unhappy to leave this little household, which is so dear to me." And pressing Vincenzi's hand affectionately, he went out.

He had told the truth—it would have made him very unhappy to have left that little household; and Vincenzi had taken a great weight from his heart in the matter of the Will particularly.

As he closed the door, he found himself face to face with the black form of Father O'Sullivan. The Confessor bowed low before his Superior; but Jaudan seized him by the sleeve, and drawing him into his room, which adjoined Vincenzi's, he said, hurriedly, and in a low voice:

"All goes well; everything seems secure. Prepare for our departure for Maryland in a week. In the mean time, do not let him have too much conversation with Genevra. Keep her from his presence as much as possible, even if you have to send the girls off to Greenwood again, you bungling old monk, you." He said this so good-naturedly, that the Confessor, who was nobody's fool, construed it into quite a compliment.

"Have no alarm, General; I am getting to manage that pretty little heretic with more success. But, Gene-

ral, she is one of the hardest cases I have ever had to deal with; and I sometimes think that Inez herself does not help us along very much, while it is more than possible she has been playing the hypocrite all the time."

"Never mind," he said, "never mind; the girls must not be separated now; and when we get them down to Maryland, they will be in a better atmosphere. You know, O'Sullivan, that the Catholics have always constituted the aristocracy of that State; and they have none but the kindest feelings towards our Order. By the by, did you tell Vincenzi that the girls met Burleigh at Greenwood?"

"By no means, General. But the moment they got home, without taking off her bonnet, Genevra ran up to her father's room, and told him all about it herself."

"Curse the girl. Here we have been all summer trying to catch her in a lie, that would alienate her father for ever, and we have not done it yet."

"I told you, General, she was a hard case."

"And you told the truth for once. What did Vincenzi say, after the girl got through?" continued Jaudan, biting his lips with vexation.

"He kissed her, and said she must not expose herself again to such an encounter, or he could not forgive her."

"For Heaven's sake, O'Sullivan! be careful; for I had rather give up my own life, and the lives of those

I love best, than to have this great prize slip from our grasp."

O'Sullivan had some doubt on this point; but he kept it to himself.

"*Santa Maria!*" said Jaudan, "we had both nearly forgotten to look over the list of yesterday's work;" and taking an ivory tablet from his pocket, the following questions were rapidly put and answered:—

"Has Captain Stewart yet got any clue to his daughter, who went off with her governess?"

"Not yet; but he has raised earth and heaven to do it."

"How old are the sisters still left in the family?"

"Eleven, and fifteen."

"Don't you think you could contrive now to get one of our *Protestant* governesses into that house; for if either of those girls have the genius of their sister, it would be worth a million to win her; and although our policy does not admit of taking more than one egg from the nest at a time, still we must, sooner or later, have them all, if they be of this color."

"I think, General, the daughter of that Presbyterian minister—the secret of whose seduction we alone possess—would serve our purposes."

"Try it. Where has Burleigh been during the last twenty-four hours?"

"Still at the New York Hotel."

"Has he been seen around the street here again?"

"No, General."

"Into how many of those families I spoke of, on the Fifth Avenue, have you succeeded in getting our *femmes de chambre*?"

"Numbers 964, 1242, and 1706, as they stand on our private list."

"Give me your book."

O'Sullivan produced it from a secret place, and Jaudan read the descriptions, and made notes of them on his tablet.

"This is well. It is more important to win those three families than you have any idea of, O'Sullivan. Number 1242 is worth two million dollars. What is the report from the Intelligence Office, number one?"

"They have succeeded admirably. During the last seven days, they have put forty-six foreign Catholic girls, who are under our protection, into as many different Protestant families, where they had got an equal number of heretic servant girls dismissed; and they have, during the same time, introduced seven of our professed Protestant girls into the families of those Catholics who hate us."

"The fellows in *that* Intelligence Office manage things

like men of business. You had a pretty fair sum to pay them for their week's work?"

"I thought I would be liberal; but it only cost five hundred dollars, General."

"Cheap as dirt! Why, O'Sullivan, money, after all, seems to go further in New York than I had any conception of. How are you getting on with the other intelligence offices?"

"We are making progress, but rather slowly. It may become necessary for us to buy out their business, and put our own men there."

"What will it cost for No. 2?"

"About ten thousand dollars, General."

"See if you can't get it for less. Could not you save half the money, by buying half the business?"

"I think I have a better plan than that, General. There are only two partners. I can get Hubert's old butler, who has five or six thousand dollars, to invest his money there, and become one partner; while we pay five thousand, and put in, for the other, that clever fellow who does all the little jobs of O'Donnell."

"Capital!—capital stroke of finance and policy too! How are you getting on with that poor American woman?"

"Excellently. She feels very grateful for our kindness. The children are well clothed, and going to our

primary school at St. Peter's. I have made some collections for them, among Protestant families where I am acquainted, who, I find, give with more freedom when we seem to be working for Protestants, than our own people do themselves. It is often the case, in fact, that they give quite munificently, when the appeal is made to them for poor Catholics."

"Will this woman live?"

"Oh, yes! and she is already talking about taking the Holy Sacrament, for she says, that although she and her husband belonged, for many years, to a fashionable Presbyterian church in the city, to which he had contributed thousands of dollars, she never received the slightest attention or kindness from its members after her husband's death had left her in abject poverty. She says that it matters little to her what garments clergymen wear, or what name their denomination is called by, if they have the spirit of Christ. 'You,' she told me this morning, 'have been sent to me by a merciful God, who remembers the poor; and I begin to feel that Providence is showing me the way to the true Faith, once delivered to the Saints.' "

"Somehow or other, O'Sullivan, you manage these things admirably; you accomplish so much in so little time, and you understand what glorious chances the preachers and members of these *fashionable* Protestant

churches—as they call them—give to us by excluding the poor from their fold and their charities. I wish we had a hundred thousand dollars to expend upon neglected and indigent Protestant widows in this city during the approaching winter.”

“Hubert thinks this one of his strong points; and I am not sure but we may have that amount for this purpose.”

“Are you certain now, O’Sullivan, that we have one or more Jesuit servants, maids, governesses, coachmen, or somebody else, in every rich Protestant house in New York?”

“Nearly.”

“Are you equally certain, that we have our people in every rich Catholic family in New York?”

“Yes, General, every one.”

“We are, then, making some progress, I take it, and want nothing more but money. That we will have, *quantum sufficit*.”

O’Sullivan seemed to think this might have some reference to Vincenzi’s prospects of life; and, with one of his significant chuckles, he added—

“I hope we shall not be blessed, then, with a particularly long Indian summer.”

Jaudan joined fervently in this devotional wish; and bidding his accomplice adieu, he glided out of the house.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE THREE CONSPIRATORS AGAIN.

WOOLSEY was sitting by his table, and although he seemed to be alone, yet he created a social atmosphere around him by the fragrant aroma of a delicious cigar, and an occasional potation from the black bottle—not the bottle of the preceding night; for that bottle had gone to that bourne, from whence spirits never return. He was reading an *Extra* of the *New York Herald*—one of those myriad leaves of History, that had just been sent by the lightning Press of that establishment, and circulated over a great Metropolis, bringing to half a million of readers, one week's record of the struggles of revolutionary Europe, before the steamer that brought the news had struck the dock.

But Woolsey felt no special interest in the fortunes of struggling nations at that moment. He glanced with indifference, from paragraph to paragraph, which recorded the heroic achievements of those patriotic men, who were

heading the columns of Nations, struggling to be free. The world hung with breathlessness and sympathy, upon every note that came from those fields of struggle. Masses of enlightened men, in all the great capitals of free nations, assembled to send back their shout of sympathy to the heroes of the Revolution of 1848. But Woolsey was too deeply interested in building up Jesuitism in the New World, to afford much sympathy for its downfall in the Old. His countrymen were inquiring after the fortunes of Lamartine, of Bemm, of Dembinski, and of Kossuth. *He* was more interested in Hubert, Fouché, and Loveblack. He turned to the Editorial page, where his eye fell upon something that concerned himself. It was one of those trenchant leaders, which daguerreotype the political intrigues of American demagogues.

“Here is more of that confounded stuff about—‘Woolly Heads’—‘State Barber’—‘Good enough, Morgan, till after the Election’—‘Higher Law;’” and rising from his chair, as he threw down the paper, he walked hurriedly across the room. “Perdition seize the hoary miscreant of that Satanic Press,” he cried——,

Fouché entered, and Loveblack came shuffling in behind him. Fouché observed Woolsey’s discomposure. “What has disturbed you, Woolsey? You have not fallen out with our new friends, I hope?”

"Oh no ! far from it. But I confess I have been a little irritated by the leader in the Herald of this morning."

"Why, Woolsey, I thought you had stopped reading that paper altogether."

"Have you?"

"No ; I am obliged to read it professionally, as an Editor."

"Well, I confess that I read it for a very different reason. I read it as a politician, because it concerns what we are doing ; and if we are headed off at all, it will be in that quarter. If it were not for that paper, we should have things pretty much our own way."

"But he is doing our work for us," rejoined Fonché. "He is the most zealous advocate of our Candidate, in the whole country, and boasts that he was the first to nominate him."

"Yes, and he will be the first to desert him ; for desert him he will, the moment he discovers that we have made him our instrument. Now, is there nothing that can be done to prevent this ? The new President and the new Cabinet can have Bennett's support, only on condition that they give the country a National Administration, and a National Administration is just the thing that we do not want. It must be a *Northern* Administration ; or, in other words, we must control it ourselves."

Loveblack had come there that evening, very much as an undevout Catholic goes to the Confessional. He had slunk away into his chair, and had really felt very little interest in the conversation thus far ; but now he turned to the two who had been speaking, and with unusual emphasis, said,—

“ I like this idea a great deal better than I do that Jesuit business. How many Temperance men and Abolitionists do you intend to put into that Cabinet ? ”

At this suggestion, Fouché laughed outright. That any Cabinet could ever be got together in Washington, whose principles and habits would be likely to suit Loveblack’s views, or his Abolition proclivities, was ludicrous in the extreme.

Loveblack retreated into his white coat again ; and pulling up the long skirts over his bony legs, he collapsed into the easy chair.

Recovering from his laughter, Fouché turned to Woolsey, and continued the conversation.

“ We will talk about Bennett, by and by. I am more concerned, for the present, in knowing how our plan is received by our friends from other States. Have you laid the matter before Crittenden, or Leslie Combs, or Corwin ; and, above all, have you heard anything from Clayton ? I have my doubts about his going in for this arrangement.”

"From Clayton and Crittenden I have heard nothing; but the others I have seen, and it will work. Corwin expects to go into the Cabinet. He regards that as a matter cut and dried; and he raised no objections, but, on the contrary, gave me credit for securing the Catholic vote. Of course, I did not tell him all our secrets; nor exactly how the thing was managed; for, I take it, we may as well keep the gist of that business to ourselves. It will be enough for us to insist, when the pay-day comes, upon every office which the Jesuits want; and we can do it on the open, fair ground of political help and expediency."

"And then," said Fouché, "you have probably got some intimations from Hubert, in regard to what he and his friends want?"

"Yes; too much information, perhaps."

"They want the lion's share, then?"

"Yes; and I am not quite sure, but the lamb's, too." And Woolsey took from his pocket a small paper, and read over a long list which had been made up that day, by telegraph, from Boston through to Georgetown, embracing the intervening cities.

"They have about swept the board, it appears. What have we left for our Protestant friends? For it really seems to me, Woolsey, that the Americans should have *something*."

Woolsey's reply was full of meaning and full of truth. In substance, it was the policy of both parties :

"Buy your enemies, for you are sure of your friends. What are offices in the hands of politicians, but to be used as bribes, to secure votes?"

"How many times can the leaders of a party betray their friends with impunity in this way?" inquired Fouché.

"Just as often as they can deceive them; and that depends upon the skill and adroitness with which they can use power. And then, if any discontent arises, and it is alleged that we have given the Catholics too many offices, we have still all the *isms* that we have built ourselves up on, thus far, left as resources; and through the agency of Loveblack and our friends, we can make it manifest to the moral and religious portion of the community, who are, after all, our main reliance, that we are still the file leaders of every great moral, social, and reformatory movement. That class of people don't want office; and these fellows who get up a hue-and-cry will find nobody to sympathize with them. It will only be a howl of disappointed office-seekers; and that never hurts men in power. You remember what General Jackson said, when he kicked his old Cabinet out at one door, and introduced his new Cabinet at the other?"

"To go on then—for of course I agree with you in

this matter—how sure are you of your direct influence over the mind of our Candidate ?”

“ I conclude that this letter which I received to-day, is all we need for the present.”

Fouché looked at the letter. It was one of those numberless epistles, written with the best of motives, meaning everything or nothing, according to the interpretations politicians put upon them. Fouché threw the letter down on the table, and inquired—

“ Is that all ?”

“ No ; nor do I attach much importance to the letter, or to any letter which such a man would write, even after his election. His Cabinet is yet to be formed, and you know that no rough old soldier will feel at home when he sits at that board of green cloth. Surround him once with the right sort of a Cabinet, and he will be lost in their speculations, purposes, and intrigues ; as the honest fly is—surrounded by seven spiders. The meshes will be thrown around him hopelessly. He never will have but one vote in the Council ; and that will be of no avail, unless it suits our purposes.”

“ Let us come, then, to the Cabinet. From whence shall they be taken ? Who shall they be ? And do you intend, yourself, to be a member ?”

“ That is the great point. If we fail here, all is lost—Jesuits, and everything else, and we shall have had our

labor for our pains. It would be doubtful policy for me to accept a seat in the Cabinet. We have seen the effect in the case of Martin Van Buren, who, aspiring to the Presidency, accepted a seat in the Cabinet. He was obliged to resign it, from the mere force of Public Opinion. And it is evident that if he had remained in the Senate, he could have put forth an influence that would have controlled the Administration of General Jackson. Let us take counsel from experience. In what particular does my position differ from that of Van Buren at that time? I am the friend of our next President, and by displaying a certain degree of apparent moderation in my desires, I can shape that Cabinet to our liking. My only fear is, that the General may select from among his Louisiana friends, some intimate associate who will control his mind, and disconcert our wires behind the scenes. I shall tell him, Fouché, that I have no candidate from the State of New York to recommend for his Cabinet; and when we give up that natural claim, we can ask that he also shall leave Louisiana out, and make himself the representative of his own State in the Cabinet. Having thus given up the claims of our own State, who can, with so much propriety, advise the President or his Cabinet in regard, not only as to the appointments in New York, but in every portion of the Union? We shall gain the greater credit for it, because

we shall get the odor of *nationality*, of large and liberal views, and show the nation that we are national men, after all."

Loveblack had kept safely ensconced in his resting-place during all this conversation; but he was growing sleepy, and he ventured to inquire if they had anything more for him to do.

"Are there no lectures for me to deliver? It seems to me that you have overlooked one mighty element of power in the approaching Election."

"What is that?" inquired Fouché.

"Why, the Woman's Rights question. It is now agitating the country from one end to the other. Woman is no longer to be made the slave of man; and you will find that a great party is growing up in this country, which has the sympathy of all the mothers, wives, and daughters of the voters of this country; and they are already great enough to control the Election, if proper instrumentalities are used to concentrate their power. Is there no way, Mr. Woolsey, of having the Women of America represented in this Cabinet? They constitute, all over the world, more than one half the human race, and you leave them out of your calculations altogether."

This time Woolsey joined heartily in Fouché's merri-ment; and feeling himself somewhat slighted, as the

champion of a great reformatory movement, Loveblack rose to go.

"Do not be troubled, Loveblack, on that score," added Fouché; "there will probably be old women enough in the Cabinet, if we have our way."

Loveblack's face brightened at this suggestion, and he went away, believing that better days were at hand for the female sex.

"Now, Fouché, as to the Satanic Press. How shall we guard against Bennett's desertion of the President and his Cabinet, which is sure to take place, the very moment he sees our tracks?"

"Here money is powerless—we can do nothing by intimidation—we can gain nothing by official favor—we can offer him nothing—the fact is, he is altogether too much his own man, for us to use at all. The only way will be to get him out of the country, and if he is not disposed to go, it can be done only by a trick."

"I am not afraid of his staying here after the Election. He always goes to Europe after any important American event has happened, and a lull takes place in public affairs."

"Here there is a great fault in his policy; for when he leaves the country, he must leave the control of his paper in the hands of somebody; and however well entitled the trustee may be to his confidence, the moral

dread that mankind have of that Journal when he is at home, is all lost, and it sinks to the level of common newspapers. Every shrewd reader, without any announcement in the papers, among the list of arrivals, can tell within twenty-four hours, by reading *the Herald*, that 'the miscreant' is back again. We shall find no lack of channels of approach to the columns of that paper, so long as the Editor is away. I can bring it about; and it will not be done through any of Bennett's men either; for I should not expect to accomplish anything with them.

"Having thus surveyed the ground, Fouché, to-morrow I start for the West. We must strengthen ourselves in Pennsylvania. New York is safe. Van Buren has killed off Cass, to a dead certainty. Now we must look to our weak points. We must bring all our batteries to bear upon Pennsylvania and Ohio; with these three States, we can defy all —. It will require at least three weeks for me to get round, and I think during this time, I can deliver, by well arranged appointments, nearly one hundred public addresses. You must stay in the city, and catch every prominent man in our party as he comes, and start him off upon our track, as far as it will do. You must see Clayton, and all our men. Keep Loveblack in the traces. He is rather lukewarm. If he knew all we are doing, he would bolt; so push that

woman business—encourage him about their representation in the Cabinet—be on the look-out everywhere, and let me know every day what transpires. Let me know almost from hour to hour, how hard that bargain with Hubert is likely to be driven; and cool him off a little by the worst side of our figures in regard to our prospects for votes. If he thinks our game sure, even by his help, do not appear to believe it yourself,—and on the whole (since I confess that I did not resort to quite my usual sagacity in my chief interview with him), draw off a little—throw on cold water. No man is proof against it, under such circumstances. He is carrying that matter a little too stiff.”—After a brief pause,—

“Let him understand, that it would be the ruin of any party in creation, to pitch their honors into the street, in that way, in such a game as this. If we do for Hubert all he asks, both sides are ruined, because the plot becomes apparent; and as a good Jesuit, he will see the force of that consideration. And then you must manage, in traversing the State, to meet me at Buffalo, at least seven days before the Election.”

“You are talking now to some purpose, Woolsey. It is certain that my power lies at home. Your name is a column of strength in the West. I have some doubt about your effecting much in Pennsylvania. You will do best in the infected districts of Ohio, etc. As for

Hubert, I rather like him : for I think I can make something out of him. after all."

With what sincerity and regard two such men could feel for one another, they parted. They shook each other's hands earnestly, because they were both bent on the same mission.

Woolsey's trunk was packed, and he was to leave for Philadelphia by the early morning train. But before he threw the blinds together, he looked over the Park to a long row of bright windows, across which were flitting the rapid shadows of the arms of the type-setters—and, pausing a moment, he wondered what progress Loveblack had made in his *Leader* of the next morning, which was to kindle in so many antiquated bosoms, the Bloomer hope of a representation of the women in the next Cabinet.

"Whether I have my way or not, Loveblack, in shaping the Cabinet," said Woolsey, "you may make sure of having an old woman at the head of it."

Woolsey smiled complacently,—drained the contents of the last black bottle,—and got into bed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE PLOT THICKENING.

It so happened that Inez was coming down the stairway from her room, just as Jaudan had passed into the apartment of O'Sullivan. She had before had many opportunities to overhear conversations intended to be private; but like every true-hearted and loyal character, it never occurred to her, to do herself, what she would despise in another.

But Inez had changed. In solving the mystery of her birth, her mother had made her hate the father who had perpetrated so deep a wrong. She felt a growing antipathy to his presence, and to the presence of any of his accomplices. She believed that some dark scheme was cherished against Vincenzi and Genevra.

There was no longer any one in all America she could cling to, unless it were Genevra and Burleigh. She therefore stopped on the stairway—and thought:

“The two Jesuits are together. They forgot, for once

in their lives, to shut the door *tight*. I would not have put my ear to the key-hole—but I will hang on this stair-rail awhile, and if they are disposed to tell me their villainies, I am not going back to get some cotton batting to put in my ears.”

Our readers will applaud the spirit of Inez; and yet her face burned, there in the half-lighted hall, although she could not feel precisely ashamed of herself. But as she listened to the conversation—as point after point of *the infernal machinery of Jesuitism in American homes*, came out upon her shocked ear,—her cheek grew pale, and at last, as she rose to fly back to her room, she was so petrified with horror, that she could hardly drag herself up.

Her first impulse was to unfold everything to Genevra, that very night.

“No,” she said to herself, “I will do no such thing. I will sleep on this; and who knows but, if I set my wits to work, I can be a Jesuit too, in a *petite* way! At least,” she said, as she closed the door—“at least,” she said, as she clenched her little hand, and the fire of Andalusia flashed from her eye—“I will try them.”

Inez was not born a Jesuit. No loyal soul ever

was ; and she had, moreover, too keen a sense of honor, to be made one. She had never bestowed any thought upon Protestantism—it never occurred to her till she came to America, that there was any other form of Christianity, than that represented by Jaudan. The Catholic Church, with all its stupendous machinery, was to her, only tributary to the Company of Jesus, whose General was the seducer of her now broken-hearted mother.

During the last summer, however, Inez had begun to change her opinions. It seemed to her, that there was altogether more mystery, secresy, plotting, and underhand management, among her Jesuit friends, than honest people would ever consider necessary ; and the time had nearly come, that Genevra had, to her own heart, predicted, when Inez herself, would not only hate the Jesuits, but begin to doubt even the Catholics themselves. The conversation she heard while she was sitting on the stairs, had done the work for her.

“ I am resolved to avoid these people after this”—she said to herself—“ and I am going to adopt Genevra’s Religion. I do not care what it is ; for it makes her good, kind, and true, and that is the kind of religion I want if I ever take the trouble to get any. Heigh-ho ! I wish that I was Carlo again.”

Inez passed through quite a struggle that night, before she went to sleep—not about which was the best religion,

for she despatched that question very quick ; but how much of what she had learned, should she reveal to Genevra ? She went to bed, with the resolution of telling her, only that part of it which related to her going to Maryland to pass the winter.

“ It will be safe for me to tell so much, and then I may take it into my head to tell the whole, some day.”

It was with many misgivings that Genevra heard of the projected departure for Maryland ; but as her father seemed to be so revived with the prospect of the change of air and scene, she raised no objections, believing that she could, at any moment, communicate with Burleigh ; and that, in all probability, he would soon follow them.

Two days before the one fixed for the departure, Inez wrote the following letter to Burleigh :—

“ MONSIEUR BURLEIGH,—I confess to you, with shame and repentance, that I have not been true to you and Genevra. But I have had to contend with a stronger will than my own. Thank God, I have yet done no harm ; nor is it too late to atone for my treachery, and save Genevra.

“ The letter you brought me, has opened my eyes to the baseness of these Jesuits who surround me—who have educated me—who have always been near me : and

who are now determined to make me their instrument, whatever my fate may be.

“In two days, we leave for Maryland, to pass the winter. The pretext is health; but I am persuaded that it is only a deep-laid scheme, to withdraw Genevra from the eyes of all who have known her; and to make their work safe, and sure. Vincenzi cannot live long—no climate can save him; for if he even gets well, he will soon die—he *must* die. I have overheard as much, that passed between Jaudan and him, yesterday. The only motive for this removal, is to accelerate his end. But fear not—I will watch over Genevra. They will not disturb her until after her father is dead; and then if it becomes necessary, at his death-bed I will proclaim the villany. You must follow us, as far at least as Baltimore; to be near enough in an emergency, to fly to our side the moment Vincenzi is no more. I suspect we are going to Johnstown, near the Convent of the Sacred Heart. If you have any just laws in your country, Monsieur Burleigh, you must look into them; while I think they will not entirely outwit Inez, by their tricks.

“Without alarming Genevra, by disclosing all their plans, I have told her that I would take means to inform you of our expected departure, to save her the necessity of breaking her pledge to her father, by writing to you.

“Be prudent and prompt, and we shall have nothing to fear. Let me know that you have received this letter.

Faithfully,

“INEZ.”

CHAPTER XXX.

THE DEPARTURE.

ON the morning of the departure, by the time the sun had risen, Stanhope had taken his station at the window of the ferry-house, to get a last glance at Geneva; and by some sign, assure Inez that he was always "prudent and prompt," and would soon follow them to the South.

He had not long to wait; for it suited the purposes of Jaudan, to take his victim to Philadelphia by the early morning train, as he would thereby escape the busy mid-day scrutiny of the great city they were leaving.

Only one of the carriage windows was open, and from it Inez was looking. Stanhope could not see Geneva; but he waved his handkerchief, as he caught the glance of Inez, through the bustling throng around them. He was sure that he saw her little gloved hand, waved in return, as the carriage drove on to the boat. The pressure on his heart grew lighter; for a change had come; and the excitement which new scenes of conflict always

ng, afforded relief, and even exhilaration, to his elastic spirits. He knew that Genevra was in that carge with Inez, and that Padre Jaudan must be there o, with Vincenzi.

‘ You make sure of your game now,’ said Stanhope—
h a curse in his heart, which, if it could have controlled
lightnings of heaven, would have blasted the form of
conscience-seared villain, who was going with exult-
heart to the accomplishment of his infernal purposes
‘ but I will be on your track before two suns have set.’

As Burleigh turned from the archway, he found him-
‘ directly in front of his old friend Captain Stew-
of the “ Stormy Petrel.” They had not met since
termination of the voyage. They cordially shook
h other by the hand ; but Burleigh was shocked at
change a few months had wrought in the ruddy face
the Captain. He was now pale ; his cheeks were
ken, and he looked as though he had just risen from
ed of lingering sickness.

Good heavens, Captain !” cried Burleigh, “ how
erable you look ! What has happened ? I should
dly have known you. Have you been ill ?”

Stewart shook his head, and the tears swelled to his
s.

Worse than that, Burleigh ! I have lost my eldest
ghter ; and in a manner worse than death. She has

been stolen—carried away from me ; and I have spent all my time, since our return from the Mediterranean, in searching for her,—but without success.”

“ How ? In what manner was she stolen ? ”

“ Ah, Burleigh ! It is a long, sad story ; but if you will have patience, I will tell it to you ; ” and this strong man, whose spirit had never before bent to any blast, now dissolved under the terrific calamity that had nearly broken his heart.

“ I hardly know why I was here this morning, only that it seems to me I am more likely to learn something of my Agnes, when I am amidst the rushing throng of human beings ; and, like you, I have been standing here, gazing into every face that passed by ; for I think, ‘ who knows—who knows but a good God will either point out the road that leads to my daughter, or put me upon the track of the villains who have despoiled me ? ’ ”

“ My dear Captain,” said Burleigh, with an expression of deep sympathy, “ let me know all about this. Perhaps I may be able to help you.”

“ I will ; but this is no place for us to converse. The ‘ Stormy Petrel ’ lies at the next pier above ; let us go aboard, and we can have our talk in the cabin without interruption. We will have a cup of coffee, too, for you cannot yet have taken your breakfast.”

Seated once more at the hospitable board of the

“Stormy Petrel,” the Captain sadly continued the narration :

“Eighteen months ago, I was returning with my wife and our daughter Agnes, from a six-months’ tour in Europe. On the packet, my wife formed an intimacy with a very accomplished young English widow, who was coming to the United States, with a large number of letters of introduction to persons of distinction here ; and these letters all represented her standing in England as of the highest respectability. Her entire demeanor, her conversation, and her accomplishments, showed that she was worthy of confidence, and entitled to admission into the very best classes of society. She completely won the heart of Agnes ; and when we landed, my wife pressed her so earnestly to go at once to our house, and make it her home, that she complied. Feeling, however, that it would be indelicate to accept such an invitation to become our mere companion and guest, she affixed the condition, that if she remained beyond a visit of a few days, she should do so only as the governess of our children.

“She became a member of our family, and before ten days were over, she was permanently installed as governess ; with Agnes and her sisters under a thorough course of study, in French, music, drawing, and all those accomplishments so delightful in the female sex. I have

never seen a more charming or gifted woman. She was not only exceedingly beautiful, but her conversation and manners were graced by the liveliest wit, and the most winning enchantment. She seemed to make our little world her world. Whenever my wife spoke of her delivering the letters of introduction—and several of them were to her intimate acquaintances—Mrs. Eglington would reply, that she was so happy and contented where she was, she did not care to extend the circle of her acquaintance. And so things went on for an entire year. She had won the heart of the whole family; and the girls loved her better than they seemed to love one another.

“During my voyage to the Mediterranean, in the ‘Stormy Petrel,’ I had not felt the first solicitude about my family, and I was continually congratulating myself upon the good fortune which had secured to us the advantages and the pleasure of Mrs. Eglington’s society.

“Agnes, being the eldest of the girls, used very frequently to come down to New York with her governess, under the pretext of making calls, to deliver those letters of introduction. These visits grew more frequent, and at last, it was not unusual for them to come down to New York Saturday morning, to visit among friends, and not return till Monday.

“About a week before the ‘Stormy Petrel’ arrived

from Genoa, Agnes and her governess had come to town on one of these visits, taking with them a much larger quantity of luggage than usual. Monday passed away, and they did not return. Tuesday went by, and nothing was heard of them. My wife grew anxious, and came to the city. She called on several families where they were in the habit of visiting, but, to her amazement, learned that during the four days of their absence, no one had seen them. She returned to Cresthome almost distracted. That evening the mystery was explained. Two letters were received, one from Mrs. Eglington, and another from my poor, deluded child. Agnes told us that she had determined to abandon the world, and devote herself to God—that she had entered a Convent, where she should spend the rest of her days—that it would be utterly useless to seek for her; or even if she were found, to attempt to turn her from her purpose—that she should be happy, and if her mother thought she had done wrong, she hoped she would forgive her, and not be afflicted by the step she had taken. The letter from that serpent woman was much to the same effect. She had found my daughter, she said, a piously inclined and affectionate girl, and she felt that it would be a sin to have her thrown away upon the follies of the world, and she deemed it her duty to gather this lovely flower, and lay it at the feet of the Holy-Virgin. She repeated

what Agnes had said—that it would be useless to attempt to discover their retreat.

“Two hours after we came to anchor off Hoboken, I crossed the threshold of my home, and this terrible news broke upon me like a bolt from Heaven. I found my wife in the delirium of a brain fever, and my sweet girls had to tell me the story.”

The Captain had, till this moment, been able to give the narrative with some degree of composure: but when he spoke of his wife and children, his trembling lips could no longer utter a word, and with a convulsive sob, he burst into tears, and dropped his head upon the table. Was there a manly heart in the world that could feel deeper sympathy for this wronged father than Stanhope Burleigh! But there was no language through which he could make that sympathy known to his friend, except the language of tears, and the two wept together.

The Captain at last continued. “My wife became somewhat tranquil, after I had passed the entire night by her bedside, and the next morning she begged me to go in search of her lost Agnes. I came to New York, with a list of all the places, so far as we knew them, where Agnes was in the habit of visiting with this woman, but I got not the slightest information that was of any service. I then laid the whole matter before the Police, who, to my surprise, seemed to feel very little

interest in the affair. I then offered a reward of ten thousand dollars, if they would procure me information where Agnes was, and I deposited abundant securities for the payment of the sum. I thought it not best to advertise in the papers. I then went to Philadelphia, to Baltimore, to Washington, to Georgetown, instituting inquiries in the most efficient manner; but all with no result. I then returned, and went to Montreal and Quebec, on the same errand; and I have nearly given up all hope of ever seeing Agnes again, although I have not abandoned the search, nor will I, so help me Heaven, as long as there is a Convent, or a Jesuit in the United States."

"What could have been the woman's motive?" inquired Burleigh, speaking for the first time. "It must have been a strong one to have led any human being to perpetrate so terrible an outrage as this, in return for such kindness as she had received."

"Her motives are now clear enough. She was a mere tool of the Jesuits. Burleigh, during these dreadful months, while I have been engaged in this fruitless search, you know not what discoveries I have made in regard to the power of the Jesuits in the United States; or the deep and damning crimes they are committing. There is not a fortune in the country, upon which they have not fixed their eye. There is not a

beautiful, accomplished, or brilliant girl, to whom they do not lay siege ; and if they cannot by the subtle modes of persuasion, entice these girls from their homes, or by offering inducements for their elegant education in Convents of the Sacred Heart, they are stolen, as my Agnes was ; and when all these means fail, plans for their seduction are laid and executed, and when they are gained, the Jesuits receive them into their arms."

Burleigh's sympathy for his friend was fast giving way to apprehensions of his own, of the most painful description. His former joyous hopes for himself and Genevra, were rapidly ebbing away ; but he kept the secret in his own breast, and inquired how Agnes' mother had borne up under the calamity.

"It will kill my wife," said the Captain, as his lips quivered. "She recovered from the brain fever ; but she has not risen from her bed now for more than two months. She neither eats nor sleeps ; and she weeps continually. Oh, Burleigh ! this mystery is worse than death. If I had buried my child in the cold ground, I could have submitted to the common fate of man ; but to feel that she was seduced to fly from her father's house, and that she is now dragging out existence in an accursed Convent, with all the horrors that conscience and memory can inflict, drives me almost wild ; and sometimes I fear I shall go mad."

Stanhope had no words that could give any consolation ; but he pressed Stewart's hand with all the earnestness of deep sympathy. He saw that the burdens of the man that sat before him, were greater than he could bear ; and he did not wish to add to them, by telling him of his own anxieties respecting Genevra.

“Burleigh,” exclaimed the Captain, rising with sudden energy, “these things are going too far in this country ; for, if I have lost my Agnes, thank God, my country yet remains. These Jesuits are swarming all around us. Their spies are in our houses. They overhear our conversation. They know our affairs, as well, if not better, than we know them ourselves ; and there is not a Confessional in the United States, where the priests cannot, and do not, learn all they wish to know of what transpires in the private confidence of family circles. The time has come when, in our large cities, it is next to impossible to get an American servant, or even governess. The Catholics are taking possession of the United States, and the Catholics are nearly all under the control of these infernal Jesuits. No means are left untried to win, persuade, alarm, seduce, and ruin, if thereby the interests of the Society of Jesus, in the United States, can be promoted. Our servant girls and maids, teach our little ones to cross themselves, and kiss the pictures of the Virgin. When they go out to walk with our children,

they take them to Catholic Churches to hear the music, and very frequently have them secretly baptized ; in one distinguished family in Philadelphia four children were thus treated, and their parents did not discover it for some time. They go to places where fine ladies give them beautiful pictures, and little medals blessed by the Pope, and crosses, and books. They begin by breathing these stories into the ears of our children while they are in the nursery. It ends in their being sent to Convents of the Sacred Heart, to complete their education ; and they there turn out Catholics, and abandon the faith of their parents, or go into nunneries to end their days. A large proportion of teachers in public schools, are open or secret Catholics ; and they are now asking us to make special appropriations of public money, for the establishment of schools for the education of Catholic children, through the State. It is the burned child, Burleigh, that dreads the fire ; and if I had not met with a misfortune like this, I should never have thought there was any truth in the stories I have heard in reference to the Jesuits."

If Stewart could have looked into Burleigh's heart, he would have found a response to all this, scarcely less earnest than the conviction which dictated it.

"I, too, know something of the intrigues of the Jesuits, and of the schemes they are plotting for creating a

spiritual monarchy here, with a King at Rome. But Captain, let us meet oftener hereafter. I do not wonder that such a society as 'The Order of United Americans' exists in this country. It is, rather, a matter of surprise to me, that instead of growing strong enough in New York and Philadelphia, to elect a Mayor, they should not have grown strong enough to control every election in every State. If the facts which you and I know, in regard to the deadly influence of Papacy and Jesuitism, were known to all our countrymen, we should be warned in time, and escape the danger. We let the counsels of Washington on this subject go unheeded. It has become the fashion to court the foreign vote; nor is it considered disgraceful, even in a candidate for the Presidential office, to harangue a mob of foreign Catholics from the steps of a State House or City Hall, and tell them that their foreign brogue sounds sweet. The Catholic vote on every great election, national or municipal, turns the scale; and he who will court it the most obsequiously, is surest of success."

"And how long shall all this last?" responded the Captain, as he sullenly gnashed his teeth.

"We shall see. To-morrow I leave for the South. I have yet to make the daughter of Vincenzi [whom you remember as one of our passengers] my bride. You have still a chance of discovering your Agnes. If we succeed,

God be praised ; but, succeed or fail, Stewart, we will meet soon, and we will test the question," said Burleigh, as the fire shot from his eyes, "whether or not our country belongs to us and our countrymen."

CHAPTER XXXI.

AGNES STEWART.

THE north windows of the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Claremont, commanded a wide sweep of landscape, far up the valley of the Hudson. That Convent had been the retreat of Agnes Stewart, from the day she had left her father's house. Eight months of that Convent life, had dragged away, and they had been to her months of loneliness, humiliation, and regrets. But all her regrets were unavailing; for having "with her own free will and consent," once passed those gates, which shut her out from the bright world for ever, whom could she blame but herself?

For a while, she reposed in that Convent, like the tempest-driven dove, which clings to the first branch that gives rest to its weary wings. But when the new-born fervor of her first zeal had subsided, and the stormy sea of her heart had grown calm, reason once more resumed its throne—and reflection, for the first time in her life,

became terrible. She tried to fly from it. The past, with its bright images of beauty, came back with vividness, to her memory—as a far off garden-vale sleeping in the sunshine, flashes on the vision of one who gazes from a bold mountain-top, around which a bleak storm is sweeping.

She had waked from the dream—the enchantment had vanished like a spell. Instead of gilded halls filled with music, and delicious bowers, fragrant with the perfume of exotic flowers—where the fairest and most lovely daughters of earth had gone to hold communion only with the Holy Virgin, and prepare to become brides of Christ—she found herself shut up within narrow corridors, or hid away in the small and lonely room of a nun. She had not been permitted to go even into the garden, except after dark ; nor then, unless accompanied by the Abbess, or one of the Sisters ; while she had only now and then caught a glimpse of the school pupils, as they played about the grounds, or heard their light laugh from the parlors below. She was only allowed to attend the very early morning mass in the Chapel ; and she often received a message from Mother Ursula, that she preferred to have her remain in her room.

Agnes understood how necessary it was that she should, for a time, remain unknown, even to most of the inmates of the place, for she knew her affectionate parents would

make every effort to discover her retreat. But she little surmised that her father had been within those very walls, and that but few days elapsed without his visiting the vicinity.

Deprived of the pure air of her breezy highland home,—the weary walking up and down the gloomy corridors,—the mournful, care-worn faces of the Nuns, who seldom smiled, and never conversed with her, except during those melancholy evening walks in the garden—and then always low and sadly, of their dead or absent friends—began to send a chill to the once warm gushing fountains of her heart. Every one was kind to her—but it was not the kindness of home. She heard sweet voices—but they were not the voices of those she had heard from her childhood. Before she slept, she felt the kiss of the Mother Superior on her cheek,—but it was not the warm, dewy kiss of the mother who had rocked her infancy, and whose heart was now broken. Day by day, she became more sad. The blossoms fell from her cheeks; her pride no longer sustained her; and often, in a paroxysm of suffering, she burst into tears.

The Lady Abbess watched her with solicitude, and kind interest. She knew how deep the canker-worm was eating at her heart. She had seen such cases before, and it had been the height of her ambition to emulate that divine gift of Loyola—"Giving ease to troubled con-

sciences." She knew how much depended on the success of the hazardous part she had played, of seducing Agnes Stewart from the endearments of her home, to bury herself in a Convent. She was not a woman to be satisfied with mere success—she despised *common-place*—she would have no doubtful reports spread of her victories. Every winged courier from the camp, should bear the same message—no enemy must escape from the field.

"And now, least of all," she exclaimed, as late at night she walked her private room, with a nervous and impatient tread, "when my General is in America, can I afford to dim the lustre of my well-earned fame, by the miscarriage of this little affair, which is so entirely my own, that I cannot escape the disgrace of failure, as I would certainly allow no man or woman to steal from me the honor of success." She paused a moment. "I can detect no fault in Mrs. Eglington,—her management from the beginning was perfect. Have we both, then, mistaken the character and inclination of Agnes? Was the work done too quick? We were neither of us impatient, were we? There must be something peculiar in this girl's disposition, which has thus far eluded our perception. She seems insensible to those fascinations of religion which first won her; and the severest penance only aggravates her remorse. What would I not give if she had never come to Claremont!"

The Lady Superior was startled by the sound of sliding feet, and a shriek at the door. She flew to open it, and Agnes, in her night-dress, rushed into the chamber, and fell at her feet.

"Save me, mother! Oh! save me!"

"Save you, my daughter," she exclaimed in terror, "from what? From whom?" And she raised the trembling girl, and folded her to her heart. "Be calm, my child; what is it?"

"Oh! mother," gasped Agnes. "It is all here—here!"—as she struck her hands to her temples in the wildest agony. "I am mad—I am mad! Oh, God! My poor, poor mother!"

All Agnes' strength had given way; and the Lady Superior bore her to the sofa, where she laid her, as lifeless, and almost as cold as marble. She rang the bell, and then hurrying back to her side, she exclaimed,—

"Good Heavens! can she be dead? And yet that were better than madness, for in her ravings she would betray us."

It was hardly a minute—but to the Abbess it seemed an hour—before her *femme de chambre* appeared. Restoratives were at once applied, and when Agnes recovered her consciousness, she was taken to the couch of the Abbess in the adjoining room.

She was vigilantly watched by the maid, and one of

the servants, and at short intervals the mistress of the Convent entered the bed-chamber, to minister her tenderest and most delicate alleviations to the warm heart now breaking—to the fine mind now shattered for ever!

It was long past midnight, but the Lady Superior had not thought of sleep—she could as soon have slept if the Convent had been on fire.

The next morning, just after the departure of Jaudan and his victims for the South, Hubert received a note from Claremont, begging him to hasten to the Convent. When he arrived, he found the Abbess haggard and wretched from that night of suffering. She was a woman of noble sentiments and affectionate heart; but having taken upon herself the terrible vows of the Order, the voice of conscience, and every natural feeling that wells up from the human soul, all had to be stifled, for they interfered with the progress of the ambitious disciples of Loyola.

As Hubert closed the door of the little cabinet of the Abbess, she rose to meet him; but she was too exhausted to stand, and she sank back into her seat again; and while she held out her hand to the visitor, woman's tears, which she could not repress, rolled down her cheeks.

"Forgive me, brother," she exclaimed, "but this trial is too much for me. It is of Agnes Stewart I wish to

speak." Hubert looked calm and genial, and pressing her hand, said kindly :

"My dear sister, do not be troubled. Her father has given up all idea of her being here ; and if she is refractory, we must send her to some one of our Abbesses who is not quite so tender-hearted as yourself."

"Oh ! she is not refractory—she is as gentle as a dove, and, I believe, a sincere Catholic. She is an intellectual and imaginative girl, full of spiritualism and romance ; and the ideal and poetic nature of our religion has inflamed her fancy and penetrated her heart ; and had we placed her elsewhere—if, for instance, we had sent her to a Convent in Italy, where gorgeous Chapels, imposing ceremonies, and all the associations are beautiful and soothing, she would have become a fanatic in our cause. But here, excluded almost from the light of day, deprived of air and sufficient exercise, suffering constant apprehensions of being discovered, with, I believe, a gnawing grief, and longing for the home of her childhood, and the embrace of her mother, she is pining away. Last night she had a paroxysm of grief, that seemed to me like approaching madness. Something must be done—and done immediately. What shall it be ? I have thought, until my poor brain is tortured. Can we not restore her to her family ? It is my wish, if the thing is possible."

"No, that is impossible," answered Hubert, with decisive emphasis; "it would be the ruin of this House. You would lose every one of your Protestant pupils in a week, and the place itself would be mobbed. Secresy and supreme caution are imperative on us in every country: but here, where we are hated just in proportion as we are known, secresy and supreme caution are the very conditions of our existence."

"But, brother, if we take her back to her home, when she has not even requested it, and assign as the reason our anxiety for her health—disclaiming a desire, or even a willingness, to have any one, however gifted in qualities or sincere and devout in faith, remain with us at the expense of cheerfulness and happiness—should we not win the hearts of her relatives; or, at all events escape their indignation?"

"Sister, I am amazed to hear you speak in this way. I thought you were fully aware of the excitement which the disappearance of Agnes had caused; that it is everywhere laid to us; and that the Company of Jesus, as well as the entire body of the Holy Church, is suffering, at this moment, under the odium which every ill-managed or unsuccessful affair of this kind is sure to bring upon us. It is most unfortunate! The girl promised so well in the beginning, I thought we should find in her a most useful ally. Her family is highly respectable, with a

large circle of acquaintance; and once permanently established among us—the scandal of the thing having blown over, and her friends and the public distinctly understanding that she had chosen this course for herself, without persuasion from others—she would have brought us pupils, and made us proselytes from many of the best heretic families in New York. But we have gone too far to retreat; nor must you allow yourself to be depressed by the miscarriage of this affair. We cannot expect all our plans to succeed, nor is this, perhaps, so serious a failure after all. But cannot I see the girl? I can then better judge how we are to proceed.”

“She appears very quiet this morning,” replied the Abbess, “although she has not slept through the night. I am afraid she is too tranquil—she looks vacantly. Oh, brother! I have a dreadful fear,” she continued—and her lips quivered as she held her hand upon the lock, and opened the door into her own sleeping-room.

Agnes was lying on the couch. The flushed cheeks and swollen eyelids of the preceding night, had given way to a death-like paleness; and in her beautiful eyes a meaningless expression had taken the place of their sunny intellectual light. She did not move as they approached; and when the Abbess addressed her, she smiled faintly, and languidly shook her head, without replying. Hubert laid his hand upon her brow, and with a

kind, paternal voice said, "The Virgin bless thee, my daughter, and restore thee speedily to health. Can we do anything for thy welfare this morning?"

"My dear mother is coming this morning," said Agnes, rising on her arm. "She told me so last night, and I said I would be ready. My father has come home from sea, and we shall all be so happy! I shall go now. I hear the carriage!"

The Abbess trembled with terror; but she seated herself on the bed, and lightly detained the poor girl, who was already getting up.

"Yes, my dear, presently; but you must be dressed first. You are too early yet, my daughter," she said soothingly. "I am sure the carriage has not yet come."

"Oh, Madam!" cried Agnes with an hysterical laugh, "what a foolish dream I had! I thought I had left my dear mother, and gone to live in a Convent, and never go back to her—and it seemed to me I was away a great many months, and thought I used to wake up in the night, and think of our dear Cresthome; and I would see my mother weeping and praying beside her bed, and my dear father away at sea, and she was lonely and unhappy. Oh!" she continued—as she turned up a face full of gratitude to Heaven—"Oh, how glad I am I was not so wicked; that it was only a dream! Yes, she is coming for me," and then turning to Hubert, whom she

now discovered for the first time, she exclaimed, "Who is that? Send him away."

The Abbess was about to speak, but Hubert lifted his hand and motioned to retire. They withdrew to the Cabinet, when he said to the Abbess, with a subdued but earnest voice—"This is most lamentable. I fear her mind is irrecoverably destroyed; but, thank God, she is not a raving maniac."

"Oh, brother!" exclaimed the Abbess in tears, "do not say so. Can we not restore this poor lamb? I could endure any shame to save her"—and for a moment she flew back to Agnes' couch, and pressed the cheek of the passive girl to her lips.—

"Sister," said Hubert, after she had returned, "you forget our duty to the Company of Jesus, when you speak thus. What we may feel, is of no consequence whatever. When you took your solemn vows you gave yourself away. You are no longer your own. Be absolved for this heinous sin against the Virgin, who saw without a murmur, her Divine Son nailed to the Cross, and never again incur her holy displeasure, by interposing your will or feelings, between her, and the triumph of her beloved Company of Jesus."

A cold chill went over her frame, and those pure and generous impulses that had once more leaped to her veins with every pulsation, cowered back to some dark

corner of her heart, under the terrible chastisement of her Jesuit Master.

Hubert continued, "This poor child endangers our cause; and if suffered to remain here, she will soon become frantic, and it will be impossible to remove her without giving wind to new rumors, and inflaming against us new odium. Fortunately for us, she imagines her mother is coming for her. Under this delusion, she will go wherever we wish to take her. I think, therefore, that to-night, after the household have all retired, I will send here the trusty Patrick, with a close carriage, and a pair of powerful horses. You can have Agnes prepared, and it will be best for our French sister from Montreal to accompany her on the journey."

"But where will you send her, brother? What is to be done with her? She *must* be treated with tenderness."

"Tush, tush, my friend," replied Hubert, "you are getting fanciful. She shall be well taken care of; and, of course, I shall send her to Montreal, where we have had to send so many of the incorrigible—and almost invariably with such felicitous results."

Again the Abbess led the way to the sleeping-room, followed by Hubert. Taking Agnes' hand, and with a tone of great cheerfulness, she spoke to her many kind

words, and closed by telling her that the carriage would come before long.

Agnes gazed at the speaker, without comprehending what she said ; the word *carriage* was the only sound that struck familiarly upon the unfortunate girl's intelligence. With a pleased look, she slightly nodded to Hubert. A calm, dreamy, confiding glow suffused her pallid face as she gazed upon the Jesuit, who, she believed, was about to take her back to Cresthome ; but Cresthome, poor Agnes Stewart never was to see again.

Hubert returned to town.—After administering to Agnes a powerful opiate, the Lady Superior seated herself for the day, by the side of the patient and hopeful girl, who did not doubt that her mother would soon be there.

Not long after midnight, Agnes, with a smiling cheek, and the docility of an infant, was placed in the carriage by the tender hands of the weeping Abbess, and the sister who was to be her companion, and a few nights of rapid travelling took her to Montreal ; far, far away, not only from her friends, but even from her native land.

She remained a hopeless imbecile : sometimes believing for days, that she was in her father's house, a happy, loving girl ; at other times she was a melancholy, dejected creature—but always kind, good, and helpful in

the light labors assigned her. And so she lived the few remaining months of that year of delusion and trouble, till the great expiation had been made, and she was, by those who minister to the afflicted children of earth, taken to that bright Land, where all the wronged, the pure, and the gentle, are gathered home at last.

The Jesuits had not only seduced her soul, but they had stolen away her ashes—and those at Cresthome “knew not where they had laid them.”

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE JOURNEY.

“DEAR Genevra,” said Inez, as they were retiring, the night of their arrival in Philadelphia,—“did you see Mr. Burleigh as the carriage drove on to the boat this morning?”

“Was he there?” cried Genevra, as the beautiful color rose to her cheek. “Oh, I am very sorry I did not see him; but I was so afraid my poor father would take cold, or be nervous, in crossing the ferry, that I did not even look from the carriage; though I confess I hoped we might see Stanhope somewhere, before we left.”

“Never fear; he is a true knight, and will faithfully keep sentinel over your fortunes. But how is your little heart to-night? Has it pained you much since morning?”

“Not a great deal; but, Inez, I am afraid I shall never be free from this pain, until my father is well, or we are happy.”

“My dear friend,” said Inez gently, “you must not encourage yourself with the idea that your father will ever be well again. This sudden revival of strength and spirits, is only the calm before the storm. I do not wish to afflict you, my love, but I am sure it is so ; for I heard Padre O’Sullivan say it but yesterday, and you know that he is as good a physician as he is Jesuit.”

“Oh ! then, why did they bring my father away from home ? Father O’Sullivan told me he thought it would prolong his life.”

“Ah, Genevra !” said Inez, shaking her head, “your father is likely to drop off at any moment—and then you will have a terrible struggle to pass through. If necessary, would you leave the unburied body of your father to fly with Stanhope ? ”

Genevra trembled in every limb, and the tears gushed from her eyes.

“Oh, Inez, I could not do it. I should never forgive myself ! What can you mean ? ”

“My sweet sister ! We are going to Johnstown, near the Convent. This plan, I am sure, has been fixed on to get you within its walls without any noise, as soon as your father dies.”

Genevra lifted her hands in amazement and horror.

“The moment he is no more, you may be enticed by some stratagem, and lose your liberty, and, I wish to

caution you now, not to leave the house, unless I go with you."

"But if I were forced into a Convent, could not you or Stanhope rescue me? I have heard that persons can be taken by law from such places, if they are unwilling to stay."

"Yes, Genevra, the law says so; but do you not know that when the Jesuits wish to conceal a person, that person can never be found?"

"Oh! what am I to do! What *shall* I do! I will go on my knees to my father, and implore him to save me."

"Have you not already? Has he not thrust you coldly away, and left you in the guardianship of Jaudan? And would he now heed your supplications? Does he not intend that you shall enter a Convent, as soon as he is gone? No, Genevra—one way only is left. Be silent and cautious. Let not Jaudan or O'Sullivan suspect that we know anything of their wiles. And above all, do not leave the house where we may be lodged, under any pretext, without first informing me. Mr. Burleigh will not be far distant,—and when the right moment comes, I will bring him to the spot, and in his presence, and that of Jaudan, I will expose the plot, and Stanhope shall bear you away in triumph."

Genevra had fallen into deep and painful forebodings.

Starting, at last, she said : "Inez, are you not a Catholic ? and were you not brought up under the instruction of Jaudan ? Why is it that you take such an interest in me ? How dare you attempt to thwart the designs of the General ? Do you not dread his vengeance ?"

"I did fear him once ; but I fear him no longer. When you are once free, I break every bond that binds me to him. I shall return to Italy, to the arms of my mother, to console her for the unhappiness of her life."

"Your mother !" exclaimed Genevra, with amazement. "I thought you did not know your mother, or even if you had one."

"I have learned it all lately. It is a sad story—too sad for you to hear now. It is enough that she was the victim of Jaudan ; and while I have the power to save you, you shall not fall by the same hands."

"But, dear Inez, why will you not stay with me and Stanhope ? I am sure we shall both love you, and make you happy."

Inez's lips trembled, and she turned her head, to hide the tears which filled her eyes.

"I am sure you would, my darling Genevra ; and yet, my first duty is to go to my mother. She has, probably, but a few months to live, and she shall pass them in the arms of her daughter. My soul wings itself, at the thought of her embrace. Yes—yes, I must—I must go.

But let us to bed now, for we have a long ride before us to-morrow."

"But, Inez—oh! Inez! how happy I feel, even in the midst of my misery, that you are with me! I believe that you will save me from Jaudan, and the still more dreaded Convent. I am such a coward! Oh, you are a brave and noble girl," said Genevra, as she embraced her with all the affection of her confiding and tender nature.

The next morning the travellers continued their journey to the South. On the arrival of the party at Johnstown, they drove to the house of a Catholic lady, who seemed quite prepared to meet them, and greeted the young girls with all the kindness of a mother.

The mansion was large, and situated upon a commanding height, overlooking a wide and beautiful country. On one side a broad champaign region swept, with long reaches, to the banks of the blue Potomac—on the other, rose the towers, monuments, and white gleaming palaces of a not far distant City.

As Genevra and Inez stood at the window, overlooking the scene—

"Look, Inez," said Genevra, pointing with her finger, "do you see that low, straggling pile of buildings yonder, on the declivity of the hill? that is the Convent of the

Sacred Heart,—my future home,—if Padre Jaudan has his way.”

“Oh, Genevra! is it possible that ugly building can be a Convent? It looks to me more like soldiers’ barracks. How dismal it must be inside!”

“All Convents are dismal, inside and out, I think,” said Genevra, smiling; “but I never was in this, and can tell you nothing about it.”

“Not our Convents in Italy, my dear—they are picturesque and grand old buildings. Their sites are chosen to command the most romantic views. You forget our beautiful gardens—the tall, melancholy cypresses that wave and whisper along the silent walls such tender melody. Yes, Genevra, there may be, and there is, unhappiness in those places; but there is taste, sentiment, and poetry connected with them; for we cultivate the love of the beautiful, both in Art and Nature. But this place looks the picture of desolation, with not a green tree to cheer the eyes of the weary nun. I should infinitely prefer the Convent at Claremont. But I see that this would better suit the purposes of Jaudan, for it is probably less visited.”

“Oh, Inez!” said Genevra, embracing her, “have you still the courage to brave that man? Does not your resolution begin to waver?”

“Never fear, my pet; my resolution gathers strength

every hour; I even begin to long for the conflict—to measure my strength with his: and I hope he will find that the little pebble of truth from the brook, will slay the giant in his armor of steel.”

“You are a brave, noble girl, Inez. I wish I had half your courage.”

“You would if you had half my *physique*; but you are a delicate little flower, and shrink from the rude blasts of sorrow that have blown so long upon your gentle head.—Good night.”

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FATHER.

VINCENZI seemed to bear the journey better than Geneva anticipated; but, the next morning, when she descended to his room, she found him still in his bed, and he seemed feverish and oppressed for breath.

“Oh, my dear father,” she said, anxiously, “you are not so well this morning. I am afraid this journey has been too much for you. You did not sleep well last night?”

“But little, my dear. I hope it is only fatigue; yet I feel a painful and unusual oppression at my breast.”

She seated herself by the side of her father's couch, and a sorrowful foreboding, which she had not felt before, came over her spirits. All that Inez had said to her, the night of their arrival in Philadelphia, came to her remembrance; and she breathed a prayer that God would spare his life yet longer, and open his eyes to the iniquity of his deceivers.

Soon after, O'Sullivan came into the room, and Genevra expressed her fears for her father. The Confessor felt of his pulse, and made some inquiries of the sick man.

"It is only fatigue, Mademoiselle," he said. "I shall administer to him some little remedies, and he will be quite relieved by evening. He only requires rest and sleep."

Genevra sat by her father's bed through the long day. He seemed to sleep so peacefully, that she often bent her ear to listen if he still breathed.

Jaudan and O'Sullivan came and went noiselessly and restlessly,—they often looked significantly at each other.

Towards evening, Vincenzi opened his heavy eyes, and said faintly—

"Genevra, is it you, my child?"

"It is, my dear father. Do you feel better?"

"Not much. Where are we, Genevra? I do not know this place; and I have dreamed a strange dream."

"Do you not remember, Papa, that we are no longer in New York? We are in Johnstown. We came last night,—and you have slept all day. You were not so well this morning."

"Oh! I remember now. I had a sweet dream, Genevra. Where are the good fathers?" he continued, looking timidly around, "are they not here?"

"No, Papa; they have just gone down to tea. Will

you not have some ? I think it would revive you ;” and she rose to ring the bell.

“ No, no ; not now,” he said, clinging to her dress. “ I will wait till Father O’Sullivan returns. We may never be alone again,—and I have something I wish to say to you,—my child.”

“ Oh ! my father, do not speak of leaving me. I cannot bear it,” she said weeping.

“ Listen to me. I have had many conflicting thoughts lately. I have felt that I may have erred—blindly erred—through my whole life. While I slept, I saw your mother. She seemed to be in a glorious place—too bright and glorious to describe. She looked like a blessed spirit—and she beckoned me to come to her. I did, trembling,—and fell at her feet. She raised me ; she kissed me on the forehead, and said, ‘ My husband, where is our child ? Is she happy ?’—Oh ! Genevra, what a terrible moment ! I would have fallen to my knees again, for I knew you were not happy, and I had no word to reply. ‘ Fear not,’ she said, ‘ redeem the past while you yet have time. Forgive, as you hope to be forgiven, and we shall meet again,’ and with a radiant, smiling face she melted away.”

Genevra was too overcome to speak, but she pressed his hand in silence.

“ I feel that it is a warning,” he continued ; “ her words

were but the echo of my own thoughts for many weeks. These thoughts I spoke of to Padre Jaudan. I confessed them to Father O'Sullivan ; but they reproved my weakness, and counted it a sin. Oh ! my child, you are good and pure,—decide for me ; shall I disobey my spiritual Fathers, who will refuse absolution to my soul if I thus dare to defy their authority ?”

“ My father, my father,” cried Genevra, “ trust in our Heavenly Father. He alone has the power to forgive sin. Cast away this false creed which ensnares your soul—believe that my mother is an angel in Heaven. Forget the past, and rejoice in the hope of meeting her in that happy world, where you saw her. Struggle no longer with these fears. These priests are but sinful, erring creatures like you and me—look to the Saviour as the only hope of your soul—and if you now feel that you have wronged my mother, seek not the pardon of man,—but of God.”

“ I dare not !—I dare not !” he cried. “ Who shall absolve me in my dying hour ? They will refuse mass for my soul ! and I shall go down to perdition with their curse on my head. But, Genevra, I can—I will save you. You shall worship God in your own way. I cannot die, and leave you persecuted and tormented as your poor mother was. I will at least atone to her, in this manner, for the wrong I did her, and reward you for

your devoted affection. Where is Mr. Burleigh? Do you still love him, my child?"

"I do, my father—next to you, above all the world."

"Be it so, my child. When I am gone, become his wife; and God grant you may be happier than your poor parents were."

A new and beautiful light went streaming into the recesses of Genevra's desolate heart! For a moment, all the dark shadows that had gathered so thickly over her spirit, melted away, and one glorious burst of sunshine flooded her life.

"But, my dear father," she inquired, with anxiety, "have you not made Padre Jandan my guardian? and will he ever consent to this?"

"It will displease him, I have no doubt; but I am prepared for his reproaches. I shall destroy my Will, and make another. If I have not time for that, the old Will once gone, by the laws of the country, you are my heir, and free to do as your own heart dictates."

The last fetter was struck from the chained child—the last sorrow had left her heart for ever! She was in a new world! The image of her mother in Heaven, had shone out from the Land of peace and song! The hard heart had melted—the scales had fallen from the blinded eyes—a black spot on the fair bosom of the earth had become

white—the Jesuits were foiled—and Genevra was saved!

Tears of gratitude and exultation streamed down her cheeks, and she embraced her father with a feeling she had never known before.

“To part with you now, Father,” she exclaimed, “after Heaven has given you back to me, will be harder than ever. I cannot! cannot! Live! Oh live, for us to bless, and comfort each other.”

Calmly as Vincenzi seemed to have spoken, he had passed through a terrific struggle. Far away in the dark chambers of his soul, he had met and grappled with those hideous, demoniac spirits, which had so long held their sway of terror over the deluded victim. The near approach of death—the touching and strange love of his daughter—the mysterious sight of that angel face, beaming on him from the Happy Land—the long-stifled voice of God in his soul; and the melting of the ice-chains that had so long bound his heart—gave him the all but superhuman power, in that dreadful moment, to achieve the great victory.

The struggle was over, and the exhausted man wept like a child. His little strength had given way. Again and again he kissed his daughter—“God bless you, Genevra! God bless you!”

Slowly, his hold upon her hand relaxed—his eyelids

closed heavily—he gasped for breath—and in the deepening shadows of twilight, Genevra saw an ashy paleness overspread his face.

She flew to the bell, and rang it violently ; and in her terror screamed aloud.

Jaudan and O’Sullivan were there in a moment, and holding over the bed the candle he had brought, the General said hurriedly :—

“ O’Sullivan, there is not a moment to lose ! Our poor brother must receive the last rites of the Church—quick now, or you will be too late ! ”

Genevra, pale, trembling, and weeping, was supporting her father’s head upon her arm, as she wiped the large drops of agony from his forehead. His breath came with spasmodic effort. He had opened his eyes, as Jaudan held the candle to his face. The General had stood by death-beds enough, to read infallibly the lines which the King of Terrors pencils upon the countenances of the dying. Vincenzi fixed his gaze anxiously upon the Jesuit. Jaudan bent over the suffering man, who drew him nearer, and almost inaudibly said :—

“ My Will ! My Will ! Bring me my Will ! I must save my daughter ! ”

Jaudan drew himself away quickly :

“ You have no time to think of Wills now ! Think only of the world you are just entering.”

"Oh, Father!" exclaimed Vincenzi,—with a cry which never comes, except from the departing—"bring my Will! Oh, bring my Will—Genevra, fly for it! Inez! where is Inez? Will no one bring me the Will?"

"Here is it, father?"

"I will attend to that, Genevra"—said Jaudan, as he gently moved her away from the pillow—"for a moment, at least, our business is with God."

O'Sullivan was again by the bedside, and they prepared to administer extreme unction to the departing soul of Vincenzi. But he forgot all else in the frantic desire to save his daughter; and so terrible was his agony, that Jaudan motioned O'Sullivan from the bedside.

"Hasten, Genevra," he said, giving her the key to his room—"find Inez, and tell her to bring the black Casket!"

Genevra flew from the chamber! Inez was not in her room! She went to her own—she was not there! She sprang down the stairway. She was coming from the garden.

"Fly now, Inez, and we are saved! The casket! the casket!"

Outstripping Genevra, she sprang to the door—opened it in an instant—found the casket, and a mo-

ment later, it was in the hands of Jaudan. It opened by touching a spring.

"Here it is," said Jaudan joyfully, as he held it up before them all.

A flush of joy and triumph lit up Vincenzi's face. The muscles which had already begun to stiffen in the paralysis of death, were once more set free, as if by a touch of electric fire. Death itself stood abashed, as the strong will of the wronged and outraged man, for the moment, asserted its sway. In a convulsion, he sprang from his pillow—clutched the Will, and scattered it in a thousand pieces over his bed ! The death-rattle was in his throat—but in a suffocating shriek, he exclaimed, as he lifted his arms in triumph—

"Genevra, I have ! I have ! Come to my arms"—and folding her to his bosom, he fell back a corpse.

"Inez, take the poor girl to her room," said Jaudan ; and raising the fainting, lifeless form, they carried Genevra to her chamber.

The General of the Company of Jesus was left standing alone over the dead man—

"Poor fool," he said, as he looked into that face of ashes—"you tore up *the copy* ; as for the *original*, you are now for ever beyond its reach."

"What a pity ! What a pity !" exclaimed O'Sullivan, as he returned to the death-chamber, and closed the door.

“What is such a pity ?”

“The Will is destroyed ! The Will is destroyed !”

“Yes, it would have been, with such a bungler as you,—but I happen to have *the* Will safe in my casket. I had to give him something to destroy of course.”

O'Sullivan was overwhelmed with joy and amazement. In adoration of the genius of Jaudan he fell to his knees, and kissed the hand of his General.

“We are safe then. Thanks to the Virgin.”

“Yes, and we have been safe all the time, thanks to me.”

Jaudan laid the crucifix upon the dead man's breast, and rang the bell for the lady of the house.

O'Sullivan left the room. In passing up the stairway, he involuntarily said to himself (he thought he said it to himself only), “*Then it was only the copy after all, and we are safe.*”

Inez, who was passing through the half-lighted hall at this moment, overheard those words.

“Ah, ha ! You think so. We'll see.”

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE ORPHAN.

TOWARDS midnight, Genevra woke from the death-like stupor, which had mercifully succeeded the deep swoon into which she had fallen in her father's chamber. A light was burning dimly in the room, and Inez was sitting by the bed, holding the hand of the orphan girl.

"Is it you, Inez?" she said, languidly. "Why are you sitting here? Do you want anything?"

Inez rose and stooped to kiss her,—and the warm tears of sympathy, which she could not restrain, fell upon Genevra's face.

"Oh, Heaven! I remember now!" she cried, as the tide of memory rolled back. "Oh, my poor father!" And she covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out the recollection of the scene she had witnessed. But the tender, caressing words of Inez soon brought tears—those burning tears which relieve the heart and brain.

When she grew more composed, and her deep sobbings began to die away, Inez said—

“Genevra, my dear, as soon as you feel able, I wish to converse with you, for you are not yet beyond the reach of danger. I have my suspicions,—in fact, I am sure, that your father’s Will still exists—that the Jesuits gave him another paper to destroy; for, when I went down for the camphor, I overheard O’Sullivan say these words: ‘*Then it was only the copy after all, and we are safe.*’ Jaudan never would have let him destroy that Will.”

Painful as Genevra’s feelings were at the sufferings and the loss of her father—yet during the last few hours Heaven seemed to have come to her rescue, and a bright future had opened upon her vision. But the words Inez had spoken had once more brought back all the shadows and thick gloom that had hung over her spirit.

“Oh, Inez! can it be? There is, then, no hope. My heart is broken, and I must yield to my fate. Oh, what a world of sorrow and wickedness this is!”

“And yet, Genevra, we must not give up. It is to escape this wickedness and trouble that I now wish to speak to you. You must be calm. By this last deed of crime, which has been done at your father’s dying bed, it is impossible for us to hope anything from the compassion of Jaudan. It will be just as useless to try to move the heart of the mistress of this house. Her servants, and your father’s servants, are all the Jesuits’ creatures, and we can do nothing until Stanhope comes. While

you were sleeping, I wrote to him, and if I could have got out of this house, not the darkness, nor the strangeness of the city, would have prevented me from getting the letter into hands that would have carried it to its destination. But, as soon as the morning dawns, I shall find some way to do it. He will be here by night, and he will come armed with the authority of the law, and we shall be rescued. Then, Genevra, the Tribunals of Justice will investigate the case, and these dreadful men be brought to punishment.

“Oh, Inez! you did—you must have understood from what you saw, that my dear father wished to destroy that Will, which puts me in the power of Jaudan. You saw how wild was the exultation with which he tore it into fragments. Towards evening, my dear father and I had a long and affectionate conversation, in which he expressed the bitterest regret that he had so unkindly treated my dear mother. I am sure he was penitent, and I believe God will forgive him.”

“Yes, Genevra, the crime must rest alone upon the heads of those black-hearted Jesuits.”

“My father likewise,” she continued, “said that I should worship God as my own conscience dictated; and if I chose to marry Stanhope, I should do so, and have his blessing. Oh! if he could have lived after this change in his feelings, I should have been happy; but

now I feel that it is useless to struggle longer. I am worn out body and mind. We are in the hands of these priests, and not even Stanhope can save us. And who knows but he, too, has fallen into their snares, and may be now hundreds of miles away ; perhaps imprisoned or dead. Oh, my Inez ! I have no longer power to resist, even in thought."

"You have not now, my dear ; you are prostrated with fatigue and grief. To-morrow hope will come, and these gloomy fears will pass away with the night shadows. You must sleep now, and I will lie down beside you till day breaks, and then I will go on my mission."

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE GRAVE.

THE next morning came in late, dark, cold, and rainy; but before Inez heard any one astir, she lightly descended the stairs, with the letter to Burleigh in her pocket. Her hand was on the outside door, but it was locked; and the key was not there. She felt along the carpet, in hopes it had fallen; and as she stood in perplexity, asking herself if there were no other egress from the house, she heard light footsteps gliding behind her. They were the footsteps of Jaudan, in slippers which had muffled his noiseless track of death for so many years.

“Why, Inez! What are you doing here, thus dressed? You do not think of going out in this terrible storm?”

“Yes, I was—to take a breath of air,” she said, as the tell-tale blush of conscious falsehood rose to her cheeks.

“Have you any objections?”

“Most certainly I have, my dear. I must look after

your life, if you do not. Go back to your room. You need sleep more than fresh air? How is Miss Vincenzi?"

Inez, with her hot Spanish blood bounding with indignation, rushed up the stairway without speaking. She did not return to the room of Genevra, for she was determined to leave the house on the first opportunity; and she did not wish to afflict her friend with an account of this first failure. She listened, and soon the hum of the stirring household rose to her chamber. Doors opened and shut, and voices were heard along the passages. She stepped from her room, and listened by the balustrade. Jaudan and O'Sullivan were conversing in the open door of the drawing-room. "It is useless at present," she thought, and throwing herself upon the bed, she slept profoundly, till the summons to breakfast aroused her. She had not undressed during the night, and after making a hasty toilet, she went to see Genevra.

She was too ill to rise, but a smile lighted her face as she looked inquiringly at Inez.

"Not yet, my dear—the morning is rainy, and I found the door locked. But I shall get away in the course of the day. Let us have our breakfast here by your bed-side."

The rain poured in torrents, and noon came; but Inez had found no opportunity to leave the house unobserved. She was sitting in her room, in deep thought. For the first time, she felt herself a prisoner; and her heart beat

madly against her breast, as she thought of the possibility of her not being able to advise Stanhope. But she calmed herself with the thought that the funeral of Vincenzi was yet to take place, when she should leave the house, and have a chance to give the letter to some one, even if he were a stranger.

While she was thus anxiously thinking, a knock was heard at the door, and Jaudan came in.

"Inez, it is the opinion of Father O'Sullivan, and the mistress of the house, that the funeral should take place to-day. I agree with him. Everything is prepared, and the body will be removed to the cemetery about five o'clock. I should advise you and Miss Vincenzi to remain at home; but her affection for her father, and her American prejudices may make her desirous of going to the grave, and I shall not oppose her wishes. You can go and prepare her."

"But, Monsieur, why this haste? Miss Vincenzi is ill—too ill to leave her bed. The fatigue and excitement will kill her. Is it not possible to delay this funeral until to-morrow at least?"

"Mademoiselle, it is useless to resist"—he said significantly—"go and tell her that she can attend us, or we leave without her."

Inez obeyed without another word. She felt shocked at the haste of the two Jesuits to dispose of their victim;

but she congratulated herself that she would sooner have an opportunity to inform Burleigh. "Oh! If I could have known that poor Vincenzi was so near his end!"

She communicated, in as gentle a manner as possible, the commands of Jaudan.

A pale horror overspread Genevra's face. She could scarcely believe that even Inez was telling her the truth.

"Bury my dear father to-day!" she cried—"Is it not enough that they have murdered him? and now must they hide their work so soon? Oh cruel, cruel haste! Help me, Inez. I will follow that father's body to its last resting-place, and would to God I, too, were to lie down beside him, in the same cold chamber of death."

"You must not go, Genevra, in this wild tempest. Protect your life, if it be only for your betrothed."

"Dress me, Inez; I must look upon my father's face again, before it is hidden for ever from my sight. Tell Jaudan I shall be ready."

Inez almost lifted her friend from the bed. She clothed her trembling form in the darkest garments of her wardrobe, and then, half supporting and half carrying her, she took her to the room of her dead father.

No one was there. The body was already inclosed in its last tenement, shut out alike from the eye of hate and love. At this sight, a look of anguish, that cannot be

described, came into Genevra's face. She did not speak, but tottered forward, and sank upon her knees beside the coffin, while from her poor heart rose the cry of the afflicted David—"Save me, O God; for the waters are come in unto my soul. I sink into deep mire, where there is no standing. I am come into deep waters where the floods overflow me. I am weary of my cry. My throat is dry. Mine eyes fail, while I wait for my God."

But the precipitation with which the Jesuits were hurrying on their work, admitted of no time for grief. Jaudan and his attendants entered the room to bear away the lifeless remains, and Inez and Genevra were told to take their places in the carriage.

The day of death is a day of gloom, under the fairest skies; but when the bereaved heart of the orphan child goes to the father's tomb, through a cold, dark, autumn storm, as the black curtains of night enfold the earth, there is a depth of gloom which none can imagine but those who have experienced it. As they entered the carriage, accompanied by Jaudan and O'Sullivan, Inez observed only one carriage besides. It was awaiting the mistress of the house, and two of her maids.

Genevra leaned back in the seat, and buried her face in her veil; but Inez looked restlessly from the window, hoping that a merciful Providence would throw some one across their path, to whom she could deliver the letter

which she held in her hand, within the pocket of her dress. But during the long, still progress, no human being was visible.

They arrived at the cemetery. A few boys and laboring men, attracted by the sight of the open gates and dismal hearse, were the only spectators.

Obeying the commands of Jaudan, the young girls remained seated in the carriage, which was drawn up near the gateway. During the services—performed by O'Sullivan—which returned ashes to ashes, and dust to dust, Inez tried in vain to catch the eyes of one of the boys; but the moving to and fro of the dripping umbrellas of the attendants, gave her only momentary glimpses of the spectators.—

The rites were over. The two priests again took their places in the carriage, which moved slowly away. Genevra, pale, exhausted, and almost unconscious, lay enclosed in the arms of the half frantic Inez. The Spanish girl hoped still; but to be thus thwarted in all her attempts, was more than her impetuous nature could endure.

It was now so dark, that through the still increasing mist, objects were scarcely visible. She took the letter from her pocket, and stealthily dropped it from the carriage window, with an inward prayer that some one might find it, and send it to its address. Vain hope!

Would not the wet earth, and the drifting rain, soon obliterate every trace of her pen?

A few straggling lamps along the road, only made the darkness more visible. At last the carriage reached the house, and as O'Sullivan led the way, Jaudan and Inez assisted Genevra up the steps. With a ponderous sound the door closed behind them. The hall was dark, but O'Sullivan threw open a door, from which the light streamed; and for the first time they perceived that they were in a strange apartment. Inez passed her hand across her eyes, doubtful of her own vision. But no; it was the little plain parlor of the Abbess of a Convent, and the form of a black-robed nun stood before them!

Her first impulse was to seize the hand of Genevra, and turn to fly—but O'Sullivan stood between her and the entrance, while Jaudan, in his blindest tones, presented his victims to "the Lady Superior of the Sacred Heart of Johnstown."

"Yes, Madame, we *are* here," cried Inez—her strong indignation breaking forth—"seduced into your hands by base treachery; but we shall not long remain here. The friends of Miss Vincenzi will soon be upon her track, and they will raze this house to its foundations, if need be, to rescue her."

The Abbess looked in some terror towards Jaudan

during this daring speech, but he only smiled, and shrugging his shoulders, said—

“Madame, you had better show the young ladies to their sleeping apartments. Miss Vincezzi needs rest. As for Miss Inez, her zeal for her friend has made her somewhat imprudent; but a night’s sleep will calm her excitement;” and bidding them good evening, he left the room—Inez heard the carriage roll away.

Genevra had dropped upon the first seat offered her. She was too hopeless and heart-sick to complain, and she passively followed Inez to the rooms assigned them. They were small, simple, but comfortable; and it cheered them to find that they communicated with each other.

“Do you see, Genevra,” said Inez, after she had taken off the poor girl’s bonnet and cloak, and helped her to the couch, “do you see that our trunks arrived here before us, my dear? I shall not do much unpacking, I can tell them. I believe we shall outwit them yet. At any rate, Burleigh will be here before long; if he does not get a letter from me, he will in some manner learn of the death of your father; and, besides, we shall not be here long, before I find somebody that will help us.”

“But, Inez, what did you do with the letter?”

“I dropped it in the street.”

Genevra shook her head.

"I shall write another, Genevra, and put it in my pocket with one of your gold eagles, and I believe I shall find some one in this place wicked enough to take both of them."

"Heaven's will be done!" said Genevra, despairingly. "I feel that I have done all my duty in remaining with my father to the last. If I am to stay here, it will be but a little while; for I cannot long endure what I am called upon to suffer."

"Do not give up, my darling; bear up a little while longer, and Stanhope will come."

While they were yet speaking, a knock was heard at the door. Inez opened it, and a smiling Sister of the Order brought in tea and other light refreshments for the strangers. She spoke kindly and cheerfully—threw a few more sticks upon the fire—trimmed the lamps, and after making everything tidy and comfortable, she kissed them both affectionately, and bade them good night.

When she had seen Genevra well cared for, Inez went to her own bed; but not to close her eyes, until a hundred futile schemes had been devised and rejected.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LIFE IN THE CONVENT.

Two days had passed drearily away. Inez had explored every part of the Convent, especially the Chapel, during morning and evening prayers; for it was from this place, she hoped to find some way of escape. She discovered a small door on one side of the altar, which led into a narrow corridor, from which there was an egress to the street, by a narrow window, looking to the north. The door was secured by a heavy wooden bar on the inside. A narrow flight of stairs, at the foot of the window, led, she knew not whither, but she thought, to some gallery, or organ-loft of the Chapel. Ascending two or three steps, she looked from the window—which did not seem far from the ground—and saw nothing but a barren and desolate patch, with a few straggling houses beyond. The window was not barred; but large, dingy panes were set in leaden frames, which gave it a gloomy and prison-like appearance.

"We could escape here, if Genevra only had the strength and courage," she thought. "I should not be afraid to leap twice the distance. But I will have patience for a few days; and she is growing so well now, that she will soon be equal to the task."

While she stood revolving the possibility of so desperate a flight, she heard a shuffling and muttering noise near her; and looking up, a bent and decrepit old negro, with a basket on his arm, came toiling down the stair-way. Inez had seen him once before, from the window of her chamber, as he came into the Convent with the same basket. Hope now sprang up in her bosom.

"Good morning, daddy; what do you carry in your basket?"

"Yarbs, Missus—yarbs for de Convent. I'se pick 'em, an' dried 'em long ago—an' I'se fatchin 'em to stow in de garret ob de Convent."

Inez's heart beat wildly—

"When shall you come again, daddy?"

"Oh, Missus, I reckon I'se bok agin by noon, wid anudder load. I tink young missus want someting. I'd like a smart chance to do an arrand, for such a nice missus as you."

"Well, daddy, if you will be back by noon, and take a letter for me to the Post Office, and not tell anybody

in the world anything about it, I will give you this"—and she showed him a gold eagle.

The bleared eyes of the old man dilated with rapture, and shaking all over with a chuckle of delight, he said—

“Nebber, nebber fear, missus—I’s be very punctul—gosh a’mighty, I’s not had so much money dis many a day”—and full of glee he trotted away.

Inez hastened to her room, and in breathless delight communicated to Genevra her new-born hopes.

A letter was written, but this time it was in the hand of Genevra. She told Stanhope of her father’s death—the betrayal, and deception she suspected in the matter of the Will—the inveiglement into the Convent, and then—instructed by Inez—minutely detailed the plan for their escape. Three nights later, he was to be at the north window at the end of the Chapel—they would descend to the street, and he should bear them away.

The old negro returned at noon, and Inez gave him the money and the letter. She charged him again, as he hoped for Heaven, not to deceive her. The loyal-hearted old man, went away suffering at the thought that anybody should have suspected *him* of so hase a thing.

“Dis young missus don’t know Uncle Ned—udderwise she formed correcter conclusions ’bout my honor as a person ob color.” And he straightened himself up with

pride, as he hurried away. "Young missus better be lookin' arter some ob dem dam priests dat is gettin' so mighty tick round Johnstown dese days."

Inez stole back stealthily to her room, where, with Genevra, she watched the old negro going down the road, until he disappeared round a corner; then, clasped in each other's joyous embrace, they laughed and wept with excitement and delight.

From this time Genevra's health became more buoyant. She believed the letter would reach Stanhope, and, even if they should not be able to escape, as Inez had planned, he would at least learn where they were, and eventually come to their rescue. The thought sent new life into her heart. They did not mingle much with the sisterhood—kind, gentle, and winning as everything around them seemed to be—but Genevra's delicate health was a sufficient excuse for passing most of the time in their chambers.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

INEZ'S PLAN FOR ESCAPE.

THE evening before the longed-for day, the young girls were sitting in their room, talking hopefully of their intended flight, when Jaudan sent up a request to see them in the parlor. They could not refuse him; and together they went down. A cold shudder passed over Genevra, as she again looked upon this terrible man.

"Young ladies, I am glad that you seem so pleasantly situated here. I hope you like the place, as it will most probably be your future home. I had not so designed for Inez—but a person who has so little control over herself, needs the restrictive discipline of a Convent."

Inez, cold, proud, and silent, bit her lips in desperation. In not speaking under such stinging provocation, she displayed more control over herself than Jaudan had ever shown. She knew that her cherished plan of escape, might be perilled by one rash word.

"Oh, Monsieur!" said Genevra, "I feel that it is use-

less to entreat you; but why will you force me to remain in this hateful place? It was my father's wish, as you well know, that, after his death, I should be allowed to do as my own judgment might dictate. I am a free American woman. - There is no law of my country that can rob me of my liberty. I am of legal age—and you know that the moment the authorities of the land learn the facts, I can be taken from this place in spite of all resistance. I demand now that you open the doors of this Convent, and let me go forth as my own mistress. You may still have what pretends to be the Will of my father—fraudulently obtained, and perhaps wickedly kept, in spite of all appearances—from his dying grasp. I do not know the contents of that Will. By it, I suppose, that he has given you his whole estate. Keep it—but give me my liberty—and I swear to you, that you shall never be disturbed in your inheritance. I will even," she continued, as the tears rushed to her eyes, and she was almost falling at the feet of the Jesuit, "bless you, and pray for you for ever, to show my gratitude."

"Mademoiselle, do not afflict yourself by these matters of which you know nothing. I am transacting a solemn duty which I owe to God—to the soul of your departed father, and to yourself. I came to tell you, that it is my desire—as I have been intrusted with all your affairs—that you should *prepare to take the vows*

which will make you a Sister of the Sacred Heart, to-morrow, and a bride of Christ for ever. The ceremony will take place at 10 o'clock in the evening."

Genevra sprang to her feet.

"Monsieur," she cried, "you can never force me to do it. These vows I never will pronounce! You may drag me to the altar—but no sign of mine shall show that I accept them."

"Miss Vincenzi has not served the prescribed novitiate, Monsieur," said Inez, "and how can she be accepted?"

"Miss Vincenzi—you forget, Inez—was in the Sacred Heart at Genoa for two years. This will, I think, prove a sufficient novitiate—at least the Lady Superior thinks so, and I agree with her."

"But," continued Genevra—with a new-born spirit of resolution—"I am not a Catholic, and I never shall be, Sir. Neither imprisonment, nor the black garb of a nun, can make me anything but an American Protestant. I despise your priests, your priest-craft, and all your Jesuitical juggleries; and before you have walked this American soil much longer, and dared to perpetrate such murderous crimes as you have already done here—even in the sight of the tomb of the Father of 'my country'—justice will overtake you; and if there be no law to do it, the people of this country will take the matter in their hands."

“You are deranged, Mademoiselle,” said the priest, rising. “I am not sure but a madhouse would be a better place for you.”

The trampled worm, had turned upon the treader.

“It is no fault of yours, Sir, that I am not mad now,” she cried from the depths of her lacerated spirit. “You sacrificed the life of my mother, by your base arts; you destroyed the happiness of my father, and brought him to a premature grave. You robbed the wronged orphan of her rights, and now you would become her murderer. But a just God reigns in Heaven, and he will yet smite you. ‘The wicked shall not always triumph.’ I shall yet be wrested from your iniquitous hands, and the day of vengeance will come, whether you succeed in your villanies, and offer up one more victim upon your infernal altars, or not. The Company of Jesus cannot long live in a Land which holds the sacred ashes of Washington!”

The soul of the hardened Jesuit was stung to the quick; but the only sign he betrayed, was in a slight curl of the lip, as he opened the door.

“Inez, see that Mademoiselle is duly prepared for the ceremony to-morrow evening, at 10 o’clock;” and he left the room.

Genevra fell back into a chair—her hands upon her heart—suffering on her face.

Inez understood that look and motion ; she chafed her hands and temples ; the color came back.

"Genevra ! why did you forget yourself ? You acted nobly ; but remember, you will want all your little strength for our flight."

"Inez, I told the villain the truth ; I felt just desperate enough to do it. But, to take the veil to-morrow night !"

"What will you do ?"

"Do ? Nothing ! I will not even go down to the Chapel."

"But they will clothe you in the white robe and veil, in your chamber, and lead you there, in spite of yourself."

"They cannot ! They shall not !"

"And yet they can, and will," said Inez, "or they will bring you to it by close imprisonment in your chamber, till they have broken down your spirit. These Jesuits accomplish far more by attrition, than other men do by force."

"Then, Inez, tell me *what* to do."

"Submit, Genevra ! or appear to. Let them adorn you as a bride, and go to the altar. Assent to no vow—once a Nun, in form, and they are satisfied. We shall retire to our chambers : and when the hour for Stanhope comes, and all is still, we will have our triumph, and fly these haunts of crime and sorrow for ever."

“Inez, can we not escape that scene at the altar? I cannot go through it.”

“No! You must endure it—Stanhope will come.”

All Genevra's resolution came back, and she exultantly answered, “I will, my brave Inez!”

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE JESUIT ALONE.

JAUDAN was once more sitting alone in his chamber, and he was disturbed. He had heard the truth at last; and it had been told him by the gentle, the beautiful Genevra—a being, his sturdy and subtle nature had never feared. Who had ever dared, even among the great and powerful, to tell him the truth before? “To be thus reviled and defied by a defenceless American orphan girl, who despises me, and abhors my faith, and dares to tell me so.” It made Jaudan desperate.

“She *shall* take the veil, if I have, myself, to drag her to the altar.”

O’Sullivan entered.

“I have been to the Convent,” remarked the General, “to arrange the matter of to-morrow night.”

“And were near being swept away by another deluge of tears, of course,” replied the servile priest.

“Not at all: the girl seemed to have imbibed the spirit of my ward, and she berated me most soundly.”

O'Sullivan rolled up his eyes in pious horror.

"Ah! my knave! That is all owing to your Republican Institutions. Why, our infallible Father himself would find he was a very common mortal, if he came among these heretics. Hubert was right in saying, that it is no easy work to build up the Company of Jesus in a Republican soil. But I can manage this girl—although I am sorry it is costing me so much time, when we have despatched the rest of the job so quick. I am wanted now in New York. The great election is just at hand; and this very day I have had two dispatches from Hubert. Of course, you telegraphed him about the death, etc.?"

"I did, General."

"You will now take this further dispatch," continued Jandan, as he handed him a slip of paper, "have it sent to-night—no fail."

"It will be done, General. Is there any other matter to be looked after?"

"I think of nothing else just now. We have got on well so far; but it is hardly safe yet, to tell Hubert when I can start for New York."

"It was a good move to slide the girls into the Convent that night, General."

"Yes; or after the funeral we might have had some scenes in this house, which would have disturbed the neighborhood. I find that my ward is disposed to

thwart our plans. But it is too late. She is a noble and true-hearted girl," he said, with an ill-suppressed sigh, "and I thought of allowing her to remain where she is. But I shall probably find better use for her. I can whisper one word in her ear, which will bend her to my will, as the osier bends to the blast."

"The next thing then, General?" obsequiously demanded O'Sullivan—

"Is the veil—at ten o'clock."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

TAKING THE VEIL.

As the hour drew near for Genevra to pass the terrible ordeal, which so many fair victims of ambition, love, and avarice have found only a gateway to an early and forgotten grave, she suffered all the horror she would have felt, in going to a real sacrifice. It required all the sustaining power of Inez, and the cheering hope of being rescued by her lover, to save her from falling into a state of despair, which seemed to threaten madness.

But, as evening approached, she grew more calm ; and when the Lady Abbess came to her room to prepare her for the altar, she passively submitted herself to the hands of Inez, to be arrayed in the manner prescribed.

A white, ethereal, India muslin—a gift from her father—a lace mantle, and a bridal veil and wreath, brought by the Abbess—made her look so pure and lovely, that the tears started to the eyes of Inez ; and embracing her friend, she softly whispered, “ The next time, it will be as the bride of Stanhope.”

Genevra smiled faintly ; but her cold hands, and tremulous lips, bespoke none of the warm and sunny hopes of a happy bride.

No father or mother—no groups of sympathizing friends—greeted the poor girl at the altar. The dimly-lighted Chapel, the plaintive peal of the organ, and the dark forms and pale faces of the Sisters—as they stood in breathless silence, witnessing the scene which they felt was an unwilling sacrifice—were enough to overwhelm the brightest spirit.

Jaudan, as her spiritual Father, gave away the pure virgin bride, to Christ ; and O'Sullivan, as the officiating priest, pronounced the vows which were to bind her to that Bridegroom for ever.

Faint and bewildered, Genevra made no sign.

The organ still pealed on. Then came the Spiritual Mother, bearing the black veil and cloak. She approached Genevra—removed the wreath and veil, and laid them upon the altar ; undid that bright, magnificent hair—the pride of Stanhope, and the only woman vanity of Genevra—and it fell in massive waves almost to her feet.

For the first time, it occurred to the young girls, that this glory of womanhood was to be shorn.

Grief, terror, and despair seized the soul of Genevra. She stayed the uplifted hand of the Abbess, and looked around for aid.

“ Spare me !” she shrieked—“ Save me !—Save me !—Inez ! Stanhope !”

She stretched out her arms to the now terrified Inez—took one step forward, and fell forward heavily on the marble pavement.

Inez sprang, and raised the head to her bosom. The blue eyes were closed, and along the slightly-parted lips and pearly teeth, was visible a line of dark red blood. She laid her hand upon the heart—it had ceased to beat ! That angelic soul had indeed been wedded, and gone home to the bosom of the Bridegroom !

The organ notes died away in long and mournful vibrations.

Shocked beyond the power of speech, Jaudan lifted the sinking Inez tenderly in his arms, and bore her from the Chapel.

The frightened Nuns fled to their rooms, as though an avenger were on their footsteps.

O’Sullivan—with shaking nerves, assisted by the weeping Abbess—raised the fair but lifeless girl, and laid her upon a low bier before the altar.

The wreath was replaced upon the calm, transparent forehead—the small hands pressed a crucifix to the still bosom, and the bridal veil was thrown over all. The lighted tapers were placed at the head and feet, and Death and gloom, alone remained in the Chapel.

CHAPTER XL.

STANHOPE FINDS GENEVRA.

THE night was dark. Heavy clouds were drifting through the sky ; and the autumn wind moaned, and cried along the deserted streets, and through the withered trees.

But Burleigh, hopeful, though anxious, heeded not the threatening heavens—he hurried on to the Convent.

He found the north window as the letter had described it, and there he awaited, with palpitating heart, the approach of Genevra and Inez. Nothing but the gusty wind, and the distant howling of a watch-dog, could be heard through the thick night.

The hours rolled on, and Stanhope's fears began to take the place of expectation. The window still remained closed.

Three heavy strokes from a neighboring church-tower, tolled the hour of three. Had the projected flight been discovered ?

Burning with impatience, he determined to enter the Convent, at any hazard. The window was too far from the ground to be reached. He hurried to the south side, where he discovered the little door which led into the street. He tried it—it seemed to yield—he pushed against it violently—the wooden bar which held it fell with a loud noise. He passed the threshold—closed the door, and stood in the Chapel.

The wax tapers, which had burned low, were casting a wavering and uncertain light on surrounding objects ; but the low bier, and the white-veiled, outstretched form, were but too visible. Where he had expected to meet beauty, life, and love, Death alone was to greet him !

A presentiment of evil fell upon his soul. He approached the bier—he tore away the veil—and sudden madness seized him ! *It was Genevra ! but she was not dead.* “She, the beautiful, the adored, the longed-for bride, so soon to be clasped to his sheltering breast for ever ! No ! The grave should not have her—she was *his* alone.”

He kissed her with passionate, frantic kisses—he called her by every name that love could speak—he wept—he implored her to answer—he raised her in his arms—he pressed her lifeless form to his bursting heart—and, with a wild cry of agony, fell senseless at her side.

——— A moment after, the light figure of *a boy* appeared in the Chapel. He cast one wild look of anguish towards the altar, and, with streaming eyes, fled out into the darkness !

CHAPTER XLI.

THE DEAD BRIDE.

As the reluctant morning at last began slowly to dispel the thick night-gloom that had wrapped the city, the two Jesuits once more entered the Chapel. The Abbess had passed a sleepless night. The scene she had witnessed before the altar, she could not forget. She had requested Jaudan and O'Sullivan to remain during the night in the Convent; and they had now descended to the Chapel, to look once more upon their victim.

The morning twilight was struggling through the high-arched windows, and the last taper was flickering in its socket.

As the Jesuits came near the altar, Jaudan saw a dark form lying prostrate by the bier.

"Can this be Inez?" he exclaimed. He stooped to see—he could not tell—he laid his hand upon the arm—he lifted it—"Who *can* it be? Almighty God! It is Burleigh!"

The Jesuits looked at one another ; their faces were blanched with terror. Their work was done—overdone ! Could they hide the dead ?

Jaudan once more bent over the body—

“He is *not* dead, O’Sullivan.”

And flinging from his grasp the powerless arm of the senseless man, he exclaimed with the vindictiveness of a fiend—

“Drag him away—thrust him forth—let us end the farce.”

The Irish priest clutched him ; and with brutal ferocity, dragged him to the door of the Chapel. The head fell heavily from the step. He dragged him on—on—over the rough pavement, and left him in the open street.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE OATH.

THE fresh breeze and dewy air of the morning, soon revived to life and misery, the wretched Burleigh. His first recollection was of a frightful dream, which still seemed to paralyse his senses. He rose to his feet. He pressed his hands to his burning temples; he looked around, and his eyes fell upon the prison walls of the Convent:

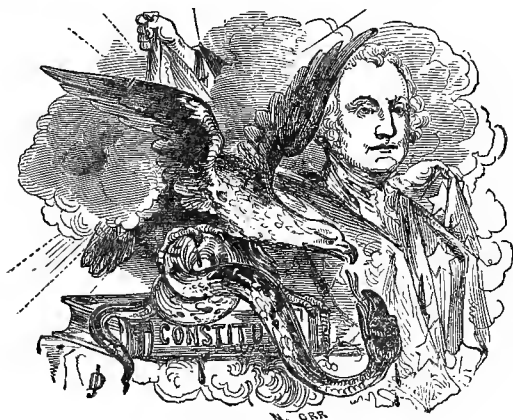
“It is not then a dream!”

He rushed back to the door of the Chapel, and shook it with frantic fury. He beat his breast with his clenched hands, and called aloud to Geneva. “Lost! Lost to me, for ever!—Where, then, are her murderers?”

A fierce spirit of vengeance rose from his heart, and kindled a quenchless fire in his brain.—He thought of the long intrigue—the ruin—the death which those monsters of crime had wrought; and lifting his eyes to Heaven, with his mangled hands clasped upon his breast, he cried,—


"ALMIGHTY GOD, WITNESS ME ! FOR I SWEAR IN THY PRESENCE, AND BY MY LOST AND MURDERED GENEVRA, THAT MY HEART AND MY HANDS, MY LIFE, MY FORTUNE, AND MY SACRED HONOR, ARE FREELY OFFERED A SACRIFICE TO MY COUNTRY. THIS LAND OF LIGHT, TRUTH, AND LIBERTY, SHALL SUFFER UNDER THE BLIGHTING CURSE OF DEMAGOGUES, JESUITISM, AND FOREIGN INFLUENCE NO LONGER. BE THOU MY HELPER !"

The cold, grey twilight had now brought in the dawning of a day, that was to save the Republic of Washington.



FINIS.

Papal Tyranny and Protestant Freedom!

 "No American AT THIS JUNCTURE ought to be ignorant of its contents."—PROF. WAYLAND.

WEISS'S GREAT HISTORY OF THE FRENCH PROTESTANT REFUGEES.

WITH AN AMERICAN APPENDIX.

In two volumes, 12mo. Price, \$2 50.

This profoundly entertaining and instructive work has created an impression on the American mind more deep and lasting than any other production of our time. There are no dramas in the world's history of more thrilling interest than this intensely absorbing narrative of the fortunes of the noble Huguenot sufferers in the cause of religious freedom. No true American needs to be reminded of the importance of disseminating at this critical juncture—this record of Papal persecution, murder, and tyranny. Eulogies have been pronounced on this rare production, by the highest renowned authorities in literature, and the most eminent Divines and Statesmen have commended it in the most rapturous and emphatic terms. In the frontispiece is an accurate Portrait of the cruel Pope Pius V., and a *fac-simile* of the execrable medal struck by Gregory XIII., to celebrate the frightful massacre of St. Bartholomew. Annexed, we subjoin a few brief extracts from eminent persons:

"No American citizen ought to be ignorant of its contents. We live in an age in which the Church of Rome is girding herself for a deadly conflict with Protestantism; for the shock of this contest it behooves all who love the Reformation to be prepared, and we know of no book in literature better adapted to promote this end than this history, in which M. Weiss has set before us the true nature and spirit of Romanism, and warns us against what we may expect in this land should she ever gain the ascendancy here. The book is eminently one for the present times."—*From Prof. Wayland.*

"Whatever relates to the History of the Church of Rome, cannot fail, at this juncture, to be of the deepest interest to the world at large, and to this nation especially; inasmuch as now, more (if possible) than ever, she seeks with untiring vigilance by every art and power at her command, to every where spread her iron arm, and make strong her crushing grasp in both a political and ecclesiastical aspect. The perusal of this history gives a minute and comprehensive exhibit of the *Papal policy*, and of the human condition where its sway reached during its predominance from the 16th to the 17th century."—*From the Rev. Gideon B. Perry, D. D., LL. D.*

"In a day when the Protestant world is so intensely awake to the enormous claims, and pretensions, and frauds of Popery, the work of Weiss is a book for the times."—*From the Rev. N. Murray (Kirkman), D. D.*

"Such an array of information can be found nowhere else, and is full of thrilling interest and dread warning."—*From the Rev. George B. Cheever, D. D.*

"It is opportunely produced, at a period when Europe and America are convulsed with debates respecting the radical principles of civil and religious liberty."—*From the Rev. H. A. Boardman, D. D.*

Published by STRINGER & TOWNSEND, 222 Broadway, N. Y.,

And for sale by all the principal Booksellers.

"They should find a place in every American's Library."—D. Webster.



Announcement to the American People.

NOW PUBLISHING A NEW AND IMPROVED EDITION OF

THE ENTIRE WORKS OF

J. FENIMORE COOPER,

With all his Latest Corrections and Revisions, entitled

The People's Edition,

WITH AN ELABORATE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, IN ONE UNIFORM VOLUME.

A volume will be published on the 1st and 15th of every month until the series is completed. Elegantly printed on superior paper, manufactured expressly for this edition, and bound in embossed cloth, in a tasteful and uniform style. Price for each volume, one dollar.

Since the death of our illustrious novelist, the author of "The Spy," his merits have been largely canvassed by the critics of all countries, and his rank may now be considered as definitely settled; it is agreed that he is not only the GREATEST and most NATIONAL of our own writers, but that he is of the class of Cervantes, Le Sage, Shakspeare, Goethe, and Scott, whose displays of genius in literature entitle them to a universal and immortal popularity.

THE PEOPLE'S EDITION will be issued on paper of the same size and quality as that used for the beautiful edition of the works of IRVING, and in a similar style of binding, and the volumes will be sold at the extremely low price of *one dollar each*, which is 20 per cent. lower than that of the works of any copyright author, presented in the same excellent manner. The volumes will be published on the FIRST and FIFTEENTH of every month, commencing with the month of DECEMBER, until the entire series is completed, making in all THIRTY-FOUR VOLUMES.

This carefully revised edition will be more handsomely printed than any of the preceding editions. The semi-monthly mode of publication has been adopted as the best method of bringing it within the reach of all classes;—thus affording to the less affluent an opportunity to avail themselves of the privilege of securing, for a very moderate sum, the most beautiful and most perfect set of the COMPLETE WORKS OF J. FENIMORE COOPER that has yet appeared.

"The enduring monuments of Fenimore Cooper are his works. While the love of country continues to prevail, his memory will exist to the hearts of the people. * * * So truly patriotic and American throughout, and throughout, they should find a place in every American's library."—DANIEL WEBSTER.

"His writings are instinct with the spirit of nationality. In his productions every American must take an honest pride. For surely no one has succeeded like Cooper in the portraiture of American character, or has given such glowing and eminently truthful pictures of American scenery."—WM. H. PRESCOOT.

STRINGER & TOWNSEND, Publishers, 222 Broadway, N. Y.

Orders executed by all Booksellers.

